FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING

SMITH, ELDER & CO. CORNHILL, LONDON

FRIENDSHIP'S
OFFERING.
London.
MDCCCXXXIX

Painted by J. Bonnington. Engraved by H. Cook.

JULIANA.

Published by Smith, Elder & Co. 65 Cornhill.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.
A Literary Album
and
ANNUAL REMEMBRANCER.
"This is Affection's Tribute—Friendship's Offering;
Whose silent eloquence, more rich than words,
Tells of the Giver's faith and truth in absence,
And says—Forget me not!"
H. Corbould, del.
LONDON:
SMITH ELDER & Co. 65 CORNHILL.
J.W. Cook, sculp.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING;

AND

Winter's Wreath:

A CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENT,

FOR

MDCCCXXXIX.

" This is Affection's Tribute, Friendship's Offering,
Whose silent eloquence, more rich than words,
Tells of the Giver's faith and truth in absence,
And says — Forget me not !"

LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER AND CO., CORNHILL.

1839.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY STEWART AND MURRAY,
OLD BAILEY.

TO

HER MAJESTY,

ADELAIDE, QUEEN DOWAGER,

This Work

IS, BY PERMISSION,

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

In coming forward with the Sixteenth Volume of "Friendship's Offering," the Proprietors have the encouraging conviction, founded upon the sure basis of experience, that the novelties of the day, highly attractive though many of them be, have not alienated the patronage of the public from an old favourite.

Stimulated by success to increased exertion, they venture to hope that, while the Literature of the present volume will bear a comparison with the best of its predecessors, it will be found to exhibit a marked

improvement in its pictorial Illustrations, upon which great care and expense have been bestowed.

The Editor cannot adequately describe his gratification at finding so large a proportion of his old contributors still rallying around him; and he is gratefully sensible of the undiminished efficiency of their support. While, however, he confesses his obligations to them, as well as to those who have recently joined him, he trusts that he shall not be accused of making an invidious distinction, in publicly expressing his thanks — the only acknowledgment he is permitted to offer — to his anonymous correspondent, the Author of "*The Scythian Grave*,"* who dates from Christ Church, Oxford; for the length of one of whose poetical contributions to this volume, the Editor does not deem it necessary to apologise, inasmuch, as he feels he should have been guilty of great injustice, to the readers as well as the proprietors of the work, had he neglected to avail himself of the liberality which placed at his disposal "*The Scythian Banquet Song.*"

If a tribute to an anonymous writer be free from

* See "Friendship's Offering" for 1838.

the taint of adulation, honourable mention of the dead is as little amenable to the charge; for,

"Can Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?"

and therefore the Editor will venture to point out, as an acquisition to his book, the Story of "*Eliodore*," by the highly gifted and early removed author of "*Sketches of Corfù*," "*Evenings Abroad*," &c.

The gratification — enhanced rather than diminished by repetition — which the Editor feels in thus ushering another volume of FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING into the world, is only alloyed by his regret at having, from want of space, been compelled to decline many articles of great merit, to the authors of which he begs to express his warmest thanks for their kindly proffered services.

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JULIANA.

The dreadful campaign of 1806 will be long remembered in Prussia,—a year of timid councils, was followed by a month of madness, and a day of ruin! Europe has no other instance of national downfall, at once so simple, so instantaneous, and so sweeping. It was a thunderclap. The nation was not merely broken down. It seemed to have been extinguished. The blow appeared to have not only beaten the kingdom to the ground, but to have reduced it to dust. Politicians regarded it as undone for ever. But the great war of the Revolution was made to ridicule all theories, and the theories of politicians the most of all. Prussia was in the grave. The Frenchman's heel had trampled on its clay. But the soul could not be buried. In the hour of mortal extinction it arose but the more enfranchised: it was on the wing, and it hovered over the tomb of the country. In the appointed hour, it reanimated the body, and Prussia rose again.

It was the depth of midnight of a wild and stormy day, when the trumpet sounded for the Tiger Hussars to saddle and mount. This was one of the most brilliant regiments of the Prussian cavalry. The Empress Catherine had sent it pelisses of tiger-skin, from her admi-

ration of its services, and it held the first rank in the Prussian army for activity, courage, and discipline. The colonel was a brave old man, who had learned his lesson under that capital schoolmaster of the soldier, the Great Frederic. The officers were among the noblest born, or the most distinguished by personal gallantry in an army where all were gallant. They had now the post of honour, and acted in advance of the army, which was encamped on the frontier, awaiting the approach of the French.

"What news is it that has brought us out of our beds this rough night, Steinforth?" said the old colonel, Von Walden, to the adjutant who had just delivered the order from head-quarters.

"That matter rests with his royal highness the commander-in-chief," was Steinforth's answer. "But I believe, expresses have come in from Elmsfeldt giving some accounts of movements of the French hussars; at all events it would not be to our credit to be caught asleep."

"Where are the enemy?" asked the colonel, wraping his pelisse tighter round him, as a bitter gust, direct from Siberia, whirled over his schako.

"They are invisible, inaudible, and undiscoverable, at least so say all at head-quarters," said the adjutant with a smile.

"Yes, at head-quarters they find it always easy to raise armies, and to annihilate them. Prussia has at this moment three hundred thousand men, on paper, and the French armies are melted down to a third of

the number, and those too, nothing but invalids and conscripts — miserables come out of the hospital or only fit to go into it. But I know better. We shall have to fight with men who know their trade, and, *entre nous,* Napoleon is a different kind of soldier from the Duke of Brunswick."

"Well, colonel," said Steinforth, "we shall probably know something on the subject by this time to-morrow. Our regiment will do its duty; but unless we exhibit a little more steadiness in the field than they are exhibiting at head-quarters, we shall have but a slight chance of adding to our decorations. There, even in the short time of my waiting for orders, I could see so much confusion, so much want of real intelligence, and so much tardiness in making use of what they had, that I cordially wish the next twenty-four hours were fairly over and all well. I tremble for Prussia."

"Why, Steinforth, I am much of your opinion. The duke is brave, but he is no general. The army is brave too, but it is twenty years since it has seen a shot fired: and the king is brave, but he is no more experienced than his army; and now, all that is to be said about the matter, is, that we must fight as well as we can, and trust to the chapter of accidents. To what point do we move?"

"Three miles a-head to the mill of Elbersdorf; there to wait for the Hulan brigade, who will join us within two hours; the whole then to advance, and fall on the enemy wherever we can find him."

The word "forwards" was given, and the Tiger Regiment rode on, through a burst of storm which shook the forest above their plumes most disastrously, scattering many a feather on the wind, that had fluttered gaily at many a review; flashing long streaks of lightning in their faces, and ploughing up the ground under their horses' hoofs, by the mere weight of the rain. It was about two in the morning when the sound of scattered shots in their front gave the first signal of their having approached the enemy's force. The firing soon thickened, the regiment halted, and Steinforth was sent galloping back to head-quarters with the news.

There the scene which he had anticipated was fully realized. All was contrariety of intelligence, and all, of course, perplexity. The Duke of Brunswick had been roused from his slumbers, and a crowd of general officers were soon assembled. Steinforth was ordered in to deliver his intelligence; his tale was a brief one, but it produced no slight confusion among the grave sages on whom the fate of Prussia was to depend for the next twelve hours; the most anxious period of her existence. They with one voice pronounced that the officer must have been deceived, that the French could not have more than passed the frontier, and that there was full time to move on their flanks, out-manœuvre them, and finish the war by sending the French emperor a prisoner to Berlin. An involuntary smile stole over Steinforth's countenance at this wise decision: it was seen, and he was asked the reason of so presumptuous an exhibition.

"Your royal highness," said the young adjutant, "must look for your information from higher sources. I have told you all that I know. But if you ask my opinion, I shall give it fairly; that unless the army is in march before day-break, the enemy will throw themselves in our rear, burn our magazines, and leave us to fight as we may, without bread, brandy, or gunpowder."

"Insolence!" exclaimed a haughty personage, a major-general, excessively indignant at this easy way of expressing a fact. "Your royal highness," said the angry general, "would do well to consider, before you act on this advice. This man's statement is utterly impossible. I am by no means sure that he is not a French spy. I hanged two of the profession in front of my quarters but yesterday."

Steinforth's cheek blazed; he gave Major-General Von Koller the shortest denial that could be expressed by the shortest word, and instinctively clapped his hand on the hilt of his sabre. The result was, of course, his instant arrest. The commander-in-chief, mildly expressing his regret that an officer of his appearance should be guilty of such a breach of discipline, nodded to an aid-de-camp, who, stepping outside the tent, returned with a couple of Hulans, and a led horse, on which the culprit was sent summarily to the rear, with orders to be forwarded to Spandau; the usual retreat of heroes too hot to know the respect due to major-generals, however tyrannical.

But fate had otherwise ordained, and Steinforth

was not to figure among the illustrious of Spandau. From the first hill which he reached with his two Hulans, he observed a broad light covering the horizon towards the east. Could it be day-break? Impossible. The sun was not to rise for three hours; if in such weather he should rise at all. It must be a conflagration. And by whom? if by the enemy, then the French had already turned the flank of the army, and were between them and Berlin. He implored the Hulans to let him ride back with this confirmation of his intelligence; but those honest fellows would not have ventured the strappado for three armies; they shook their heads, and pulled at his bridle, pistol in hand. There was nothing now to be done for it, but to go on. They reached another rising ground, and from it they saw the whole spectacle, the town of Naumdorf, with all the magazines of the Prussian army, in flames; the French cavalry gambolling from fire to fire, perfectly at their ease, tossing sacks of corn and piles of straw into the blaze, bulging in the heads of brandy-barrels and beer-casks with their carbines, and amusing themselves with throwing lighted matches among the piles of fagots that were intended to warm the bivouacs of the Prussian grenadiers. Steinforth would have charged among them with all his heart; but as his force consisted but of two Hulans, while the enemy displayed twenty regiments of lancers and hussars, prudence told him that there was no chance of his making any very effective diversion in honour of his country.

The business of his escort was now as much to save themselves as to keep their prisoner in safe custody. They accordingly struck out of the high road, wound their way through the thickets which extend in the rear of Jena, and watched for the sound of the French bugles, as the fox may be supposed to watch for the cry of the hounds. But this devious route brought them into direct contact with the very thing which they wished to avoid. The rumbling of carriage wheels, coming at full speed along the rough causeway of the forest, first caught their ears; then the firing of pistols, and the trampling of cavalry in pursuit. The Hulans were perplexed; and as in the moment of perplexity every man is most flexible, Steinforth took the command, posted his two heroes on opposite sides of the path, and waited for fortune. Just as the carriage reached their ambuscade, it was overtaken by the pursuers, and brought to a dead halt. Brandenburg postilions may be brave; but a dozen of hussars are not to be encountered without consideration. The postilion dropped the reins, next dropped on his knees, and the capture was complete. The Frenchmen instantly threw open the doors, and began to make themselves masters of the Prussian property within. But a part of this property was an old female domestic; with a young lady, mantled so deeply in a veil, that whether she were a Venus or a Witch of Endor, was wholly undiscoverable. The French corporal set about ascertaining the point in the style of his countrymen, that is to say, with the greatest pos-

sible activity, and the least possible respect; tore off the veil, and developed the fair traveller at the instant.

Steinforth had seen the seizure of the equipage, with no small inclination to interrupt the operation; but the sight of the old domestic had cooled his ardour. The Vrow Ursula was certainly never made to create the spirit of chivalry in the human bosom in her best days, and now Don Bellianis of Greece himself would have shrunk from the re-capture. But the veil which was plucked from the countenance of the younger member of the party flashed on his mind a crowd of ideas, which he felt to be perfectly new. He thought that, till that moment, he had never seen beauty in his life. Of course an officer of the Tiger Regiment—dancing a hundred quadrilles a week at the court balls, welcomed as one of the supreme *bon ton* in every salon of Berlin, and looked upon by all the belles, young and old, in country quarters, as a being almost of another sphere, a dancing demi-god—must have seen all that was lovely in Prussia, and been in love with it a thousand times. This was all true, and yet, his impression at that instant was, that he had never seen real loveliness, nor ever been in real love before.

The corporal proceeded to take off the lady's necklace; she gave a sudden scream, and fixed her eye at that moment upon the spot where Steinforth was eagerly gazing from among the bushes. That glance alone was a call, if he had wanted one; but he wanted nothing, but to make a single bound on the French corporal. It was done, with a roar like a roused wolf;

he gave his horse the spur, made a single spring, and rode over the unlucky Gaul. His two Hulans rushed out after him. The day had scarcely dawned, the wood was dark, the attack was a surprise; and the enemy, after a few sabre thrusts, were glad to choose the better part of valour, and turn their horses' heads as far from the scene of action as the time would let them. A couple of heroes wounded on the ground, and three horses, two of them loaded with the plunder of some other foray were the trophies. The Hulans were indignant at the escape of the marauders, and swearing by their sabres, that they would ask no better service than fighting such miscreants for a year together, proceeded to sack the carriage as one of the legitimate spoils of the field. This application of their principle, however, found a check in the flat of Steinforth's sword; the Hulans were forced to be content with the horses, and a handsome packet of rix-dollars which the routed enemy had stowed away craftily in the stuffing of one of the saddles. The lady, all thanks and terror, was re-seated in her vehicle, the postilion re-mounted, and the whole party moved forward, at the pace natural to those who expected, or saw, "in every bush an officer," and heard every bark of a village cur as the bellow of a pursuing park of artillery.

Before they had emerged from the forest, or the sun had shown his cheering face above the horizon, the young adjutant and the re-captured lady had made a still more rapid advance in that confidence,

which, determined to conceal every thing, proceeds to reveal all. Steinforth was a handsome fellow, and in Berlin had been a hundred times inclined to pronounce himself irresistible; but the prestige had vanished on the present occasion in a degree inconceivable by any hussar brigade in the service; his fluency of tongue deserted him with his good opinion of his charms; he talked, and dropped into sudden silence; he felt his face glow, and was ashamed of his rusticity; all topics seemed to fail him; every subject seemed to slip from him like a snake. In fact, he felt that he had become in a moment the most tiresome, common-place, and ridiculous personage in the world.

The lady might be of the same judgment; but, as he rode occasionally a-head of the carriage, or spurred to the rear, looking out for the return of the Frenchmen; her bright eyes certainly never indulged themselves in the resources of slumber: and when at intervals he galloped up to the side at which she sat, and made another abortive attempt at beguiling the way by the topics of the court or camp, there can be no question that her colour deepened, her bright eyes glanced more brightly, and she waited with the most extraordinary complacency for the completion of his tardy periods.

There are in this world notoriously two kinds of the tender passion: one of them which exhibits a remarkable tenderness for oneself in all the shapes of comfort, appetite, and indulgence. This is the love of the magnifique French beau; who would not be a supper

the less for all the Helens that ever set the world at war; who, in the utmost rapture of the *belle* passion, thinks of his dinner, and who makes the quality of the champagne a criterion of the constancy of his glowing soul. And this is the love which carries the questions of the heart by a majority of nine hundred and ninety-nine in every thousand. But there is another kind of love, which feeds upon the smiles without the wine, dreams of living upon air, roses, and moonlight, and when summoned to think of terrestrial things, is utterly astonished to find that they can form any part of the concern of any creature above a lap-dog.

Steinforth's astonishment was something of this order, when he followed the lady's carriage up a long avenue of limes in full beauty, and on halting at the door of a vast mansion, was invited by the lady to dismount and take refreshment. He had been in a reverie, for the last half-hour, was plunged five hundred fathom deep in delightful improbabilities, and was thinking at the moment, how he should preface his suit for the fairest hand in the world, by frankly confessing that he was not worth a rix-dollar,—and after this happy recommendation to the lady's favour, offering her the captivating chance of living with him, unknowing and unknown, in the wilds of Prussia, or the steppes of Poland, keeping sheep, or teaching village boys, or dressing vines, or doing any thing or nothing to the end of an existence in which poverty, obscurity, and exile were to be all forgotten in that grand sweetener, love!

But the sight of the palace at whose marble threshold he now alighted, or rather awoke, gave a new turn, if not a violent shock, to all his meditations. In the pompous coat-of-arms, carved by the chisel of some family sculptor, a hundred or a thousand years gone to the dust, he saw a terrible impediment to his project of the cottage. Half-a-dozen grooms and valets in green-and-gold habiliments, which might have moved the envy of a royal master of the falcons; seemed to him, what the giants of old times, and troubadour tales, appeared to the adventurous knights who tilted for the love of the imprisoned Lady Adelindas and Corasindas. But it was when he followed a wave of the fair owner's hand, and advanced, with the silence of an Indian slave, into an apartment of all but regal luxury, and sat down with the implicitness of a French automaton (for every thing else in France has a will of its own,) to a table covered with the elegant profusion of a *dejeuner* worthy of the chief cook of a Parisian banker, that he felt the misery of his false position. By some fatality, which however happens to lovers at first sight, every day of the calendar, it had never occurred to him to ask the lady's name. Her beauty had absorbed his inquisitive faculties so suddenly, that it had not given him time to ask a single question of the kind.

It was now noon, and he was not conscious that it was not midnight. There is no accounting for what we do in delirium; and he would not have sworn that he had spoken a syllable, or even drawn a breath since sunrise. But the lady certainly did not follow

his example. Whether she thought him one of the handsomest personages whom she had seen for some time, or not; or whether she was now and then inclined to wish that the interview, silent as it was, should not be hurried over too rapidly; or whether the quick glow that sometimes succeeded the delicate paleness of a cheek, which Phidias might have modelled in marble, gave any signs that cottages and cupids were flitting before her mind's eye—it is certain that she exhibited her terrestrial nature to the extent of touching the exquisite viands set before her, and even of recommending them to the abstract of man who played the statue at her table. Still, he sipped and tasted, all unconscious, while he gazed on those twin stars that sparkled in his horizon. But even *dejeuners* cannot be made to last for ever. The Hulans were heard caracoling their steeds on the esplanade in front of the palace, and a valet, embroidered to the neck, announced "that the captain's charger was ready." If he had come to tell the captain that he was to be shot within the next five minutes on the Grand Parade in Berlin, his intelligence could not have been received with greater surprise. It fell on his ear like the discharge of a bomb.

The true way to escape his embarrassment would have been to state the whole case fully, and at once; get up, thank his lovely entertainer for her hospitality —wish the Hulans hanged — devote all courts-martial to the lower regions—take his leave for Spandau—and implore her permission, "if he was not shot," to make

love to her on the first opportunity. But the words "stuck in his throat." He rose, made an attempt at a speech, which satisfied him perfectly that Nature had not intended him for an orator; received some of the most graceful acknowledgments in return that could proceed from the rosy lips of grace and beauty; stood stock still, probably waiting for more acknowledgments; and might have stood there until now, but for a rather abrupt opening of the door, and the entrance of one of the Hulans into the room. The man had become eager to make way towards his journey's end, for the double purpose of being out of the clutches of the enemy, and of being in the beer-shops of Berlin. Every man has his motive, if we could find it out; and the Hulan unquestionably had as good a right as the million to cover his panic with the public cause, and to reconcile his love of beer with a sense of his duty.

But this *entré* was worth a whole volume of eloquence. The unlucky lieutenant was saved from all the *embarras* of detailing his offence, his arrest, the certain loss of his commission, and the probable loss of his liberty and love together. The kick with which the Hulan's boot threw open the door was expressive enough, but his Sclavonic candour settled the whole difficulty at once. He summoned "his prisoner" to march without loss of time. The gallant officer would have gladly smitten him to the earth; but the fair lady now claimed all his attention. The light had broke in rather too suddenly on her vision; and her excessive

paleness, and the tottering step with which she reached a sofa covered with a thousand tapestried flowers and glittering with or-molu, showed that she felt the full effect of unwelcome surprise. "Prisoner—in arrest —going to Spandau—" were the few words, which a tongue, five minutes before eloquent with all the prettiest forms of human speech, could contrive to utter. The lieutenant had no explanation to offer, but stood gazing at the sofa and its fair burthen. The Hulan, not at all in love, and therefore in possession of his senses, took up a flask of champagne, and having first tried its merits by swallowing a bumper at the side board, presented a glass to the lady. But she had by this time recovered all but her astonishment, and her quick wit had found out the remedy for the young soldier's ill luck. "Arrest!" said she, in a spirit, half enquiry and half indignation, which brought the colour in tenfold liveliness to her cheek,—"It is impossible. It must not be. Sir, you have rendered me services too important this day to allow of this offence to your feelings, and I will say to justice. You must permit me to send off a courier immediately to my father, the Count Von Koller."

The name shot like a twelve-pounder into Steinforth's heart. That the very man with the frowning face, who had caused his being consigned to durance vile, should be the father of all the exquisite compound of sensibility, softness, taper fingers, and rosy lips before him, was next to impossible. Yet as he had her word for it that it was true, what was to be done?

What mischief of blacker dye could fate invent for him? He might have preferred his suit to a royal tiger with as much hope as to the imperious count. Still "there might be twenty of the same name." But no, the ivory hand of the lady accidentally pointed at that moment to a picture over the mantel-piece, and there was the general himself, in his full uniform, heading a charge of cavalry against the Turks, and as fierce-looking as any pasha on the face of the globe. It was the veritable count, with exactly the same visage which had commissioned him for the dungeon of the Prussian fortress. He felt like those who have the *entré* of Dante's Gates of Evil,—"*Voi chi intrate, fasciate ogni speranza.*" The sight had the effect, however, of restoring him to a sense of what he was doing. He felt that he had been actually making love to this enchantress during the whole morning, and he began to perceive that he had been thus doing his best to make her miserable, if he succeeded.—What right had he, if she had been dying at his feet, to poison all her future hours with the recollection of an unlucky subaltern, who probably for the next half-dozen years, would be speculating on the world from within a tissue of bars half a foot thick; or who, if she had put on wings, and fled with him beyond the garrisons, patrols, and passports of that mighty jail which men call Prussia, must get her bread by singing or dancing, begging by the way side, or publishing the history of her adventures as a warning to all enamoured maids?

Steinforth's nature was soft, but it was manly. By an

effort which cost him the bitterest pang of his life, he briefly told the fair listener, that the count was the formidable individual who had put him under the rough guardianship of the Hulans; and after explaining the impossibility of his ever repaying her politeness, made his bow, without throwing himself at her feet; and even took the hand that was offered to him in farewell, and which he felt trembling in his own, without so much as touching it with his lips. The lady blushed deeply, but seemed disinclined to speak,—her vivacity had completely disappeared; she even offered no objection to the young soldier's departure, but sat with her hand supporting her forehead, wholly unconscious of the pretty disorder which it introduced among her tresses. And even when Steinforth had left the palace, and stopped on a small green knoll to indulge in a last view of its marble façade, he could see that she only changed her position from the sofa to the casement, and there sat with her forehead still leaning upon her hand. Once indeed, as he was descending the knoll, she looked up, and gave a slow wave of her hand,

> "And never did his bosom swell,
> As at that simple, mute farewell."

However, he had gained one point. That parting had made it perfectly indifferent to him to what corner of the earth he went, or how he went out of it. He was now thoroughly prepared for Spandau.

But the day will go on, whatever else may linger; and evening fell, in colours and lustres that might have

charmed any eye but a lover's, filled with one image which eclipsed earth and skies. The sun sank in a canopy of gold and crimson worthy of the sultan; and all was the peaceful glory of the autumnal twilight, when a roar of cannon and a succession of broad spires and sheets of flame, shot up round the horizon. This had been the fatal day of Prussia,—the battle had been fought at Jena which revenged the chains of Poland, and smote the kingdom of the great Frederic to the earth at one stupendous blow. A low booming of artillery, like thunder muttering in the distance, had continued during the day, and had stimulated the alertness of the Hulans in no slight degree; but Steinforth had heard nothing, and would have heard nothing less than an earthquake at his heels, or seen nothing but a volcano before his eyes, if he would have condescended to regard either. It was now however undeniable that the French were in advance of them, and the grand question became, how to escape. The Hulans held a council of war, and as no council of war on record has ever decided on any thing, unless when it decided on running away; they turned to the right about, and turned the bridle of the adjutant's horse along with them.

But an hour's wandering convinced them that they had mistaken their way; and the trampling of cavalry, the clamour of voices, the rolling of gun-carriages, and all the other signs of a great military concourse soon told them that they were close to some large division of troops. The Hulans were again for flying; but

Steinforth, weary of doubt, resolved to examine the nature of the force for himself, and refused to follow them. A new uproar quickened their deliberations, and as it was their duty to save the king's troops, they put the principle into speedy practice, by riding off. Steinforth advanced alone, and reaching a height which overlooked the high road to Lubec, found, to his astonishment and sorrow, that the retreating multitude were Prussians, hurrying on with all the appearance of ruinous defeat. He joined them without delay, found that the Tiger regiment formed part of the division, was received by his comrades with acclamation, and sabre in hand, was himself again.

But all was ruin. The battle had been unaccountably lost, and the dispersion of the finest army of Germany had been as unaccountably suffered, until the fate of the country was irretrievable. All the fortresses were falling at the first summons, and in those there could, of course, be no refuge for the retreating troops. Blucher, the bravest and most faithful of the generals of Prussia, was at the head of this division; and indignant at the weakness or perfidy on all sides, he resolved to march through the kingdom while he had a soldier to follow him, and take the last chances of fighting for his country. For three days of perpetual struggle with the French corps detached in pursuit, they thus hurried through the land; but they had a more resistless enemy than the French dragoons. All their magazines of provisions had been burnt; they were forced to live on weeds and roots dug up in the fields;

famine makes valour useless, and, as a final resource against the indignity of surrendering on the field, Blucher threw himself into Lubec.

After one melancholy night of such rest as they could find by lying on the pavement in the streets, they were roused at day-break by the fire of the French field-pieces at the gates. The town was wholly open, and the battle was carried on with desperation until noon. At that hour the remnant of the cavalry received orders to make a desperate attempt to drive off a division of chasseurs whose fire enfiladed the principal street of the city. Steinforth, weary of life, heard the order with gloomy delight, and giving his last thoughts to the memory of her who had made his closing days at once so sad and so sweet, rushed out with his gallant brothers in arms. The chasseurs instantly gave way before the impetuosity of the charge, and the Prussian sabre dealt terrible revenge. But what was to be done by hundreds against thousands? The trumpet sounded for their retreat, and the hussars were galloping back, when Steinforth's quick eye was caught by the conflict of a few men in the Prussian uniform, struggling to make their way into the city, and hunted down by a whole swarm of French dragoons. His blood was hot with the action which he had just fought, the struggle against such odds roused all his feelings, and pointing out to his troop the spot of encounter, he struck spurs into his charger, and plunged into the middle of the fray. A moment later would have been too late. Some of the Prussians had been

dismounted, and an officer already wounded, was in the grasp of a huge Frenchman who was pulling him off his horse. A sweep of Steinforth's sabre effectually disqualified the Gaul for the operation, and another laid on the ground his comrade who had attempted the same feat. The enemy paused at this new assault; reined up their horses, and began to look to their rear. The Prussians came on, and after a few more sabre cuts, Steinforth had the gratification of seeing the enemy face to the right about, and the still higher gratification of conveying the officer whom he had rescued, into the city. There, however, the work of war was going on; a heavy fire was shattering doors, windows, and tiles. Cannon-shot were rattling through the streets, and the musquetry, Prussian and French, from the roofs of the houses and the walls, kept up an incessant roar. A wound on the officer's forehead had swelled his features and covered his face with blood, rendering him a startling figure; and it was with some apprehension of his dying in his arms, that his deliverer was enabled to carry him to the hotel which had been converted into a temporary hospital. On their arrival there the wounded man partially recovered, desired to see Steinforth, and thanking him for his gallantry, said, that "As he believed himself to be dying, he would make one request;—and that was, that the man who had so bravely saved him from falling into the enemy's hands, would deliver his pocket-book and his dying remembrance to his daughter,—the Countess Juliana Von Koller."

The name was like a shock of electricity. He now recognized in the disfigured features the physiognomy of the haughty general who had been so near consigning him to ruin. But it was imposible to desert the father of Juliana. He sat by him during that night of despair, and at day-break obtained an order for his conveyance from the city. As he returned from Blucher's quarters, he saw a carriage standing by the door of one of the inns; those were not times for ceremony, and he advanced, to make prize of it for the conveyance of the wounded general. But the carriage was already tenanted; he opened the door, and the first object that presented itself to his view, was the old female who had been the companion of the lady Juliana in their original adventure; the next was the countenance of the lady Juliana herself. She uttered almost a scream of joy; which, she afterwards insisted, was nothing more than an exclamation of surprise at seeing him! But the explanation was soon given. She had been compelled to fly from the palace by the approach of the enemy after the fatal day of Jena, and through a hundred difficulties had taken refuge in Lubec, from which she was about to run into Denmark within the next five minutes.

Steinforth had then his story to tell; which closed in his bringing General Von Koller from his chamber, placing him in the care of his lovely and terrified daughter, and seeing them through the gates on their way to a place of safety. The look which Juliana gave him at parting would have been well worth his dying at her feet.

But this was no time for such indulgences. The sound of the French drums, advancing to the attack, and the roar of the Prussian artillery in return, tore him from the spot where he would willingly have lingered for a month, or for ever; and after one long gaze in the direction of the flying equipage, he returned sadly to do his duty—and be shot. He never felt his warlike enthusiasm at so low an ebb in his life, nor the dream of love and a cottage so tempting. But the storm now raged anew; blood, fire and bayonets were all that met his eye for the next six hours, and the evening found him with two sabre wounds, and a prisoner; by the general capitulation of the army.

The pursuit of a mistress is out of the question when a man has to march three hundred miles in the opposite longitude; and by the time that the fair Juliana might be supposed to have reached Holstein, Steinforth was on his melancholy way to the general depôt of German prisoners, Mayence. In three months after, the forced submission of his unhappy country was pronounced to be "Peace with Prussia," and he, with twenty thousand other sons of ill luck, was let loose to return, and starve, if he liked it. A French officer, to whom he had once rendered some civilities at the Prussian court, invited him to accompany him to Paris, and see so much of the "*Grand Monde*," before throwing himself into the Necker or the Rhine. He accepted the offer, and on the first evening of his setting foot in that emporium of all the pleasures, was gazing at the crowd of equipages which carried all

the fair and fashionable of Paris to the grand opera; when his eye glanced upon one vision fairer to his ideas than all that could be furnished by Paris or the world beside. In a stately vis-a-vis, with a chasseur behind it, embroidered like a field-marshal, sat Juliana, with an officer covered with orders face to face. He instantly vowed the death of his rival or of himself, but his belligerent propensities were cooled, on discovering by the blaze of the opera portico as they alighted, that this rival was no other than the general! Steinforth too had been recognized. Von Koller had forgotten every thing, but his thanks for the affair of Lubec; and the lovely Juliana, after a few attempts to say something congratulatory, and a total failure, begged to postpone the delight of hearing Catalani for that evening, and return at once to their hotel, for the simple purpose of hearing the last news from Prussia!

Mais, sont-ils marries, as Voltaire used to ask when he heard of any of his acquaintances complaining of their peculiar ill luck. That question I cannot answer. I leave it among the secrets of the world of Romance; but in the memorable year 1814, the Berlin Army List contained the name of Colonel Steinforth, and the Berlin Courant announced the birth of the third infant to the Countess Juliana Steinforth, *née* Von Koller. As the Persians close their epistles: "If I am mistaken, I am mistaken; and the sun is *not* golden, nor the moon silvery—What can I say more?"

LAUSANNE.

A SCYTHIAN BANQUET SONG.

[The Scythians, according to Heredotus, made use of part of their enemies' bodies after death for many domestic purposes; particularly of the skull, which they scalped, wrapped in bull's hide, and filled up the cracks with gold; and, having gilded the hide and parts of the bone, used the vessel as a drinking cup, wreathing it with flowers at feasts.]

I.

I THINK my soul was childish yet,
When first it knew my manhood's foe;
But what I was, or where we met,
I know not — and I shall not know.
But I remember now, the bed
On which I waked from such sick slumber
As, after pangs of powerless dread,
Is left upon the limbs, like lead,
Amidst a calm and quiet number
Of corpses, from whose cold decay
Mine infant finger shrank away;
My brain was wild, my limbs were weak
And silence swallowed up my shriek —
Eleleu.

II.

Alas! my kindred, dark and dead,
Were those from whom I held aloof;
I lay beneath the ruins red
Of what had been my childhood's roof;
And those who quenched its wasted wood,
As morning broke on me, and mine,
Preserved a babe baptized in blood,
And human grief hath been its food,
And human life its wine.
What matter? — those who left me there
Well nerved mine infant limbs to bear
What, heaped upon my haughty head,
I might endure — but did not dread.

Eleleu.

III.

A stranger's hand, a stranger's love,
Saved my life and soothed my woe,
And taught my youth its strength to prove,
To wield the lance, and bend the bow.
I slew the wolf by Tyres'* shore,
I tracked the pard by chasm and cliff;
Rich were the warrior spoils I wore;
Ye know me well, though now no more
The lance obeys these fingers stiff;
My hand was strong, my hope was high,
All for the glance of one dark eye;

* Tyres, a river of Scythia, now the Dniester.

The hand is weak, the heart is chill —
The glance that kindled, colder still.

Eleleu.

IV.

By Tyres' banks, like Tyres' wave,
The hours of youth went softly by.
Alas! their silence could not save
My being from an evil eye:
It watched me — little though I knew
The wrath around me rising slow,
Nor deemed my love, like Upas dew,
A plague, that where it settled, slew.
My time approached; I met my foe:
Down with a troop he came by night,*
We fought them by their lances' light.
On lifeless hearth, and guardless gate,
The dawn of day came desolate.

Eleleu.

V.

Away, away — a Persian's slave,
I saw my bird of beauty borne,
In wild despair, too weak to save,
Too maddening to mourn.
There dwells a sound within my brain
Of horses hoofs' beat swift and hollow,
Heard, when across the distant plain
Elaira stretched her arms in vain
To him whose limbs were faint to follow.

* There were frequent incursions made by the Persians upon the Scythians before the grand invasion of Darius.

The spoiler knew not, when he fled,
The power impending o'er his head,
The strength so few have tameless tried,
That love can give for grief to guide.

Eleleu.

VI.

I flung my bow behind my back,
And took a javelin in my hand,
And followed on the fiery track
Their rapine left upon the land.
The desert sun in silence set,
The desert darkness climbed the sky;
I knew that one was waking yet
Whose heart was wild, whose eye was wet,
For me, and for my misery.
One who had left her glance of grief,
Of earthly guides my chosen and chief;
Through thirst and fear, by wave and hill,
That dark eye watched and wooed me still.

Eleleu.

VII.

Weary and weak — their traces lost,
I roved the brazen cities* through,
That Helle's undulating coast
Doth lift beside its billows blue.

* Brazen cities. Brass was a material much used by the Persians in their large edifices. The cities alluded to are those on the south shore of the Hellespont, under Persian Satraps.

Till, in a palace-bordered street,
In the dusk starlight of the day,
A stalkless flower fell near my feet,
Withered and worn, yet passing sweet:
Its root was left — how far away!
Its leaves were wet — though not with dew;
The breast that kept, the hand that threw,
Were those of one, who sickened more
For the sweet breeze of Tyres' shore.

Eleleu.

VIII.

My tale is long. Though bolts of brass
Heed not their captive's faint upbraiding,
They melt like wax, they bend like grass,
At sorrow's touch, when love is aiding:
The night was dim, the stars were dead,
The drifting clouds were grey and wide;
The captive joined me, and we fled;
Quivering with joy, though cold with dread
She shuddered at my side.
We passed the streets — we gained the gate
Where round the wall its watchers wait;
Our steps beneath were hushed and slow, —
For the third time — I met my foe.

Eleleu.

IX.

Swift answering as his anger cried,
Came down the sworded sentinels;
I dashed their closing spears aside;
They thickened, as a torrent swells,

When tempests feed its mountain source:
O'er-matched, borne down, with javelins rent,
I backed them still with fainting force,
Till the life curdled in its course,
And left my madness innocent.
The echo of a maiden's shriek
Mixed with my dreaming long and weak,
And when I woke, the daybreak fell
Into a dark and silent cell.

Eleleu.

X.

Know ye the price that must atone,
When power is mocked at by its slave?
Know ye the kind of mercy shown,
When pride condemns, though love would save?
A sullen plash was heard that night
To check the calm of Helle's flow;
And there was much of love and light
Quenched, where the foam-globes moved most white,
With none to save, and few to know.
Me they led forth, at dawn of day,
To mock, to torture, and to slay:
They found my courage calm and mild,
Until my foe came near, and smiled.

Eleleu.

XI.

He told me how the midnight chasm
Of ocean had been sweetly fed;

He paled — recoiling, for a spasm
Came o'er the limbs they deemed were dead :
The earth grew hot — the sky grew black —
The twisted cords gave way like tow ;
I felt the branding fetters crack,
And saw the torturers starting back,
And more I do not know,
Until my stretched limbs dashed their way
Through the cold sea's resulting spray,
And left me where its surges bore
Their voices to a lifeless shore.

Eleleu.

XII.

Mine aged eyes are dim and dry ;
They have not much to see, or mourn,
Save when, in sleep, pale thoughts pass by —
My heart is with their footsteps worn,
Into a pathway. Swift and steep
Their troops pass down it — and I feel not —
Though they have words would make me weep
If I could tell their meaning deep —
But *I* forget — and *they* reveal not :
Oh, lost Elaira! — when I go
Where cold hands hold the soundless bow,
Shall the black earth, all pitiless,
Forget the early grave
Of her, whom beauty did not bless,
Affection could not save ?

Eleleu.

XIII.

Oh, lost Elaira! long for thee
Sweet Tyres' banks have blushed, in vain;
And blight to them, and death to me
Shall break the links of memory's chain.
My spirit keeps its lonely lair
In mouldering life to burn and blacken;
The throbs that moved it once, are there
Like winds that stir a dead man's hair,
Unable to awaken.
Thy soul on earth supremely smiled,
In beauty bright, in mercy mild,
It looked to love — it breathed to bless —
It died, and left me — merciless.

Eleleu.

XIV.

And men shrink from me, with no sense
That the fierce heart they fear and fly,
Is one, whose only evidence
Of beating is in agony.
They know, with me, to match or melt,
The sword or prayer alike are vain;
The spirit's presence, half unfelt,
Hath left, — slow withering where it dwelt,
One precedence of pain.
All that my victims feel or fear
Is well avenged by something here;
And every curse they breathe on me
Joins in the deep voice of the sea.

Eleleu.

XV.

It rolls — it coils — it foams — it flashes,
Pale and putrid — ghastly green ;
Lit with light of dead men's ashes
Flickering through the black weed's screen.
Oh ! there, along the breathless land,
Elaira keeps her couch allotted ;
The waters wave her weary hand,
And toss pale shells and ropy sand
About her dark hair clasped and clotted.
The purple isles are bright above
The frail and moon-blanched bones of love ;
Their citron breeze is full of bliss —
Her lips are cool without its kiss.

Eleleu.

XVI.

My thoughts are wandering and weak ;
Forgive an old man's dotard dreaming ;
I know not sometimes, when I speak
Such visions as have quiet seeming.
I told you how my madness bore
My limbs from torture. When I woke,
I do remember something more
Of wandering on the wet sea-shore,
By waving weed and withered rock,
Calling Elaira, till the name
Crossed o'er the waters as they came —
Mildly — to hallow and to bless
Even what had made it meaningless.

Eleleu.

XVII.

The waves, in answering murmurs mixed,
Tossed a frail fetter on the sand :
Too well I knew whose fingers fixed,
Whose arm had lost, the golden band :
For such it was, as still confines
Faint Beauty's arm, who will not listen
The words of love, that mockery twines
To soothe the soul that pants and pines
Within its rose-encumbered prison.
The waters freed her ; she who wore
Fetter or armlet needs no more :
Could the waves tell, who saw me lift,
For whom I kept, their glittering gift ?

Eleleu.

XVIII.

Slow drifts the hour when Patience waits
Revenge's answered orison ;
But — one by one, the darkening fates
Will draw the balanced axle on,
Till torture pays the price of pride,
And watches wave, with sullen shine,
The sword of sorrow, justified.
The long years kept their quiet glide,
His hour was past : they brought me mine.
When, steed to steed, and rank to rank,
With matched numbers fierce and frank,
(The war-wolves waiting near to see
Our battle bright) my Foe met Me.

Ha — Hurra !

XIX.

As the tiger tears through the jungle reeds,
As the west wind breaks through the sharp corn-ears,
As the quick death follows where the lightning leads,
Did my dark horse bear through the bended spears;
And the blood came up to my brain like a mist,
With a dark delight and a fiery feel;
For the black darts hailed, and the javelins hissed,
To the corpses clasped in their tortured twist,
From mine arms like rain from the red-hot steel.
Well went the wild horses — well rode their lords —
Wide waved the sea of their circling swords;
But down went the wild steeds—down went the sea—
Down went the dark banners, — down went He.
Ha — Hurra!

XX.

For, forward fixed, my phrenzy rushed,
To one pale plume of fitful wave;
With failing strength, o'er corses crushed,
My horse obeyed the spurs I gave.
Slow rolled the tide of battle by,
And left me on the field alone;
Save that a goodly company
Lay gazing on the bright blue sky,
All as stiff as stone.
And the howling wolves came, merry and thick,
The flesh to tear and the bones to pick:
I left his carcass, a headless prize,
To these priests of mine anger's sacrifice.
Ha — Hurra.

XXI.

Hungry they came, though at first they fled
From the grizzly look of a stranger guest —
From a horse with its hoof on a dead man's head,
And a soldier who leaned on a lance in his breast.
The night wind's voice was hoarse and deep,
But there were thoughts within me, rougher,
When my foiled passion could not keep
His eyes from settling into sleep
That could not see, nor suffer.
He knew his spirit was delivered
By the last nerve my sword had severed,
And lay — his death pang scarcely done,
Stretched at my mercy — asking none.

Eleleu.

XXII.

His lips were pale. They once had worn
A fiercer paleness. For a while,
Their gashes kept the curl of scorn,
But now — they always smile.
A life, like that of smouldering ashes,
Had kept his shadowy eyeballs burning.
Full through the neck my sabre crashes —
The black blood burst beneath their lashes
In the strained sickness of their turning.
By my bridle rein did I hang the head,
And I spurred my horse through the quick and dead,
Till his hoofs and his hair dropped thick and fresh
From the black morass of gore and flesh.

Ha — Hurra.

XXIII.

My foe had left me little gold
To mock the stolen food of the grave,
Except one circlet: I have told
The arm that lost, the surge that gave.
Flexile it was, of fairest twist:
Pressing its sunlike-woven line,
A careless counter had not missed
One pulse along a maiden's wrist,
So softly did the clasp confine.
This — molten till it flowed as free
As daybreak on the Egean sea,
He who once clasped — for Love to sever
And death to lose, received, — for ever.

XXIV.

I poured it round the wrinkled brow,
Till hissed its cold, corrupted skin;
Through sinuous nerves the fiery flow
Sucked and seared the brain within.
The brittle bones were well annealed,
A bull's hide bound the goblet grim,
Which backwards bended, and revealed
The dark eye sealed — the set lips peeled;
Look here! how I have pardoned him.
They call it glorious to forgive;
Tis dangerous, among those that live,
But the dead are daggerless and mild,
And my foe smiles on me — like a child.

XXV.

Fill me the wine! for daylight fades,
The evening mists fall cold and blue;
My soul is crossed with lonelier shades,
My brow is damp with darker dew;
The earth hath nothing but its bed
Left more for me to seek, or shun;
My rage is past — my vengeance fed —
The grass is wet with what I've shed,
The air is dark with what I've done;
And the grey mound, that I have built
Of intermingled grief and guilt,
Sits on my breast with sterner seat
Than my old heart can bear, and beat.

Eleleu.

XXVI.

Fill wine! These fleshless jaws are dry,
And gurgle with the crimson breath;
Fill me the wine! for such as I
Are meet, methinks, to drink with death.
Give me the roses! They shall weave
One crown for me, and one for him,
Fresher than his compeers receive,
Who slumber where the white worms leave
Their tracks of slime on cheek and limb.
Kiss me, mine enemy! Lo! how it slips,
The rich red wine, through his skeleton lips;
His eyeholes glitter — his loose teeth shake,
But their words are all drowsy—and will not awake.

XXVII.

That lifeless gaze is fixed on me ;
Those lips would hail a bounden brother ;
We sit in love, and smile to see
The things that we have made each other.
The wreaking of our wrath has reft
Our souls of all that loved or lightened ;
He knows the heart his hand has left,
He sees its calm and closeless cleft,
And *I*—the bones my vengeance whitened.
Kiss me, mine enemy ! Fill thee with wine !
Be the flush of thy revelling mingled with mine ;
Since the hate and the horror we drew with our breath
Are lost in forgiveness, and darkened in death.

J. R.

Christ Church, Oxon.

THE ADIGAR'S* TALE.

A Kandyan Legend.

BY E. RAWDON POWER.

About the year of Sacca, 1352, while the prime minister Alekeswera assumed sovereign power of the kingdom of Cotta, the Queen Sunelra, consort of Wijebawo, king of Dambedeney Nuwera, escaped, with her infant son, from the hands of her husband's enemies, and sought refuge in the Vihare (Temple of Buddoo) of Wesedegame, in the Raygam Korle; the chief priest, Wedagame Terunanse, although the rank of the fugitives was unknown to him, was struck with the noble and intellectual features of the infant prince, and determined to detain him in the temple.

He despatched the queen, for security, to the city Gampole Nuwera. Prior to her departure, she imparted to the priest the secret of her son's and her own rank.

The young prince was carefully educated by Wedegame Terunanse in the arts and sciences of the age.

* The highest Kandyan chief under the English government.

It being rumoured to Alekeswera that the young prince was in the temple, he sent spies to ascertain the fact; upon which the priest removed the prince, and placed him in charge of the Gameraale (landlord) of the village Rukula in the Four Korles, where the prince remained till the twenty-second year of Alekeswera's usurpation of the kingly power. About that period, the chief priest, in conversation with the ministers and courtiers who belonged to the old court, but who, through compulsion, acknowledged allegiance to the usurper, asked the reason of their kneeling down and making obeisance to Alekeswera, a man of only equal rank with themselves; they answered, they did so as there was no prince of the old dynasty alive. The priest replied, that if they really desired it, he could provide one. They expressed their anxiety for that boon being granted, upon which he told them the history of the young prince and his mother; the nobles then begged the chief priest to point out in what way they should proceed to dethrone Alekeswera, and place the young prince in his room; he advised them to propose to the usurper that he should be solemnly crowned, as through distrust of those around him (as is always the case with usurpers) he had not yet undergone that ceremony, and that he (the chief priest) would, on the day the ceremony was to be solemnized, furnish them with a legitimate prince, and bring him into the very apartment where the ceremony of coronation was to take place.

The nobles joyfully closed with this proposal, and

forthwith returned to Alekeswera court. A favourable opportunity having presented itself, they submitted the proposition to the usurper, who was well pleased with the suggestion, and accordingly every necessary preparation was made. The city was magnificently decorated and illuminated. All the citizens and people from the neighbouring towns and villages, and strangers, &c. were assembled for the occasion, and, agreeably to the ancient custom of placing the crown on the king by a high priest, Wedegame Terunanse was sent for, as his rank and sanctity made him a fitting person to perform so great a ceremony; and the propitious moment for the act of coronation having arrived, viz. the increase of the moon in the month *Wesek* (May), in the era of Buddoo 1958, the high priest, accompanied by the young prince in the disguise of a pupil (or boy priest), entered the most magnificent hall, situated on the east of Cotta, and adorned with every variety of precious stones; and while the usurper was looking at the ceremony, standing on a heap of pure gold, the crown was suddenly placed on the head of the prince, the high priest pronouncing the coronation prayer. No sooner was this done, than Alekeswera was removed by the chiefs from the royal presence and put to death.

From that time the three grand divisions of this island were consolidated into one kingdom; the king was called Rukula Sruprakkreme Bahoo, and a few days after he came to the throne, he inquired of his mother (whom he had immediately sent for) what should be

his first act: her highness in reply, toldt he king that he should show his gratitude towards their patron or protector. The king accordingly selected a village of the Handeboddepatto of the Matura district, gave it the appellation of Aperekka (signifying "that which protected us,") a stone pillar was erected in the centre of that village, which was given to the chief priest Wedegame, together with the estates Kollewinne Game, Hatoolowe and Morehelle, in all sixteen villages.

The king reigned for fifty-two years, practising every kingly virtue. During his reign, the village Morehelle being infested by a demon called Mora-Yaksiga, the chief priest Wedegame repaired thither, and endeavoured to expel him; but his exertions proving fruitless, he dedicated a portion of his grant Morehelle, changing its name to Naloowelle, to the deity Kateregam, in order to drive away the demon, and he erected a stone pillar with an appropriate inscription.

On the night following, a thunderbolt having struck the Moregaha tree, on which the demon dwelt, he was crushed to atoms, and the dangers consequent on his presence were at an end. After the death of the priest Wedegame, the villages granted to him by the king were inherited by his successors in the priesthood.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE FIRST-BORN.

BY H. H. TUCKER.

Far o'er the silent river steal the strains
Of revelry, in fitful murmurs borne;
And star-crowned Night on Goshen's pastoral plains
Sits queen-like, smiling on the infant morn.
And scattered lights gleam o'er the waters; shorn
By distance to a speck, proud Egypt's towers,
Cradled in darkness, slumber; from the worn
And dungeoned captive, to the regal bowers
Of rest luxurious, Sleep hath strewn her shadowy flowers.

And there is silence on the peopled shore
Of Nile's dark waters; for the toil-worn slave
Sleeps with his lord: the song is heard no more;
The lyre is mute; the wine-cup flows not, save
For some late reveller; the slumbering wave
No lonely oar disturbs; the folded sail
Rests o'er the anchored bark. As in the grave
The strong man prostrate lies; the infant's wail
Is hushed; one chain hath bound the mighty and the frail.

Night wanes apace; but, on its silent wing,
An hour of deep and fearful doom draws nigh.
Dimly and vast yon towering temples fling
Their mighty shadows; and the orient sky
Breaks faintly to a smile.—Raise, raise on high
The warning shout: each Hebrew mother fold
Her first-born to her breast; each wanderer fly
Swift to his sanctuary. He comes! Behold
The dread Destroyer's wing its flashing hues unfold!

And, as the whirlwind in its rushing course,
He rides upon the tossed and troubled air;
And the roused tempest starts, and, muttering hoarse,
Growls from the dark depths of its mountain lair.
And the proud giants of the forest bare
Their bowed heads at his coming: cloud on cloud
Rolls foam-like in his track; and at the glare
Of his red eye, earth shrinks, as in a shroud,
Veiled by his shadowing wing, and quailed its spirit proud.

'Tis past: the rushing of that mighty wing
Hath died away in distance; to the goal
The Avenger speeds; and from their veiled heads fling
The stars their mantling clouds, and check the roll
Of their bright chariots; awe-struck gaze the whole
Of heaven's high host; and darkness shuddering flies
The angel's lightning glance; and as the roll
Of mighty earthquakes, through the trembling skies
Before his awful front the tempest shouting flies.

But there is silence in the captives' tent;
And prostrate forms and beating hearts are there:
And many a mother o'er her babe hath bent
In trembling agony, lest Israel share
The doom of her oppressor. But the air
Hath calmed the tumult of its troubled waves:
And many a placid star, with aspect fair,
The dark brow of the frowning storm-cloud braves,
And gleams amid the gloom like gems in ocean's caves.

But hark! There is a rising murmur sails
Across the waters; does the night-wind sigh
Prophetic o'er yon palace-walls; or wails
Old Nile her daughter's doom?—Its echoes die
Into the grave of silence: far and nigh
The hour reigns peacefully: yet hark! again
There is a voice, a solitary cry;
That too hath fallen: and yon dim lights wane
And sink into the shade, like sleep amidst the slain.

And hurrying forms are seen, and sparks of light,
Glancing from point to point with flickering sheen,
Like diamonds on a pall: and from the height
Of tower or temple, shadowy groups are seen
By their dim torches' fitful gleam, with mein
Of wildest agony: and now the wail
Of woe hath swelled to sounds so loud and keen,
That hell must hear and tremble; and the gale
Bear to the loftiest heavens its dark and harrowing tale.

For the Avenger, as the lightning's flame,
The slumbering city passed. From lowly cell
And lordly hall, and regal palace, came
A cry of "Death!" and ere its echoes fell
And sank, again that dread name's fearful swell
Pealed through the flood-like air, whose black waves bore
From street to street, the First-born's funeral knell;
And "Death!" rang fearfully from shore to shore,
Chilling the listener's heart unto its inmost core.

Woe! woe to Egypt! plague on plague hath past
Vainly her brazen brow and marble breast;
Yet shall she from her towering height be cast,
And in the dust be veiled her lofty crest.
Thou, the oppressor, shalt become the opprest;
And nations on thy prostrate neck shall tread,
Whom earth yet knows not: and from East and West
Fetters shall bind thy children; and the dread
Of empires o'er the earth shall homeless wanderers spread!

Mourn, O ye childless, mourn! spare not your tears;
One cry from every prostrate heart ascend,
And where your First-born's grave its tablet rears
With mourning wreaths your annual footsteps bend.
In vain your breasts ye beat, your garments rend,
And call on one who knows you not, nor hears:
For Egypt's glories and her griefs shall end;
And one vast monument through ages rears
Its front, and mocking points where Egypt's grave
appears.

REVEILLÉE.

Come away!
The eastern gray
Blushes with advancing day;
On banks, all blue
With flowers, the dew
Still bears the print of fairy's shoe.
Come, ere one
Pearl-drop be gone
In the fierce glare of the morning sun.

The lark on high,
With minstrelsy,
Heralds the sunbeam through the sky.
The morning air
Doth perfume bear,
And music: up then, lady fair!
Come away;
My song obey;
And brighten with your eyes the day!

'Εὺς.

THE SAVIOUR OF NAPLES.

BY J. A. ST. JOHN.

Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.

During my short visit to Salerno I found a spare moment to search out the old ducal palace, or rather its site; for little else now remains of it, save two or three shapeless ends of wall. But the gardens have not perished with the edifice of which they were once regarded merely as an appendage. They are still as fresh and verdant as ever, and, rejoicing in their unpruned luxuriance, are perhaps well pleased to have exchanged their former vain and frivolous possessors for the rough but honest peasants who now cultivate and enjoy them; which is more, I dare say, than could at any time be said for their princely owners. It is usual in such situations to indulge in pathetic regrets for the past. And no doubt a man may be very sublime, if not altogether novel, in the reflections suggested by decayed institutions too bad to last, and

departed generations who merely retired from the stage to make room for us. But there is quite enough in the climate and aspect of this part of Italy to create an interest in things as they are. Seated beneath a canopy of odoriferous boughs, on a green eminence commanding a prospect of the bluest and sunniest sea in the world, beside a table spread with delicious fare—fine white bread, a flat basket of grapes piled up *en pyramide*, a plate of honey-combs with the transparent fluid flooding its whole surface, and, lastly, a flagon of *lachrymæ Christi*, pure and sparkling, and diffusing a Dionysiac perfume around—I felt in exceedingly good humour with the present. Besides, consider my companions—a whole family of as blithe and joyous *homunculi* as ever sported the toe on the soil of Magna Græcia. The father, instead of being an atrocious vagabond, with eyebrows like a chimney-sweep's brush, was one of the merriest, most light-hearted, and good-looking peasants in Europe. He had a large mouth, indeed, and good teeth, and was as fond of showing them as my friend Suleyman on the Nile. But there was no quarrelling with him on this account; especially as his mirthful physiognomy appeared to have multiplied itself, and to be renewed in some half-dozen minor visages, male and female, which ever and anon clustered around him as he sat. Of these laughing imps, two attracted more of my notice than the others; the one a nut-brown little villain,—with a pair of legs and a fell of hair resembling those of Salter's "Goatherd of Soracte,"—who,

with a face that aimed at being serious, brought me my fruit; the other a sweet girl about fifteen, whose luxuriant black hair half shaded her face, and hung in waving masses over a finely formed bosom, peeping forth from a low boddice. The latter performed for me the office of Hebe, and might have served as a model of that goddess for an artist. But I had nearly forgotten the most interesting person of all — the mother. She looked—not as if she had seen "better days," as the phrase is, for better she never could have seen:—no, she looked exactly the woman to constitute the ornament and happiness of a family—gentle, affectionate, contented. For my own part, had I never seen another Italian woman, that one would have sufficed to convince me that the generality of travellers do but libel the mothers of that land, who are as tender, as trusting, and as true as the women of any other country whatsoever.

The reader, after all this, may perhaps wonder a little that I do not choose to narrate some incident in the history of these good people. It would be particularly interesting, for example, to kill or marry that lovely peasant girl. And truly, perhaps, I might have married her myself, but for the somewhat awkward circumstance of my being married already. Still, she appeared to be marvellously happy as it was; and the best wish that could be formed for her, seemed to be that she might be as fortunate as her mother.

In the course of the afternoon I had the honour to

be joined in my rambles over the gardens and vineyards by the priest of a neighbouring hamlet, who hearing that a stranger had arrived, came to offer me his services as guide. Not for the sake of gain—he sought and would accept of nothing—but simply for the pleasure of conversing with a man from other lands, and of doing the honours of Salerno. He was a beautiful old man, with eyes full of intellect, and features composed into the most venerable serenity. There was, moreover, a soft persuasive music in his voice, which would have operated wonders in proselyte-making; but father Onesimo was not a proselyte-maker. Religion was never once mentioned, though, I will answer for it, there could not be a more devout man in all Italy. It was that, in fact, which communicated its exquisite tranquillity to his countenance, and urged him, as I afterwards learned, to seek out every day some new occasion of doing good.

We visited together whatever the town and its neighbourhood contain worth seeing — more by half than the reader will find in any guide-book—and among other things the crypt of the church. There I was struck with the effigies of two persons, a man and a woman, laid side by side, according to the fashion of the times, but with the arms of Naples sculptured over the crumbling tabernacle. On observing more closely, I perceived that their arms, instead of being stretched out straight by their side, passed under each other's neck, while a smile, as if of love, seemed to rest eternally on the lips.

"Pray, sir," said I, "whose effigies are these?"

"Ah," replied he, "they have struck you! Well, now, that pleases me. Many whom I have conducted hither purposely to behold them, have passed by without notice, and frozen me by their indifference. But is not that fine? Mark the delicacy of the workmanship. That chin, those lips, that stately and placid brow—sir, they are worthy of a Greek sculptor! and here, because travellers have no native taste or love of the beautiful for its own sake, they lie neglected of all save myself. I come hither, however, now and then, to bask in that smile, which soothes like that of a seraph."

"Indeed, sir," I observed, "you have some reason to be thankful that strangers are more moderate than you in their admiration; for should they once imagine they perceived merit in the performance, they would commit sacrilege to carry it away."

"God forbid!" exclaimed the good man.

"Amen," said I. "But pray now tell me, for you have roused my curiosity, what the persons were whom we see thus admirably represented; and wherefore they alone, of all whose dust reposes here, have their tomb surmounted by the antique arms of Naples?"

"Doubtless," answered father Onesimo, "you have perused the chronicles of Erchempertus?"

"Nay," replied I, "to my shame I acknowledge my ignorance of that author, of whose works few copies, perhaps, travel beyond the Alps."

"Ay, ay," said he, with a good-natured smile, "I had forgotten you were a heretic, and not very likely to be well read in monastic chronicles. However, the lady whose effigies we have been regarding with so much interest, was Giuditta, duchess of Salerno, who, succeeding her father at the age of twenty, governed the duchy with extreme wisdom and moderation, for many years. Shortly after her accession she took into her service a page, recommended to her by a monk of the neighbouring convent. This youth, at that time about seventeen, though full of alacrity in the execution of his duties, exhibited, nevertheless, in his manner, certain peculiarities, which in one of his age should on no account appear: he was absent, thoughtful, inimical to mirth, evidently dwelling as little as possible on the things around him, but wandering with fondness back in imagination to other pleasures and other days. His mind, though unnourished by books, which in those ignorant ages were few and without influence, appeared to have advanced to maturity more rapidly than his frame. It seemed to have been ripened prematurely by circumstances, though by what circumstances her Grace had long sought in vain to discover. Her questions, with what adroitness soever put, elicited no satisfactory information. He indeed appeared to answer frankly and fully—smiled as he replied—and displayed much willingness to be communicative. But, the duchess always remained convinced that beneath the mask of that

smooth and handsome face, lay concealed a world of misery, or crime, or both, if its possessor could but have been prevailed upon to reveal it.

"Gabriele di Grimoaldo (for thus was the page called) usually, with her Grace's permission, visited twice a week the convent where father Gedoino had taken refuge from the world. No weather, however inclement, deterred him. In the midst of thunder, and rain, and lightning, his slight and graceful figure might invariably, at the stated time, be seen entering or quitting the monastic edifice. On one of these occasions, returning dripping wet to the palace, he hastily shifted his garments, and appeared in his accustomed gay attire before his mistress. But the magnificence and glitter of his costume only served to render more palpable the sadness of his countenance. The curiosity of the duchess was more than ever piqued. She determined this time to penetrate the mystery.

"'Gabriele,' said her Grace, 'I have hitherto respected your secret, whatever it may be, always hoping that the affliction in which you are evidently plunged would by degrees pass away. In this I have been disappointed. Instead of partaking of the cheerfulness around you, I daily discover more and more wretchedness in your countenance. Now this is painful to me; and, to be very frank, I fear that, young as you are, there dwells within your mind the consciousness of some crime, the perpetrator of which cannot be a fit inmate of my palace. I must, there-

fore, learn at once if it be so or not. Confess, Gabriele—and, should even my sister's presence act as a restraint on you, she shall withdraw.'

"On hearing this peremptory command, which probably he had long anticipated, the page seemed rather to be delivered from a disagreeable burden, than to experience the repugnance to explain himself by which his manner had hitherto been marked. A faint smile for a moment lighted up his countenance, which an indifferent spectator would have interpreted to be the triumphant smile of innocence; but Giuditta's suspicions were too deep-rooted to be dissipated thus.

"'Nay, signora,' replied Gabriele, 'let the lady Francesca remain. My confession—for I have much to confess—will be free from guilt, though not from danger; and it is because danger dogs my footsteps, with those of all who harbour me, that I have hitherto been silent. But the nature of your suspicions, which I grant are not unreasonable, compels me to speak now. Fortune, however, has hunted me down, lady; for, whether I disclose my secret or not, I am equally certain of immediate ruin.'

"'But there can be no danger,' observed her Grace, 'if there be no guilt.'

"'Of that you may quickly judge,' answered the page, and began his story as follows:—

"'When Teodoro was, by the rising of the people, expelled from the dukedom of Naples, and constrained to take refuge with his kinsman Sicon, lord of Bene-

vento, the Neapolitans, as your Grace will remember, elected Stefano, a private gentleman, to be their ruler. The new duke, who had been chosen for his virtues, did not lay them aside, as too many do, on being advanced to sovereign power. He was a man by temper little covetous of pomp and sway; but having, without his own seeking, reached the goal which ambition usually proposes to itself, he felt the necessity of performing faithfully the duties of his high office. Of these, the first, in his estimation, was to diffuse plenty, contentment, and happiness throughout the city. Indeed, it soon became evident to him that his own tranquillity and repose must be based on those of the people, whom, with all sincerity he loved, conceiving it to be a thing almost divine to be evermore blessed by them, and be conscious of deserving it. No man ever failed to obtain a hearing of him. He was accessible at all hours of the day and night—heard every complaint to the end—and succeeded in impressing on the minds of his countrymen the persuasion that, if not always just in his decisions, he at least was so to the best of his judgment. Conformably to these views the first truth he inculcated on his children was, that their chief duty consisted in earnestly and disinterestedly serving mankind. "For, my sons," said he, "by loving the people we do imitate the blessed example of Christ. See, therefore, that ye persevere, and faint not, but be at all times ready to do and to suffer for Christ's flock."

"'And his conduct being answerable to his maxims,

it was a pleasant spectacle to behold that good man make his rounds through the city. No marks of state attended him. He usually rode forth on horseback alone, not indeed in disguise, but in his ordinary costume, that whosoever had a favour to ask, or a complaint to make, might surely know him. Nevertheless, his appearance was greeted by no noisy acclamations. People smiled, and felt secure, and blessed him in their hearts—but that was all. It was not considered becoming to interrupt his progress, unless some extraordinary circumstances appeared to call for it.

"'Your Grace will readily believe, that under the government of such a ruler, Naples speedily rose to a pitch of felicity truly enviable. It is even reported, —but this seems incredible, — that during several years not a single beggar was anywhere to be seen in the duchy; because the duke, besides being humane, was wise, and well understood all those arts by which men are allured into the paths of industry. His revenues, supposed to have been very great, he wholly spent in the service of the public, subsisting his household on the produce of his own private estate. When questioned on this subject, he would reply that he acted thus to escape the thing which he above all things dreaded—"I mean," said he, "the tears of the wronged and oppressed, which uniting invisibly form a stream, whereon the souls of unjust princes are floated to hell! On the other hand, their prayers have wings; and, if rulers ever

reach heaven, they must be borne thither on the prayers of the poor."

"'Notwithstanding all this, his most strenuous efforts were directed towards diminishing the numbers of the indigent. The very existence of distress disquieted him. He would never sit down to eat without praying earnestly that every man in his duchy might be as well supplied; which, in truth, was not difficult, considering the extreme frugality of his repasts. Besides, the wisdom of his laws, and the extraordinary care with which they were administered, diffused industry and plenty far and wide. Sloth he by all means discouraged, as the parent of crime. Indeed, the idle were the only individuals on whom he frowned; though, when assailed by want, even these found an unfailing resource in his bounty.

"'Such was the course of life pursued by Stefano, in the midst of which news arrived that the prince of Benevento, having secretly collected an army, was on the point of invading the Neapolitan territories, with the design of dethroning him, and restoring the exiled duke. He was now called upon to apply himself to new arts, and that too in the greatest haste. For the enemy had conducted their affairs with so much circumspection, that not a whisper of their projects went abroad until they were ready to put them in execution; so that, to confess the truth, in spite of the utmost exertions of the good duke, they found Naples almost entirely unprepared. There were few or no regular troops; but the rustic population, wealthy and

high-spirited, from knowing nothing of oppression, were easily formed into a militia, equal, in all but discipline, to any soldiers that could be brought against them. However, judging it most prudent to avoid a pitched battle until his forces should have acquired a degree of military experience, Stefano drew the whole population into the city, and, closing the gates, determined to abide the event of a siege.

"'These measures had scarcely been completed, before the Beneventine vanguard appeared upon the distant heights. Finding no opposition, they at once began their ravages, setting fire to the ripe crops which the inhabitants had been constrained to abandon, together with the farm-houses, hamlets, and villages; so that, in a short time, the whole country, as far as the eye could reach, glared with numerous conflagrations, the smoke of which mounted up surging to the clouds. The peasants, cooped up in the city, beholding the scene from the ramparts, were naturally much distressed, seeing their homes in flames, and the whole hope of the year destroyed. But their feelings were presently converted into indignation, and thirst of revenge; so that, when the enemy drew near the walls, the utmost authority of the duke could with difficulty restrain them from sallying forth, and commencing a general and indiscriminate attack. Their fury burst out afresh when a flag from the lord of Benevento appeared before the gates, summoning Stefano as a traitor and usurper to surrender the city into the hands of its rightful sovereign, and menacing him, in case of

refusal, with the vengeance of the Beneventine prince. Every offensive and insulting epithet which could degrade him in the eyes of the vulgar was artfully employed; but the only reply which the Neapolitans would condescend to make was, to shew them their bows, and cry aloud that they would shoot the first man who dared to bring again propositions so insolent. Upon this they hastily retired, and warlike operations were commenced with resentful vigour.

"'It might have been feared that Stefano's genius, adapted by nature to excel in the arts of peace, would in war have forsaken him. But it happened differently. His dignity and energy appeared to be redoubled; and so skilfully and coolly did he conduct the defensive operations of the siege, that any stranger would have concluded the science military to have formed his profession and favourite study from the cradle. He was still, however, distinguished for the same gentleness of deportment, and looked cheerful and animated in the midst of his people, who thronged round him, as round a father, uttering loud prayers for his safety, and displaying the most unfeigned devotion to his person and cause. They, in fact, fully requited, in that trying season, all that he had done or projected for their happiness. Wherever he moved, instead of murmurs or sullen obedience, he was received with every symptom of alacrity and joy. The old voluntarily shared his counsels, the young executed his orders with boundless enthusiasm; so that it was manifest they considered the war as their own, and

their leader as one who toiled in their service, and was ready to suffer every extremity for their sake.

"'From such a conviction nothing but heroism could spring. The Neapolitans were accordingly all courage and self-devotion; and, day after day, with unparalleled gallantry, repulsed the attacks of the enemy, whom they would speedily have compelled to raise the siege, but for the accession of a neighbouring prince to the league. His forces, fresh and admirably disciplined, elevated the drooping spirits of the Beneventines. They pushed on the operations of the siege with increased vigour. Partial successes, here and there, inspired them with hope; and Teodoro already seemed to feel the ducal coronet on his brow.

"'The cause of the Neapolitans now began to put on a gloomy aspect. Providence seemed about to abandon them to the rage of their enemies; and they would have quailed at once, but for the consciousness that justice, not ambition, had engaged them in the struggle; and that the prince whom they had chosen regarded every man's interest in the city more than his own. Such being the case, they resolved to defend the walls to the last extremity, and if they should, in the end, be overpowered, not even then to yield, but, embarking on board their galleys, to seek a home in some other land. In spite, however, of their courage, in spite of the wise dispositions, and unceasing watchfulness, and prudence of the duke, the superior power of the enemy prevailed; and there was wailing in Naples when the fearful news passed from

mouth to mouth that the walls, battered unceasingly by rams and catapults, were beginning to give way. A small party was despatched to put the fleet in readiness for sea, where they would be still masters: the remainder rushed tumultuously to the ramparts, wherein, just before the sun went down, a large breach was effected, and Naples was laid open to the enemy.

" 'Shouts of triumph without, and of consternation and terror within, announced the approaching catastrophe—tumult filled the streets—even the brave, incapable of fearing for themselves, felt their hearts wrung by apprehensions for those they loved, their parents, their wives, their children—all the crimes and horrors of a storm flashed before their mental eye. Thousands, however, flung themselves along the edge of the breach, to defend it *à l'outrance*, while the duke's mother, accompanied by the two youths, his sons, fell at his feet, and conjured him, by his honour and his soul, to forget all private ties — to consider himself solely as father of the city—to make the last sacrifice —to save it, at all hazards, and at any price!

" '"But, my mother and my sons," replied the duke, his face radiant with majesty; " what will it avail me at this moment to forget that you are dear to me? Does it seem to you that affection has unnerved my arm, or for one instant rendered me unmindful of the sacred duty I owe my country?"

" '"Nay, not so, my son," answered his mother. " But it behoves me, also, and these thy children, whom thou lovest, to perform something for the city. Naples

must not fall into the hands of the enemy. Thou must save it, Stefano. Send forth hastily a flag, and let it be accompanied by *hostages*.—Nay, let thy cheek preserve its colour—we are ready, thy sons and I, to risk the worst, so that our altars and our hearths, our matrons and our maidens—"

"'But my father interrupted her.

"'Thy father, boy!' exclaimed the duchess, starting from her chair. 'Thy father! Why, thou dost not mean—'

"'I mean,' replied Gabriele, 'that I am the son of Stefano. But, now that your Grace knows all, it is unnecessary that I proceed. My tale is told. I am the pursued, and persecuted, and hated Duke of Naples—and your Grace will doubtless, as all others have done, chase me from your dominions.'

"'Proceed, Gabriele,' said the duchess, extending her hand to him affectionately, 'I would hear the whole of thy sad story; and as thou shalt find the faith of Giuditta of Salerno, so report. My father was not wont to betray his guests.'

"'Well,' resumed the page, reverting eagerly to the past; 'then let me, for the love of Heaven, go on! My whole life appears to have been concentrated in that day. I had a father then, and he embraced me, and blessed me, and thanked God that I was not unworthy of Naples or of him. But it is not of myself that I would speak. Oh, no! It is of my father's goodness, my father's greatness, my father's glory. Of these only am I proud. On these could I dwell

for ever—on what he did, on what he suffered, on what he dared for the city.'

" " " Blessed and beloved mother!" said the duke, as if he would not seize her meaning, " what is it you would have me do?"

" " " Save your country, my son."

" " " I would save it at the expense of my life," replied he; " and if I fail I will perish with it."

" " " Nay, bethink thee, son—the safety of Naples is at this moment bound up in thee. If thou fall, it falls with thee. There is another, and a surer way: and the deception practised against an enemy"—

" " " Deception—hah! What, have I lived so long in honour, to perish at last with a lie in my mouth?—Speak, thou who didst nurse me at thy breast, must I cover my name with infamy and my soul with shame, in an attempt which even so may fail?"

" " " It will *not* fail, Stefano!" replied his mother. " And see!" continued she, tearing aside her kerchief, " by this breast I conjure thee to put the crowning act upon a life of patriotism by sacrificing whatever is dearest to thee, to preserve these humble dwellings, once happy under thy sway, from pollution worse than death. But hark! while we contend here, the wall is carried. Ten minutes more, and Naples, from end to end, will be filled with rapine, violence, murder. Raise the white flag—send forth a deputation, with thy sons and me as hostages—promising that, if they will withdraw their troops, to prevent the total destruction of the population, the city shall be delivered

up in the morning. They will prefer this, as they now count it their own. During the night the walls may be rebuilt—the whole work will be to be commenced again—for this they are not prepared—they will be defeated—you will be the Saviour of Naples."

" ' " And you, my mother and my sons?"

" ' " We are in God's hands. Let us go. These boys, I know, will not grudge to die with their father's mother, if they may thus, by one act, rise almost to the level of that father in virtue."

" ' But why should I prolong the scene? He had no other child—nor hope of any; for my mother was already in the grave. Nevertheless, embracing us all hastily, with tears, he sent us forth, bidding us God speed. We shed no tears, they rained inwardly, scorching the heart; not, Heaven is my witness, because it seemed that we were to die—but that we must for ever part with a father such as he. However, the animation and terrible splendour of the prospect soon commanded our attention. Upon the raising of the portcullis and letting down of the drawbridge, our flag was seen of the enemy, who thereupon fell back, and allowed us free passage, under a strong guard, to their general. His tent lay on the right, towards Vesuvius. The ground intervening, covered with men and horses, passing to and fro, sometimes enveloped in clouds of dust, sometimes their arms and armour flashing in the evening sun, presented the most striking prospect that could meet the eye. We found him on an eminence overlooking the operations

of the soldiers from beneath the luxurious shade of his tent. Near him sat the exiled duke, his kinsman. Both, however, had been in the field, for their armour was bloody, and the same hateful stain, rendered darker by dust, spotted their faces and their gloves.

" 'Upon beholding the approach of the flag, the Duke of Benevento conjectured the object of our mission, and with great courtesy informed us, upon our entrance, that we were welcome. Teodoro, on the contrary, scowled fiercely on the Count of Gaeta, and when he stood forward to speak, actually interrupted him with opprobrious language. Upon this the aged duchess herself addressed the general, and said,

" '"My Lord of Benevento! (I speak for my son) it will not diminish our dignity, at least in *your* eyes, that fortune hath proved adverse to us. We have aimed at high things; we have tasted of sovereignty; and our hope was that the hand of death alone would remove the diadem from our brow. Yet, not for ourselves did we struggle, but for the independence of Naples. But, Providence having willed its fall, it becomes our duty to submit. And we do submit. Your point, therefore, is gained—for Naples is yours. Nevertheless, though it be decreed that we are no longer to bear sway in our native city—perhaps no longer to breathe its air, or behold its beauty—you yourself, my lord, will acknowledge that it is our duty still to love it, and be above all things solicitous for its welfare. For, as we have not ruled like a tyrant, so neither would we descend from the throne in whirl-

pools of blood. Spare the Neapolitans, my lord, who are now your subjects. Let it not suffice that you have prevailed over them in war. Prevail over them next by clemency. Forgive the struggle they have made for independence—and, above all, in their name and behalf I conjure you, let them owe allegiance to Sicon of Benevento, and not be delivered over to the cruelty and revenge of the man whom long ago they spurned and expelled for his tyranny."

" ' At these words Teodoro could no longer restrain his indignation. Leaping up, with hand on his sword, as if he would have used it, he exclaimed vehemently,

" ' " Presumptuous woman! do you thus dare to calumniate me in my presence, and again publicly to repeat the base falsehoods which, circulated but in whispers, deprived me of my dukedom? My voice, malicious hag, will drown your clamours here, and defeat your artifices. The city is ours, and we will sack it—that the base-born and the malevolent, together with their crafty leaders, may at length learn that legitimate and rightful princes are not to be overborne by the petulant humours of the multitude."

" ' " Nay, kinsman," interrupted the Duke of Benevento, " this is indecent. The lady addressed herself to *us*, and when we shall have heard the full purport of her mission, it will be for us to deliberate on the proper answer."

" ' Teodoro now discovered that the speech of the duchess had suggested ambitious ideas to the mind of Sicon. He perceived that his position was full of dif-

ficulties—that he might possibly have to struggle with another and more powerful rival—and sinking back, overcome with rage, into his seat, he listened in silence to the earnest pleading of the ambassadress.

"'"I say," continued she, "that *you*, my Lord of Benevento, must preserve Naples for yourself. It will be the fairest jewel in your crown. But, that it may augment your glory and add to your strength, it must be saved from pillage, from insult, from massacre. If you attempt to enter it by storm this night, by to-morrow it may be yours indeed—but only as a heap of ruins. Violence will beget violence. Crime and vengeance will succeed each other—the Neapolitans are numerous, and will then be desperate—daggers will do the work of swords—ten thousand struggles, fierce as passion and revenge can render them, will rage amid the darkness, and deluge every hearth with blood and guilt—your best troops will fall in isolated frays—and you will be greeted in the morning by the survivors with the bitterest of curses, which history will re-echo. Stay the work of destruction, therefore—consider the city as your own—enter it to-morrow, by the light of the blessed sun, amidst the acclamations and grateful shouts of a people who will know that they owe their lives and their happiness to you. There can be no apprehension of treachery. For, while the flag returns to the city, to announce that all shall be peace, I will remain with you, to answer with my head, and the heads of these boys, (the only hopes of our house!) for the fulfilment of the compact."

"Persuaded by the warmth and energy of her manner, and more than all by the offer to remain as a hostage, the Duke of Benevento caused the retreat to be sounded; and, abandoning all thoughts of military operations, began to consider how he might most majestically enter Naples in triumph. There can, moreover, be little doubt that his mind ran upon plans of securing the sovereignty to himself; while schemes of dark revenge and furious retaliation occupied the imagination of Teodoro. In the city itself, very different were the views and hopes entertained. My father had, indeed, contrary to his notions of honour, consented to co-operate in an equivocal proceeding to save his country. He had even offered up his mother and his sons on its altar. But his exalted virtue would, nevertheless, not permit him personally to profit by these sacrifices. Assembling the people around him, therefore, he said:—

"'"I am no longer worthy to command you. By engaging to deliver you over to the yoke of the Beneventines, I have forfeited all claim to your affection, and still more to your allegiance. You are not, however, bound by my engagements: a whole people can never justly be reduced to slavery by the submission of its chief. You are still free, my fellow-citizens. Elect a new leader. Transfer to him the obedience you once cheerfully paid me. And, more fortunate than I, may he rebuild your walls, and lead you to victory! Nay, let no opposition be raised. I must fulfil my destiny. Though, believe me, fellow-soldiers

and countrymen, my love for Naples knows no diminution. I have lived for her, and, with God's good permission, I will die for her!"

"'This speech was received with enthusiastic shouts by the people, who conjured him, however, to remain at his post, professing their determination to fight under his guidance to the last. Finding that these assurances shook not his resolution, they broke forth into reproaches, contrasting their own readiness to endure all things for his sake, with the design he had formed to abandon them. But these words were uttered, not in anger, but with sorrow and tears, and in the hope of shaking his purpose. His firmness, however, was not to be overcome. The glare of torches which fell upon him on the church steps where he had stood to address them, revealed a countenance dignified and calm, though many who stood immediately around him imagined they could perceive the moisture of tears upon his cheek. Descending now from his elevated position, he mingled with the crowd, and no more, for the time, was seen of him.

"'In this emergency the people fixed their choice upon Bono, an officer who had on several occasions distinguished himself, and saluting him Master of the Soldiers, placed the whole city under his authority, that, in the words of my father, he might rebuild their walls, and lead them to victory. Being a man of courage and capacity, though as the sequel—but of that hereafter—he at once betook himself to execute the task which had been confided to him. He saw

clearly that the energies of a people under such circumstances are almost preternatural. One sentiment —the resolution to be free or perish—pervaded the whole multitude—and that feeling, finding in Bono a directing mind, operated with the force and rapidity of a miraculous power. In darkness, without confusion or noise, every individual that could crawl found his way to the ramparts; where, putting themselves under the guidance of such as possessed experience, they all, men, women, children, clergy, monks, laboured as those only labour who are fencing out death. Ladies of the highest rank, forgetting their beauty and their delicacy, might then have been seen, half-clad and with dishevelled locks, rolling stones beside the rudest labourer towards the wall, wheeling barrows of earth, or running hither and thither distributing wine or bread to the toiling crowds. Houses were rased to their foundations in a few minutes, and the stones, beams, rafters, doors, furniture — every thing that could facilitate the raising of the fortifications, fill up a gap, or form a temporary barricade, was transported to the ramparts. Children, hushing their boisterous voices to a whisper, heard and executed like disciplined soldiers the orders of their elders. Every house in the city, from the ducal palace to the meanest cot, was thrown open to the wounded, sick, or weary. Danger had converted the whole population into one family; and an observant eye, which could have followed the movements, scrutinized the visages, and penetrated the feelings and motives of that moment,

would have discovered more to love in human nature, than is exhibited in the most gorgeous triumphs or religious festivals.

" ' By exertions like these, not only were the walls repaired, but even the ditch had been cleared out and deepened, ere the dawn of the following morning broke upon the earth. So that, when the enemy, whose suspicions had been completely lulled, put themselves in motion, and advanced with music and floating banners towards the gates, it was soon perceived that they had been over-reached. The walls, as if raised by magic, displayed no sign of a breach. Arms and ensigns thronged the towers and parapets — the gates were closed — the draw-bridges up — ten thousand archers with arrows in their bows stood ready to discharge their weapons. The Duke of Benevento turned round towards us, who stood near him, as if to demand an explanation of what he saw. A smile passed over the countenance of the duchess.

" ' " You now see, my Lord of Benevento," said she, " what manner of people the Neapolitans are, and whether it be likely you should ever subdue them. The stratagem was of my planning. I thank God it has succeeded, and am here to answer for it."

" ' Before the duke could reply, a party of soldiers advanced from the left, bearing along with them the body of a man whom they had killed near the church of St. Stefania. We looked upon it—it was that of my father. Blood covered the face and the hoary hairs, and a drawn sword still remained in the clenched

hand. He had fallen desperately upon the enemy's piquet, and been overwhelmed immediately by numbers. Our feelings at that moment I cannot paint. Your Grace will understand them. We forgot our patriotism — Naples — every thing — and flung ourselves upon the corpse.

"'But let me hurry to a conclusion: comprehending at a glance the whole state of the case, and already disgusted with the undertaking, Sicon, in a fever of passion and resentment, gave the word for retreat, and returning to the camp, shut himself up alone in his tent, and was seen of no one during the remainder of the day. What his sentiments or views with respect to us may have been at that time it is impossible to decide. Perhaps he found that he could not trust himself, and therefore saw us not. For ourselves, having now learned all that had come to pass, both the evil and the good, we sat together in the tent they had assigned us, with nerves strung by enthusiasm, prepared to undergo whatever might be inflicted, and almost longing for death.

"'Yet, let not your Grace suppose we were unhappy. Far from it. A solemn delight, surpassing in sweetness everything in the form of pleasure which the world has to offer, descended like dew upon our spirits, and appeared to be a foretaste of what the blessed enjoy beyond the grave. We had baffled that vast host; we, the feeble instruments of Providence, had preserved the place of our birth from destruction; we had engraved our names in the grateful hearts of

millions, the mighty wings of whose prayers appeared to rustle in the air above us. Our father, indeed, had fallen; but, the first burst of grief over, we did not lament him, as persons condemned to survive. He merely appeared to be more fortunate than we by a few hours. All our thoughts were in Naples. And, oh! we pictured to ourselves the tide of joy and happiness, and triumph and thanksgiving, then flooding its streets, and hearths, and altars! What a thrill of bliss in pure and holy bosoms would the bare mention of duke Stefano and his family cause! THE SAVIOUR OF NAPLES!—Oh! I muttered it a thousand times to myself. He was my father, and I am not unworthy of him—for I am here to do his bidding, and to suffer what he suffered.

"'My brother, by one year my junior, partook fully of my exaltation of mind. But for the duchess—what shall I say? Did she, now that the penalty was to be paid, repent of her noble deeds? Your Grace is far less cheerful at this moment. Her countenance, which, by I know not what mysterious operation of nature, appeared to have suddenly recovered the beauty of youth, beamed with unearthly radiance. She conversed with us continually, exhorting us to remember from what a father we were sprung, speaking of our duties towards our country (in part fulfilled), towards God, and towards ourselves, now to be performed. For her own part, death, she said, would to her be far more delightful than sleep, inasmuch as it would certainly lead her to the em-

braces of her son, and the merciful smiles of her Saviour.

"'In this manner passed the day. Night at length approaching, it would have seemed that our very existence was forgotten of our masters, but for the monotonous tramp of the men-at-arms pacing to and fro in front of our tent. Hour after hour passed in this manner, and even our eyes had grown heavy, when we were suddenly roused by the entrance of a man in knightly garb, who, throwing aside the canvass, advanced a step or two, and then stood still to gaze at us by the light of the torches which, stuck upon upright poles, illumined the tent. We at once understood that this was our executioner, and, inwardly composing our thoughts, we prayed, but uttered no sound. Neither did he speak, but seating himself on a camp-stool, and placing his sword upright between his knees, leaned upon the hilt, now bending his looks on my brother, and now on me. It was a moment of anguish. The knight, as if somewhat disappointed that we exhibited no signs of terror, (from which, nevertheless, our minds were not free), drew gradually nearer, and often made as though he would raise his beaver, and wither us with a look.

"'Irritated at these unmanly manœuvres, the duchess now demanded, in a firm and authoritative manner, wherefore he was come thus armed, like a coward, among the unarmed. "If," said she, "it be with the hope of inspiring fear, your labour is lost.

I came hither to death with my eyes open, and when one is prepared to die, the executioner, however base or vile, cannot be terrible. If such be your trade, fear nothing. We shall offer no resistance."

" ' Upon this he thrust up his visor, and we beheld the hated features of Teodoro.

" ' " Woman," said he, in a low hoarse voice, " thy son has paid the forfeit of his crimes, and is no more. Thy hour is now come. But for thy damned machinations I had by this time been reinstated in my dukedom. Thou didst prevail over my weak kinsman of Benevento, as thy son over the rabble of Naples. And these,—the spawn of Stefano, who may yet stand between me and my inheritance—I will quickly move out of the way."

" ' " Sir," she replied, " I crave your permission to utter one truth before I depart—it is this; by shedding our blood, instead of facilitating your restoration, you only render it impossible. No power on earth could ever reconcile the Neapolitans to the murderer of Stefano's family. The dagger of some indignant patriot will avenge our death. By the dagger, Teodoro, you will fall. Distinctly, with eyes rendered piercing by death, I read your fate. It is written in blood, and— "

" ' " Nay, but I will cut short thy prophesy," cried Teodoro, and plunged his weapon in her breast. I started forward frantically, as if to protect her, though too late—her blood gushed forth, and in a moment my brother joined her in death. Teodoro, to complete

the destruction of his enemies, next aimed a blow at me; but, as Providence had otherwise ordered it, he missed his aim, and, his foot getting somehow entangled, he fell forward on the ground. As he sunk, a poignard dropped from his girdle. It was life for life. I lost not a moment, but, seizing the weapon, leaped upon him, and buried it to the hilt in his body.

"'The next thought which suggested itself was, that, seeing the sentinels took no heed of the noise and struggling in the tent, they must have fallen asleep or been purposely removed; in either of which cases I might effect my escape. With the reeking dagger still in my hand I, therefore, stepped forth into the darkness, where I could hear no sound, and discover no obstruction. Teodoro had, in fact, as I afterward learned, made drunk the guards, lest they should interfere with his vengeance; and the precaution was my safety. I crept lightly and cautiously along—passed through the whole camp—and reached Naples—but only to learn on the morrow that I had merely made an exchange of enemies, for that, intoxicated by his elevation, Bono would surely cut me off if I discovered myself. Thus admonished, unknown, befriended of none, save father Gedoino, I left the city which I had contributed to save, accompanied by that holy and generous priest, who retired to the monastery where he now is, and obtained for me your Grace's protection, not without a hope that better days might yet dawn upon us.'

"Such was the story of the page. From that day forward his position in the palace of Salerno underwent a marked change. Giuditta, smitten by his youthful heroism, looked with a favourable eye upon his ambition. He rose rapidly in her favour, obtained her heart and hand; and, at length, aided by her power, and by the affectionate intrigues of the priesthood, recovered the duchy of Naples. His wife, however, remained attached to Salerno; and at their death, their remains were removed hither, and laid in the beautiful tomb which you now see."

TO SARAH,

WITH SOME FLOWERS.

You gave me late, from some fair bower,
Type of yourself, a *single* flower;
Receive these few, which, tied together,
You'll hold to be in Hymen's tether.
Sweet William's a fit match, I think,
For sly and simpering Miss Pink;
Sir Paper-flower will suit as well
The literary Miss Blue-belle;
Miss Moneywort's as good as any
For Captain Shamrock from Kilkenny;
Miss Rose, all blushes, next we buckle
To dapper Mr. Honeysuckle;
This you'll confess, a goodly batch is;
So pray accept our bunch of matches.

H.

A TRIAD OF VERSE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

NO. I. — SUNSET.

Here let us lie, upon the primrose bank,
And give our thoughts free way. Our thoughts are fair;
For Heaven is fair, and Earth all 'round is fair;
And we reflect both in our souls to-day.
Art *thou* not joyous? Does the sunshine fall
Upon a barren heart? Methinks it is
Itself the sweet source of fertility!
In its all golden warmth it wraps us 'round, —
Not us alone, but every beast and bird
That makes the breathing forest musical:
Nor these alone; but every sparkling stream,
And every hill and every pastoral plain, —
The leaves that whisper in delighted talk —
The truant air with its own self at play —
The clouds that swim in azure, — loving Heaven
And loving Earth, and lingering between each,
Loth to quit either. Are not all alive
With one pure unalloyed consummate joy?
Let *us* rejoice then beyond all the rest;
For how shall Wisdom shew itself so well,
As in administering joy unto itself?
They who disdain the merry are not wise;
And they who step aside when Mirth comes by,
And scorn all things which are not bought with pain,
Are — fools, good cousin. What else can they be,

Who spurn God's free given blessings? — *I* am one,
Who prize the matron Summer most in smiles,
And give my heart up to her rose-crowned Hours.
And so art thou — or so thou *wilt* be, child,
When that the orb of Time, now in its dawn,
Hath ripened thy young brain with liberal thought.
Keep this in mind :—And now, we two will watch
The Day go downwards towards the glowing west;
And when the gold grows pale, and evening airs
Come murmuring o'er the meadows, we will drink
The balmy ether, — the nectarean breath
Which Earth sends upwards when her lord, the Sun,
Kisses her cheek at parting.

NO. II. — A SONG FOR THE QUEEN.

Joy to the Queen Victoria!
Be the sun of her life serene!
May the Heaven that bendeth over her
Shed joy on The Island Queen!

Joy to the three-fold nation!
And peace to her valleys green!
But, if war should come, — then Victory
Be *thou* by The Nation's Queen!

Be her heart like the oaks of England!
And her eyes like the azure sheen!
And, in calm or storm, Victoria!
Be ever The People's Queen!

NO. III.—A LONDON LYRIC.

(*Without.*)

THE winds are bitter; the skies are wild;
From the roof comes plunging the drowning rain:
Without, — in tatters, the world's poor child
Sobbeth aloud her grief, her pain!
No one heareth her, no one heedeth her;
But Hunger, her friend, with his cold gaunt hand,
Grasps her throat, — whispering huskily,
"What dost *Thou* in a Christian land?"

(*Within.*)

The skies are wild, and the blast is cold:
Yet Riot and Luxury brawl *within:*
Slaves are waiting, in crimson and gold, —
Waiting the nod of a child of sin.
The fire is crackling, wine is bubbling
Up in each glass to its beaded brim:
The jesters are laughing, the parasites quaffing
"Happiness," — "honour," — and all for *him!*

(*Without.*)

She who is slain 'neath the winter weather, —
Ah! she *once* had a village fame,
Listened to love on the moonlit heather,
Had gentleness — vanity — maiden shame:
Now her allies are the tempest howling,
Prodigal's curses, — self-disdain,
Poverty, — misery: — Well, no matter,
There is an end unto every pain!

The harlot's fame was her doom to-day,
  Disdain, — despair ; by to-morrow's light
The ragged boards and the pauper's pall ;
  And so she'll be given to dusty night.
Without a tear or a human sigh,
  She's gone, — poor life and its ' fever' o'er.
Soh, — let her in calm oblivion lie ;
  While the world runs merry as heretofore !

(*Within.*)

He who yon lordly feast enjoyeth,
  He who doth rest on his couch of down,
He it was, who threw the forsaken
  Under the feet of the trampling town :
Liar — betrayer — false as cruel, —
  What is the doom for his dastard sin ?
His peers, they scorn ? — high dames, they shun him ?
  — Unbar yon palace, and gaze within.

There, — yet his deeds are all trumpet-sounded,
  There, upon silken seats recline
Maidens as fair as the summer morning,
  Watching him rise from the sparkling wine.
Mothers all proffer their stainless daughters ;
  Men of high honour salute him " friend ;"
Skies ! oh, where are your cleansing waters ?
  World ! oh, where do thy wonders end ?

THE CONVICT'S BRIDE.

BY ELIZA WALKER.

It was a dark dreary morning in the December of 178—. —The ground was covered with snow, and the bleak wind was howling in terrific gusts through the streets. Yet despite the inclemency of the weather, crowds of persons of all classes, and, amongst them, many of the weaker sex, might be seen hurrying towards the *Place de Greve.* It was the morning appointed for the execution of Victor d'Aubigny.

The circumstance which had called for this expiation of life at the altar of justice, are briefly as follows,—and, blended with the strong love of excitement, so universal amongst the French, account, in some degree, for the eager curiosity discernible in the multitude, now hastening to the awful spectacle of a fellow-creature, in the full flush of youth and health, being plunged into the gulf of an unknown eternity. The crime for which Victor d'Aubigny was doomed to suffer was forgery. Remonstrance, petitions, interest, all had

been tried to avert the fatal penalty. The offence was one of frequent occurrence, and must be checked, even at the costly sacrifice of a human life. Fortunately in our days the law is satisfied with less than the blood of its victim. In every country apologists are to be found for guilt, and sympathy is more readily excited when the perpetrator is endowed with great personal or mental advantages, or fills a position above the ordinary level in society: —all these Victor d'Aubigny possessed; he had also the higher distinction of having, up to the period of his crime, borne a blameless character. From their earliest youth a close intimacy had subsisted between himself and Auguste de Biron. Similarity of age and pursuit—both being intended for the army,—united them more than congeniality of disposition; for the warm generosity of Victor bore little resemblance to the cold, suspicious, vindictive nature of Auguste. They were alike only in their pursuit of pleasure, though even in the prosecution of this, the taste of each took a different bias. The strong and feverish excitement of the gambling table too well suited the eager temperament of Victor. He who, in the midst of the most profligate capital of the world, had strength to resist all other allurements, fell a ready prey to that vice, whose fatal indulgence has often paved the way for the commission of almost every crime.

Auguste, on the other hand, shunning the dazzling *salons* of play, was a nightly visitant of the metropolitan theatres—not to enjoy the wit of Molière, or the genius of Racine, but to watch the airy movements of some

figurante in the ballet. As they advanced to manhood, the success of D'Aubigny in society called perpetually into play the evil passions of his companion, whose feelings gradually changed from friendship to dislike, and deepened into hatred implacable and bitter, on the refusal of his hand by a lady, who assigned, as the reason, a mad, though unreturned passion, for his friend. Auguste controlled his resentment outwardly, and left Paris.

Victor at this period was betrothed to a lovely but portionless girl, and the day for the nuptials was fixed. A few evenings previous, he entered one of the gambling establishments with which Paris abounds. Enough; he was tempted to play, and in a short time found himself a loser to double the amount of all the ready money he could command. He rushed from the house in a state of phrenzy. The money must be paid on the following day. To whom could he apply? Auguste, who might have assisted him, was in England, whither he had gone to be present at the *debut* of a celebrated *danseuse*. He suddenly recollected that his friend had left a large sum at his banker's. Forgetful in the desperation of the moment, of every thing but escape from present embarrassment, he forged a cheque for the sum required. It was duly honoured—but his doom was sealed. He instantly wrote to apprise De Biron of what he had done; pleading in mitigation that they had often shared the same purse, and binding himself to return the money at the earliest possible period. No reply was given to his letter. The time flew onward,

—the day for his marriage arrived. The bridal solemnity was over, when, as the party were leaving the church, D'Aubigny was arrested on a charge of forgery!

The trial and condemnation rapidly succeeded, and the day of execution dawned too soon. Victor met his death calmly and resignedly. But it is not with him our tale has to do,—it is with her, the beautiful, the bereaved one,—with Isabelle d'Aubigny the convict's bride. From the period when the promulgation of his sentence rung in her ears, to that moment in which the fatal axe fell on the throat of its victim, nor sigh, nor tear, nor word, had escaped her. Every faculty seemed suspended by misery. The last, long embrace of her husband—the wild choking sob which burst from him, as she left his cell the night prior to his execution—the thousand frantic passionate kisses which he showered on her marble face, at the foot of the scaffold, all failed to dissolve the trance of grief into which she had fallen. But the moment of awakening agony came at last!—When the guillotine had done its office, and the body of her beloved Victor lay bleeding and dead before her—sorrow, asserting its omnipotent sway over humanity, shivered the feeble barriers of temporary unconsciousness, and let the imprisoned mind free to contemplate the ruin of its only earthly hope, the extinction of all youth's sweetest visions. Then came the groan of anguish, the shriek of despair—the straining of the eyeballs, to assure itself of that which stretched every fibre of the heart with agony, till it almost burst with the tension. Then came that piercing look into future

years, which so often accompanies calamity in its freshness; when all that would have sustained us beneath the heavy load, has been wrenched from us, for ever and ever!

Vainly the friends who surrounded Isabelle strove to tear her from the body of Victor. There was fascination in the gaze, though horror was blended with it. Her own, her beautiful, lay a mutilated corse before her,—he whom she had loved with an absorbing intensity, which would have defied time to lessen, circumstance to change—with whom she had hoped to journey through existence, partner of his pleasures, soother of his griefs. And now she was alone and desolate! Then indeed did she feel, that fate had levelled its deadliest weapon; and henceforth every hour was stamped with stern, unchanging, dreary despair. Great misfortunes either strengthen or enfeeble the mind. When the grave had closed over the body of Victor, Isabelle,—the weak, the gentle, the timid Isabelle, returned to her lonely hearth, a calm, stern determined woman.

* * * * * *

All the *elite* of Milan were gathered together in the magnificent theatre of La Scala. Beauty lent its attraction, rank its patronage, and fashion its influence, to grace the farewell benefit of "La Florinda," the unrivalled *danseuse*, the boast of Italy, the idol of the Milanese.

It is not an easy task to rouse an English audience into a *furor* of ecstacy: an Italian one is composed of

materiel of a more inflammable nature;—and demonstrations which would seem to us extravagant and absurd, only appear to them a meet homage to genius. To-night their wonted enthusiasm received double impetus, from the consciousness that it was the last public testimony they could afford, of their appreciation of the consummate skill and loveliness of the fair creature before them. The ensuing week would see her united to a wealthy noble, and this night witness her parting obeisance to an audience, of whom all the men were her worshippers, and even the women her partizans and admirers. The curtain rose, and certainly the appearance of the heroine of the evening was warranty enough for the burst of rapturous applause which followed. Her form, itself of the most faultless symmetry, acquired additional captivation, from the display and costliness permitted by theatrical costume. Her face too was one of surpassing beauty. Large deep-blue eyes, waves of the glossiest hair, and a skin of that clear transparent whiteness, which shews with such dazzling effect at night—all these attractions were in themselves enough to fascinate the sight. But there was that about "La Florinda" which interested the feelings fully as much. The dreamy melancholy of her profound and passionate eyes,—the entire repose of all her features,—the extraordinary expression about the small cherub mouth, which seemed formed for love and dimples, yet which none had ever seen relax into a smile,—this it was which lent such witchery to her beauty, and threw around her a kind of

mysterious charm, even amidst the glare and frivolity with which she was surrounded.

Though assailed by temptation in every shape, so rigid and unblemished had been her conduct, that the noble family, to which she was about to be allied, vainly sought in it a pretext to dissolve the engagement between herself and their relative. Yet she lived in utter unprotectedness, with only the companionship of a young girl who officiated as her attendant. With society she never mixed, nor left her home, except to attend her professional duties.

On this her last evening of public existence, all was done that could render her exit triumphant. The stage was literally filled with bouquets flung at her feet, accompanied by many a valuable and less perishing testimony to her worth and talent. When she made her farewell acknowledgments, each felt a pang of regret at parting with one so lovely and gifted, and many a bright eye was filled with tears—yet she, the cause, alone remained unmoved. There was gratitude in the graceful bowing of the head, and the meek folding of her hands on her bosom,—but the face was calm and impassive as ever. The curtain fell amidst an outbreak of such feeling, as shook the very walls of La Scala to their foundation, and Florinda was seen there no more.

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"Now pray, Signora, on this your wedding-day, do look as if you were happy.—Heigho! if I were so beautiful, beloved too by the Marchese, I should be smiling all day long."

"My good Rosalia, I have long forgotten to smile or weep. In truth, poor child! you have had but a wearisome life, in attending on one in whose bosom the pulse of joy hath for ever stopped."

"O say not so, Signora; all the girls in Milan would be glad to wait on so kind, so gracious, so gentle a mistress,—ay, and so pretty a one too. For when I am braiding those long tresses, or fastening the sandals on your tiny feet, I feel quite proud in being permitted to serve La Florinda, who, all Milan says, has borrowed the face and form of the famous Venus at Florence."

"Fie on thee, child! I would chide thee for this flattery, but that an unkind word ever sends foolish tears into thine eyes. But hasten, Rosalia; the time wears on. Give me my veil, and leave me."

The attendant did as she was bidden, and Florinda was alone. For awhile she sat in deep meditation, her small white hands clasped upon her brow, as if to still the tumult of feelings rushing through her brain. The day at length had come for which she had patiently waited for years; for which she had devoted herself to a profession she abhorred, and toiled in it laboriously and ceaselessly—and nourished a life, she would otherwise have allowed the mildew of grief to corrode and destroy. The hour was at hand, when the one purpose of her existence was to be realized,—the long recorded vow fulfilled. The near accomplishment of her wishes gave to the cheek of Florinda a flush of crimsom, deep as the sunset of summer, and lit up her lustrous eyes with almost unearthly brightness. As she contemplated

herself in the mirror, arrayed in all the costly magnificence of bridal attire, vanity for a moment preponderated; but it was a transient weakness. An instant more—the brow resumed its look of calm, stern determination,—the beautiful mouth, its compressed rigidity. Having adjusted the orange wreath on her temples, and arranged the drapery of the long delicate veil, whose snowy folds enveloped her form from head to foot, she entered the conservatory adjoining her chamber, and taking from it a bouquet of choicest flowers, awaited the arrival of her bride's-maids and friends. In a few minutes the expected guests assembled, and leaning on the arm of the brother of her betrothed, she entered one of the carriages, and the party proceeded to the church of St. Ambrose. The nuptial rites were performed—and Florinda was greeted as La Marchesa di Vivaldi.

The Marchese, gently passing his arm around her waist, would fain have folded her to his bosom. A quick shudder, which seemed to convulse every limb, passed over her.

"My beautiful love looks pale!"

"'Tis nothing,—a sudden faintness. I culled these flowers for you, your favourite heliotrope is there;—take them,—you will not surely refuse your bride's first gift?"

The Marchese took the *bouquet* presented, pressed them passionately to his lips, inhaled their fragrance, and fell at the feet of Florinda a lifeless corse.

A wild, unnatural burst of laughter from the Marchesa pealed through the church.—"It is well,—it is well!

Victor, my beloved, thou art avenged. Now I will join thee."

Uttering these words, she took from beneath the folds of her dress a small poniard, and buried it to the hilt in her breast.

The bride and the bridegroom lay dead together!

On searching her desk, a paper was found explanatory of the catastrophe. It is scarcely necessary to say, that "La Florinda" was the name assumed by Isabelle d'Aubigny. In the record left of her motives and actions, she stated that after the execution of Victor, she made a solemn vow to become his avenger, —but with a refined revenge, when his destroyer, De Biron, was at the height of earthly bliss. For this purpose her first aim was to captivate his heart. As the widow of Victor, she might fail in this. She was aware that he was a passionate admirer of dancing. Through the agency of that accomplishment, superadded to her beauty of person, she hoped to ensnare his affections. Her first step was to become the pupil of the most celebrated master of the day, and by dint of unremitting toil, she soon qualified herself for public exhibition. She resolved to appear in Italy, to which country Auguste de Biron had retired, to escape the strong manifestations of dislike which, after the execution of Victor d'Aubigny, followed him whenever he entered society at Paris. He was also the heir to a title and considerable estates in the Abruzzi. The death of his relative, soon put him in possession of these, and he became the Marchese di Vivaldi. At

this period, Florinda, who was cognizant of all that befel him, made her *debut* at Naples. All Italy soon rung with her fame—and she was offered an engagement at "La Scala." She accepted it—appeared—became the idol of the public—and soon the object of her revenge bowed at her feet a suppliant for her love—a suitor for her hand. She accepted him. During the life of Victor, he had never seen her, and who, that looked on her fair unruffled brow, or listened to the music of her low soft voice, could imagine that in her breast every particle of womanly softness was extirpated,—that her thoughts were only of revenge and death. It was at the altar's foot, her adored Victor had been torn from her arms; it should be at the altar's foot the expiatory sacrifice should be made,—his murderer destroyed. She procured from the East a deadly poison, the simple inhalation of which produces abrupt and certain death. Every flower in the bouquet was steeped in the deadly essence: its effects have been narrated—and thus, by one of those frightful transitions, which circumstances accomplish in human destiny, where the restraining influence of fixed religious principle is absent, Isabelle, once loving and irresolute, became a murderess and a suicide!

THE PAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PROVOST OF BRUGES," ETC.

It was deep midnight, and the stars shone bright
Over bold Sir Julian's halls;
But the revels' din still sounded within,
And shook the hoary walls:
For the knight drank deep, while the world was asleep;
He drank with his lemans fair;—
And he turned, in his joy, to the pale young boy
That waited beside his chair.

As the wine he quaffed, with that page he laughed;—
He laughed at his sister's shame!—
And the fair boy smiled—for how should a child
Know aught of maiden's fame?
Yet they two had grown together as one,
'Till she fell to that man of guile;
And she now rests her head on a clay cold bed—
Oh 'tis strange that her brother can smile!

" Come fill me a cup! Sir Page, fill it up,
While I drink to the fair and kind:
Yet methinks 'twere not ill they should taste who fill,
Lest mischief should lurk behind!"
His smile never failed, his eye never quailed,
As the brim to his lip he pressed:
Freely he quaffed of the sparkling draught,
And Sir Julian drained the rest.

" My Page, why so pale — do thy senses fail?
What ails thee, boy? — thou art ill! — "
His eye is less bright and his lip more white,
But that smile plays round it still.
And his dim, dim gaze on Sir Julian stays;—
What may its meaning be?
" Sir Julian prepare, thou hast taken thy share
Of the poisoned cup with me!"

Wild is the cry that rises on high;
Terrible, sad, and wild;
As the vengeance is felt to be fearfully dealt
From the hand of that feeble child.
But its work is done; for the rising sun
Saw the knight in his plumed pride,
Lie stark and pale, 'mid his followers' wail,
A corse by the fair boy's side.

Painted by R. Westall R.A.

Engraved by J. Burnet

THE FOUNTAIN.

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THE FOUNTAIN.

BY THOMAS MILLER,

AUTHOR OF "ROYSTON GOWER," ETC.

THERE is a valley 'mid the isles of Greece,
  Paved with fair flowers, and roofed with tall green trees;—
In ancient days 'twas called the Vale of Peace:—
  Just within hearing of the sounding seas;
A vista opens where 'tis ocean-bound;
While the high western steep with shadowy pines is crowned.

A winding stream flowed through this verdant valley,
  And pleasant music its sweet waters made,
As with some drooping flower they here did dally,
  Or lower down, amid the pebbles played.
Then brawled along through circling mossy ways,
Now light with straggling beams, or dark with hanging sprays.

Soft were the sounds that through this green vale
flowed;
The gentle lambs bleated all summer long;
The spotted heifer through the umbrage lowed;
The nightingale struck up her starry song;
A mournful coo the tender ring-dove made,—
Now high, now low, now lost — just as the waters
played.

And sunny slopes of smooth and flowery ground,
Lay stretching all along the streamlet's edge,
As if they listened to that slumberous sound:
For nought there moved, save when the reedy sedge
Bowed to its shadow in the brook beneath,
Or some light ripple stirred the water-lily's wreath.

A velvet sward, its length gold-rimmed with flowers,
Skirted the stream along a shingly walk;
Dark boughs above, crossed lattice-wise, formed
bowers,
Where the long leaves did oft together talk,
Now to themselves, then to the waves below,
Just as the fitful winds, or fancy list to blow.

Sometimes a cloud, that seemed to have lost its way,
Went sailing o'er the ridge of sable pines;
Steeping their topmost boughs in silvery gray,
And glinting downward on the purple vines,
Till their broad leaves threw back an emerald-gleam;
Then hid again in gloom, were valley, tree, and stream.

Right pleasant was that place in the olden time
When peaceful shepherds piped along the plains;—
Then the young world was in its golden prime,
And the green groves rang back their simple strains.
The solemn forest was their only town;
Their streets the flowery glades, their temples mountains brown.

Even there perchance, as on that slope reclined,
(Their silly sheep grazing the while beside,)
They may have heard old Homer, bald and blind,
Tell how brave Hector parted from his pride;
And how fair Helen loved the beardless boy,
Whose passion lit the flames that ravaged ancient Troy.

Some shepherd too, catching the soul of song,
Might shape that marble to the lofty lay;
Chisel the steed amid the embattled throng,
And the uplifted arm in act to slay:
Making the warrior in his saddle reel,
Jerked by the prostrate foe, who grasped the glancing steel.

Victor and vanquished, though they look like life,
Have stood a thousand years as they do now;
And not an arm is wearied in the strife,
Nor has a wrinkle faded from the brow.
"And who are they?" Frail mortal! wouldst thou see?
Roll back the cloud of years to unveil the mystery.

Oh ! they are gone : and yet how slightly changed
  Is that sweet vale through which the waters glide ;
A thousand years agone, such maidens ranged
  Its verdurous paths, and climbed its flowery side ;
Bore just such vessels to the murmuring rill,
Beside the fountain talked, and lingered on the hill.

Look on that pictured page,—you there may trace,
  Such forms as here in ancient days were seen ;
The stream just mirrors back as sweet a face ;
  As fair a maid yet climbs the hilly-green ;
And still the torrent frets along the dell,
As when the pilgrim stooped to fill his scallop shell.

THE GAMESTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY C. DE LISLE.

Who has not seen, or at least heard of Heidelberg, with the most magnificent castle on earth, though that castle is a ruin; with the most renowned university, though its renown rests on schnapps and swordmanship; and the most self-satisfied society, though that society consists of grim professors, riotous students, and gallant chevaliers d'industrie?

One evening two young students were seen climbing the slope to the castle, and stopping from time to time to admire the prospect. They were evidently of different countries; one with the noble features, the bold forehead, and manly step, that distinguish the higher ranks of Englishmen from the population of every other country of the globe; the other with the strong sallow visage, and the squat figure, that mark nine-tenths of the blood of the Teuton.

"How magnificently the country opens from this spot!" was the Englishman's exclamation. "The

Neckar, the Rhine, plains surging with corn, mountains like giants guarding them—a thousand spires——"

"With ten thousand beggars," interrupted his friend, "or ten millions in the midst of them all; who if they can grind the stones into bread, may live; but my Lord, you are always in raptures. All to you is *couleur de rose.*"

"And why not?" said the Englishman, "I only take things as I find them. All here is *couleur de rose.* What do we know of the troubles of life beyond attending Von Sternheim's lectures, clever as they are, dancing with the rather heavy frows of the university, and walking up and down the dullest city under the moon?"

"All this is excellent," muttered the German with a flushed cheek and sullen expression which might have betrayed him to a more practised physiognomist, "all this is excellent from Lord Carlton, heir to an overgrown English estate, and a title that makes its way into all society. But what am I to think of a state of things, which has sent me into the world to struggle for myself, to play the game of chance from the beginning to the end of my life; and see men not before me by nature, neither more able nor more honest, neither bolder nor better, leaving me in the back ground?" The German groaned.

"But what is to be done," said Lord Carlton, "would you control fate?"

"This is to be done," was the reply; "if force will not succeed, skill must. If I cannot break down the

barriers of birth and blood, I must climb over them; if I cannot climb over, I must creep under. The passions, follies, and frivolities of mankind are the tools with which the powerful mind works in court and cottage, in cabinets and ball-rooms. Come what will, I am determined to be rich, powerful, and known. Rudolph Von Hermann may have been born a beggar, but he will not die one."

Lord Carlton laughed. "And when do you begin to astonish the world?"

"To-night," was the sullen answer.

"You, with half a dozen rix-dollars?"

"Within this half hour I have an engagement at the Redoute. The man who wins at *Rouge et Noir*, said Napoleon, could work a miracle. I shall work that miracle."

"Well, go on and prosper," said the Englishman. "But I am sorry I cannot be present at the performance. Von Sternheim has especially cautioned me against the Redoute."

Rudolph laughed contemptuously. "Well done, Sternheim. He is an incomparable tutor, and has an exemplary pupil. Why, you will be quoted as an example to the age, and we shall have old Rudersheim, dull as he is, and deaf as his hearers would wish to be, canonizing you as a model of prudence in his next sermon."

The sun sank in a pavilion of crimson clouds, "pillowing his chin," not upon the western wave, but upon a cushion of a hundred leagues of purple hill, golden

forest, and amethyst-coloured plain. The dialogue continued in all strains of gravity, ridicule, reasoning, and badinage, in which Rudolph flattered himself he had manifestly the advantage, and had made no inconsiderable progress towards the point which he had in view. Notwithstanding the difference in their ranks, as fellow-students, an intimacy had gradually sprung up between the two young men, which Von Hermann had determined should not end with their college life. He had long marked the generous and opulent Englishman for his prey. Lord Carlton was liberal to a fault, and was so ready to assist, with his ample means, the necessities of his friend, that Rudolph was too subtle to suffer an acquaintance to drop, which had already been so useful to him. He was a young man, not without talent; his manners were plausible, and Lord Carlton was too frank and warm-hearted not to be easily deceived; yet Rudolph had not hitherto succeeded in alluring him into that course of dissipation which was necessary to his purpose. The Englishman was young and sanguine. To the generous and glowing bosom of youth, there is no feeling so painful as that of suspicion, and though he had not yet fallen into the snare spread for him by his more worldly associate, neither had he learned to suspect. He had yet to be taught wisdom by the bitter lessons of experience, and the experience came full and soon.

The course of their education being complete, Lord Carlton accepted the invitation of his friend to accompany him on a tour of pleasure to Vienna,

that he might have an opportunity of seeing a little more of foreign manners before his return to England. Rudolph Von Hermann, himself a native of Vienna, was calculated to act as an excellent ciceroni, in the places of public amusement with which that city abounds, and the young viscount was soon initiated into all the pleasures of the capital. For a while those pleasures were harmless enough. It was not the purpose of the wily Rudolph to hurry his victim too rapidly onwards in the career of folly. He knew his rectitude of disposition, and that it was only step by step that he could be led into error. But the homely proverb that "idleness is the root of all evil," was to be exemplified in the case of the young English nobleman. Even what appear harmless amusements become no longer so, when indulged to the exclusion of nobler pursuits. Life was not given for the mere purpose of expending it in the chase of pleasure. Our continental neighbours appear to think otherwise, and a long residence among those frivolous and vapid coteries of which foreign society is so largely composed, frequently proves fatal to the natural, studious, grave and more manly occupations of our own countrymen. That, with unlimited resources, time unoccupied, youth, health, all the enjoyments of life within his grasp, the young viscount should be dazzled, allured and misled by the glittering scene, can scarcely excite surprise. But even here the facility with which his rank and wealth procured him every gratification, caused even those gratifications to pall. He began to

languish for some new excitement, something to interest his feelings as well as his fancy; something that bore the charm of novelty—that could rouse the dormant energies of his nature, and call forth the, to him, unknown emotions of hope and fear.

One dreary evening, Rudolph had proposed a hundred schemes of amusement, not one of which sounded acceptably in the ears of Lord Carlton. He had danced in the gayest assemblies for a succession of nights, till it seemed a luxury even to sit still for a few hours. He had lounged on the Prater till he was familiar with every fair and wrinkled face that was daily to be seen there. He had run the round of every concert till his ears ached with the concord of sweet sounds, and he had visited the theatres, till there was not a new actress, or a new performer to attract. He had been introduced to almost every diplomat and man of rank, at that period resident in Vienna, and had even varied the dull round by mingling in the more bourgeois circle of his humbler friend; but though all these enjoyments had become monotonous and distasteful, he had lost for awhile the happy faculty of finding pleasure in more rational pursuits.

It was of one of these moments of ennui that Rudolph so well knew how to take advantage. He proposed, for the purpose of beguiling one of the most wearisome evenings they had yet experienced, that they should give a glance at one of the numerous gaming houses, with which Vienna so peculiarly abounds, merely, he said, *pour passer le temps*. "Not," he ob-

served, "that I am likely to be tempted to touch a card to-night. My old father draws his purse strings too tight, at present, to give me the opportunity. He is more parsimonious than ever, and I know his nature so well, that if I were ruined to-morrow, I must get myself out of the scrape. He would see me perish before he would advance a farthing; so I am tolerably safe from temptation, and much as the wise and prudent enlarge upon the danger of entering those abodes of horror, trust me, there is no lesson half so salutary as the sight of the haggard faces you would there see assembled, and the ups and downs of capricious fortune, which you will behold occur to one individual, in the course of the same night."

In spite of the arguments with which Rudolph sought to gild his insidious proposal, the young viscount felt an insuperable objection to the scheme.

"I will not be persuaded," he said, and he turned away his head. "Rudolph, I dislike experiments on the power to withstand temptation; I will not suffer myself to be allured into scenes which my reason and conscience alike condemn."

As he spoke, he looked earnestly in Rudolph's countenance, to see if he could detect any hidden purpose lurking beneath his apparently careless suggestion. But Von Hermann's well-practised physiognomy defied his scrutiny. He shrank not from his gaze, and observed, with a smile, "My dear Lord, it is plain you misunderstand me, and I am equally at a loss to comprehend you at this moment. If my plan does not

meet your approbation, I am ready to abandon it. But prince of philosophers!" he added, with a sneer, the most dangerous weapon that can be employed against the inexperienced; "do not boast of your power to withstand temptation, when you shrink from being a mere spectator at a game of chance, lest you must necessarily join in it. Are you conscious of any peculiar weakness in your character that you make this heroic declaration?" He then continued in a graver tone, "Your rank and wealth place you above these dishonourable paths to fortune. Where, then, is the temptation? It is only the desperate man who stakes his all upon the hazard of the die, and makes the fatal plunge, in the hope that a single throw will redeem his fallen fortunes. As yet, my friend, you know nothing of the startling realities of life. Oh! the scenes that I have witnessed. One such scene is worth a hundred homilies. But I have done. I had no other motive than giving you the benefit of my experience. Let us dismiss the subject."

But he had said enough: Lord Carlton's curiosity was excited, and his vanity piqued at the insinuation against the weakness of his character. His better judgment, of course, gave way before a laugh. In short, he was not convinced, but he suffered himself to be persuaded. The safe and wise precept, which one, whose counsel he valued, had oft repeated to him, "Let him who thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall," was forgotten; his subtle companion's more daring motto was the last that had fallen upon his ear.

Lord Carlton was young, and his history is but a chapter in human nature.

As the showy Englishman took the arm of his friend, on the way to the gaming-table, a sudden thought struck him, which called the first blush to his cheek. As they were about to enter that fatal abode, which had caused the destruction of thousands, he stopped abruptly, and called Rudolph aside. "A word with you, my friend," he said; "I must have a *nom de guerre* for to-night. Call me Wilmot;—any thing you please;—but my rank and name must not be revealed in such a circle as this." The very thought that any transaction of his life should need disguise, caused the most painful emotion that had yet agitated his ingenuous and manly mind. Till this hour, his course had been open, and he knew it to be so; and this feeling ought to have arrested his progress, but he had passed the Rubicon.

This first night fled without any material incident, as his companion intended it should do. It was not his purpose to startle him by any display of vice in its more repulsive form; but as, in all large assemblies, it is impossible to be long a spectator, without finding something to arrest the attention, there was one individual amid that motley group, whom Lord Carlton, from the first moment of his entrance, regarded with more than common interest. He was evidently a foreigner, for he spoke German but imperfectly, and conversed chiefly in French, which appeared to be his native language; and in his haggard countenance, and

sunken eye, he traced, with strange interest, the devastation occasioned by human passions. To the stranger life and death seemed to hang upon the issue of every throw, yet his features bore not that ferocious or sinister expression, which the young lord observed in so many of the revolting countenances around him. There was nothing depicted in his physiognomy like that low cunning, or hardened guilt, which, in the professed gambler, destroys all regret for his fate; but there was alternate hope, fear, and despair, written in such legible characters upon his distorted features, that Lord Carlton felt a singular reluctance to quit the place, till he had witnessed the denouement. Even when Rudolph, to whom such scenes were familiar, artfully affecting weariness, and yawning, would have led his friend from the exciting scene, the viscount felt himself rivetted to the spot, by his increasing interest in the fluctuations of the game. At length Fortune decided in the stranger's favour. He not only regained all that he had lost in the early part of the evening, but swept off a sum of sufficient magnitude to startle the young novice, in this haunt of fortune. The wild exultation with which the winner retired with his gains, was startling even to witness. The two friends instinctively followed him, and heard him mutter to himself: "Now I am satisfied. I have saved those dear ones from destruction. I can meet their eyes, and now, if I know myself, I will be tempted here no more;" and he laughed almost a frantic laugh, as he cast a lingering but triumphant glance

upon the halls which he had quitted, and seemed to hurry on, trembling, lest some lurking plunderer should pursue, and rob him of his unexpected wealth.

"Did you mark him, did you hear his final resolve?" said Rudolph to his friend, as slowly and languidly, with aching brows, they retraced their steps.

"I did," said the Englishman, looking upwardly at the advancing day-light, and thinking how late he had been induced to protract his stay. "I did, and am glad that there was one individual in that heterogeneous group, who has firmness enough to fly from the scene of his temptation, and with virtue enough to abjure it once and for ever. I saw from the first he was not a hopeless and determined gambler."

"Ha! ha! my innocent young friend," said Rudolph smiling, "are you really taken in by that flourishing speech, and cannot see that such showy promises are made to be broken? The very success of to-night will tempt him to try and double his spoils to-morrow. Trust me, another sun will hardly go down without seeing him at his old haunts. I have seen more of the world than your Lordship, and understand human nature better. Meet me at midnight at the same place again, and see if your interesting unknown does not prove the truth of my judgment."

"No," returned the viscount, "such infatuation would be worse than madness, after all the agonies we have seen that wretch undergo to-night. I feel prepossessed in his favour, and predict otherwise. I had thought it was the first and last time I should have

entered a place so uncongenial to my habits; but I feel an absorbing and unaccountable curiosity in the fate of that man which induces me to accept your challenge."

And so the friends parted, to meet again, the tempter and tempted, at that spot, which was to become the scene of events, destined to shed their influence over the whole of Lord Carlton's hitherto tranquil life.

When the young men met at the place of rendezvous the following night, at the appointed hour, Von Hermann cast a triumphant glance at his friend. They both saw in a moment that the unknown had arrived before them, and was already deeply engaged in his desperate pursuit. A second glance only sufficed to show that Fortune was no longer in his favour. Lord Carlton, disappointed, excited, and withal interested, more than he had thought it possible to be in the fate of one of whom he knew so little, could not resist the influence of the moment; and springing forward, whispered in the ear of the stranger, "Be warned by a friend, and stop in time, before utter ruin overtake you."

But the warning was unheeded or unheard by the victim before him, and the viscount turned away, sickened and dismayed by the spectacle. Suddenly a thought flashed like a meteor across his brain, which had its origin only in the enthusiastic generosity of his nature. He would rescue the wretched man from the harpies who were destroying him. He would himself become his opponent, and a more merciful one than the sharpers who were leagued against him. Again he whispered, "Free yourself from this reck-

less set. Let us try our luck at some other table, where Fortune may again favour you. Here the chances are all against you,—be ruled by me."

The stranger looked up for a moment, and gazed full in Lord Carlton's open and winning countenance. He was evidently a new comer, one whose features were not familiar to him in these haunts of vice. He might redeem his losses, and be again a made man. With an air of disgust and chagrin he paid the sum he had lost, and rising, refused to play any more for awhile. Another half hour beheld him with Lord Carlton for his antagonist, again plunged in all the wild excitement from which with an effort he had just emancipated himself. Rudolph looked on with an eager gaze, at the result of his own machinations, astonished even at the rapidity with which the high-minded Carlton had fallen into the snare.

At first the Englishman was the loser, but the tide changed rapidly, and in a brief space of time, he found, to his dismay, that, without effort on his part, and entirely against his will, he had won from his unhappy opponent, not only all his gains of the preceding night, but a sum even considerably beyond it. This proved satisfactorily to his mind, that the stranger was, however misguided, at least as he had supposed him, an honest man; and that he was not master of any of those unhallowed arts which he might so easily have employed against an unpractised player like himself. In the meantime, the object of his reverie started up, every feature convulsed by the fierce passions at war

within, and flinging, with a loud execration, all the ready money he could command upon the table, he called for pen, ink and paper, and wrote, in characters rendered almost illegible by the agitation of his mind, an obligation to pay the remainder, which he signed with the name of Albert de Lusignan. Then rising with a disordered air, he hastily prepared to depart. Lord Carlton was well aware that the crowded saloon they at present occupied, was not the place for any unwonted display of generosity, but his resolution was immediately taken. He followed him unperceived, and observed him rush hastily across the hall by which they entered, and open the door of a small private apartment, dimly lighted and totally unoccupied. There he flung himself into a chair, pressed his hands wildly against his beating forehead, and ringing the bell, demanded a glass of water, which was instantly brought to him. He then took from his pocket a small paper, and proceeded to dissolve the powder which it contained in the water. His purpose was obvious. The Englishman, whose entrance had been unobserved by the unhappy man in the agitation of the moment, now rushed forward, and, with the rapidity of thought, dashed the glass from his hands.

Uttering a cry of despair, and glaring around with the look of a maniac, he demanded fiercely whence came the obstruction. "And is it you?" he exclaimed as he recognised the features of his preserver; "is it from your hands I receive the hated gift of life? you who have deprived me of the very means of existence even

for another day, and who have plunged into utter beggary two wretched and innocent beings, whose lives are far dearer to me than my own? Begone, and insult me not, with this misplaced compassion."

"Be calm," said Lord Carlton in consoling accents, "be calm, and hear me. You must not class me with the associates with whom you have hitherto mingled. The events of this night have taught me a lesson which I can never forget. I followed you; I sought to restore life and hope to you and yours. Another moment, and your own hand would have put all atonement out of my power; made your children orphans, and *yourself*,—I cannot pronounce the word. You are spared that last irredeemable crime. Take back, Sir, this ill-gotten money, which to me would be a burthen and an offence. Here is your draft, which I will destroy before your eyes. You are free—go in peace to that home which you would have rendered desolate, and go an altered man. I demand but one sacrifice in return, that you will from this hour seek a more reputable road to fortune."

De Lusignan gazed wildly on his benefactor, at first in his distraction scarcely comprehending the meaning of his words. A variety of contending emotions, of which gratitude was the predominant feeling, for awhile deprived him of utterance, and grasping the young noble's hand between his own, he burst into a flood of tears. When speech could find its way, he overwhelmed him with thanks and protestations; willingly, with many asseverations, giving the promise required of him,

and concluding with preferring a request, that his new-found friend would accompany him home to receive the thanks and blessings of his family.

At first, Lord Carlton pleaded the lateness of the hour ; but on De Lusignan's replying that had the sun even risen above the horizon, his wife and daughter, well nigh worn out with watching and weeping, never sought their pillows till his return, his objections were overruled ; he felt, besides, an ardent curiosity to follow the adventure to its close, and glean some insight into the stranger's history. Perceiving, too, the state of excitement in which De Lusignan still remained, he felt it a sort of duty to finish his work of benevolence by escorting him safely to his home. At this moment, as they were leaving the room, they encountered Rudolph, who had come in search of his friend. The viscount had just time to whisper to him still to preserve his incognito, and address him by no other name than Wilmot ; and Rudolph having heard from the grateful De Lusignan an imperfect and hurried account of the transaction, requested permission to join the party ; more than ever determined not to lose sight of his intended victim.

The way to the stranger's abode was long and wearisome. He led them to the very extremity of the city, and even far into the suburbs, but the night-air refreshed and cooled their fevered brows. At length they arrived at a small but neat habitation, rendered picturesque, even as seen by the light of the waning moon, by the flowers which overshadowed its latticed

windows. The anxious wife flew eagerly to the door, as she recognised the well-known step, looking doubtfully and half reproachfully in her husband's face. She was speedily followed by her no less anxious daughter, to Lord Carlton's surprise, a fair and elegant girl, of about eighteen, who shrank timidly back on the first sight of the strangers ; but on her father's especially pointing out Lord Carlton to her notice, as one whom they could never repay for the service he had that night rendered them, she soon recovered her self-possession, and received them with that ease of manner which sufficiently proved that she was a person of no inferior order.

Though the cottage was small, and the repast frugal, there was an appearance of even classic taste in all the arrangements of the little apartment, and the evidence of graceful pursuits, pertaining to a far higher sphere than that in which they then moved. The manners also of Madame de Lusignan were polished in the extreme. She was even a woman of lofty demeanour, and had still the remains of remarkable beauty, which, though rapidly fading under the effects of time and care, promised to be vividly renewed in the young graces of her charming and only child. There was a mixture of winning simplicity, and genuine feeling in every word that fell from Josephine's lips, so far removed from the insipid nothings and affected phrases, which distinguished the vapid conversation of the high-born and coquettish fair ones with whom Lord Carlton had hitherto associated, that he was greatly interested by the novelty. There

was a fire and intelligence in Josephine's eye, which though its brilliancy had lately been dimmed by tears, showed the mind within, a mind which had evidently been highly cultivated by an accomplished parent.

After more than an hour thus agreeably spent, Lord Carlton took his leave, but day after day beheld him retracing his steps in the direction of the cottage, and day after day beheld him more fascinated by the society of its inmates. He still suffered himself to be known to them only by the name of Wilmot, which circumstances had at first compelled him to adopt. The excitement for which the young viscount had so long pined, was now no longer wanting. He had formed the romantic idea of winning the pure and unsophisticated heart of Josephine, unaided by the adventitious advantages of rank and fortune which had hitherto made him distrustful of the homage he had every where received from manœuvring mothers, and equally designing daughters. He represented himself therefore merely as a young English student, who having just finished his education, was making a tour of amusement, previously to finally fixing upon a profession. He had, he said, a small patrimonial estate in England, sufficient to render him moderately independent, so that he could await with patience the chances of his success in life.

As time, however, wore on, Lord Carlton became anxious to penetrate the mystery which shrouded the fate of the interesting recluses of the cottage. Josephine had occasionally in their conversations spoken of her maternal grandfather, a man, she said, of consider-

ation and wealth, resident in Vienna; but who had never forgiven his daughter, for what he deemed the imprudent alliance she had formed in early youth; and still withheld from her the ample fortune to which she would have been entitled, had she married with his approbation. After a partial reconciliation, he had been induced to allow her a scanty income, while he himself was the inhabitant of a splendid chateau. He occasionally admitted his daughter at long intervals, but those interviews were so embittered by the reproaches of the stern old man, and harsh invectives against the husband of her choice, that they met without pleasure, and parted without regret. But to her father's relatives Josephine never alluded; on the subject of his early career, she was equally silent. She either knew nothing, or was forbidden to reveal his history.

Had he, then, thought the lover, no profession, no friends, no legitimate pursuit which might have freed him from this irksome thraldom? Had he no resource but that desperate one which had so nearly been the means of terminating his disastrous life? Could he be a criminal who had fled from the hands of justice, and who dared not return to the land of his birth? This was a problem which he knew not how to solve. This was the dark cloud which overshadowed this otherwise blissful period of his existence. The earl, his father, had been to him the kindest of parents. He knew him to be a man, neither arrogant, avaricious, nor ambitious, and that he would willingly give his consent to any matrimonial alliance in which his happiness

was concerned, provided there was no dishonour connected with it. Josephine was not one whom he could blush to introduce into the first society. She was fitted to adorn the highest rank. But her history was the stumbling-block.

Suddenly "a change came over the spirit of his dream." He received a letter from the earl, summoning him instantly to England, and expressing his surprise at his protracted stay. The moment for decision was come. He resolved at least to ascertain Josephine's sentiments before his departure; though of those he could entertain little doubt, from the undisguised pleasure she experienced in his society. He flattered himself, that when affairs were thus brought to a crisis, their relative positions would induce De Lusignan to throw off the reserve with which he had hitherto treated him, and dissipate, instead of confirming the fears which at present haunted him. But he was little prepared for the disappointment which awaited him in his interview with Josephine. What was his dismay when with blushing face and averted head, she mildly, but firmly rejected the offer of his hand! Was he then deceived? Was the simple and innocent child of nature a mere woman of the world after all? Was it necessary to reveal his name and rank, to have secured her for his own? Did she spurn the English student under a remote idea of being one day acknowledged the heiress of her wealthy grandfather, and aspiring to a more auspicious alliance?

The suspicion was natural, but he did injustice to

that guileless and affectionate heart. As he demanded with some appearance of indignation, the cause of such apparent inconsistency of conduct, Josephine acknowledged with a violent burst of tears, that her affections were his, and his alone, and she added, with all the enthusiasm of a first love, would be his till death, but she could never be his wife. She had made an irrevocable vow, that she would never give her hand to one who had been allured to the gaming table. Had she not seen enough of the fatal consequences of the destructive vice of gaming? Had not all her youthful, and what ought to have been her happiest days been blighted, by her father's irreclaimable propensity to those hazardous courses? Had she not seen their home desolate, themselves on the verge of ruin, and her father sunk into premature old age? Had she not listened to his often repeated promises of reform, wrung from him by the tears and despair of his unhappy wife, till her heart sickened at the reiterated disappointment?

It was in vain that the lover protested that he had been tempted not by inclination, but curiosity, and the persuasion of his friend. Yet, that was the spot where he had first encountered her father, and where he had learned a lesson which would make him a miracle of prudence for life; and it would be hard, he argued, casting at her an involuntary glance, which reminded her of his claims upon her gratitude, if the very circumstance which had first introduced them to each other, should be the cause of their final separation. More he said, inspired by the impassioned eloquence of the moment,

—more than it is necessary to our purpose to repeat; yet the fair one remained inexorable, and they parted. But still he lingered near the spot of his enchantment, contriving fresh excuses for remaining in Vienna, in hopes of finding her some day in a more propitious mood; but he was compelled to admit that time did not advance his suit, and he could no longer protract his return. A second letter from the offended earl awakened him to the folly of lingering away his hours without hope of a favourable result; and with a heavy heart, he repaired to De Lusignan's cottage to take a formal and final leave of its inmates.

In his way thither, he encountered Rudolph Von Hermann, who accosted him with a sneer. "What, still in chase of the capricious fair one! You are too late, the bird is flown." The viscount passed him hastily and angrily, either misunderstanding his meaning, or mistrusting his assertion, for of late his confidence had been greatly shaken in his once chosen associate. The intelligence however in this instance was but too true. The cottage was now tenanted only by a very deaf and cross old woman, who to his eager inquiries, could or would give no farther answer than that the family had departed at an early hour that morning, without leaving any clue by which to trace their route. Lord Carlton turned from the door with a sickening feeling of disappointment. Was this what he had a right to expect at their hands? What! not one token of remembrance, not one simple word of farewell? Was this the fond, the pure-hearted, high-

minded Josephine? Had he no claims upon her gratitude, if he had none upon her love? Was this the world, the bitter world, which he had prepared to enter with such glowing hopes, such ardent and generous feelings? Was he fated to be deceived alike in friendship, and in love? Experience had indeed come too soon for his happiness. In short, at two-and-twenty, the opulent Englishman was in danger of becoming a misanthrope. Fiercely and moodily he retraced his steps; wrote a grave and gloomy letter to his old friend and monitor, Sternheim, acknowledging the wisdom of his counsels; took a frigid farewell of Von Hermann, ordered his travelling carriage, and before the sun set, bade adieu to Vienna.

He hoped in England, in the home of his ancestors, to find some consolation for his wounded spirit. The old earl received him with a cordial welcome, but was altogether dismayed at the appearance of dejection, so legibly written on every feature. He tried every means that affection could devise, to dissipate his chagrin. Balls and fêtes were given in profusion to welcome his return, but the young viscount mingled in them with the same joyless and dissatisfied air. The earl sought in vain to win his confidence. He inquired if any pecuniary pressure weighed upon his mind, if any lurking indisposition was preying upon his constitution; but Lord Carlton protested that he was well and happy, with a countenance which belied every word he uttered. The earl next besought him to marry, to choose some bride among the beautiful and titled fair ones

around him. He uttered a peevish "Psha! He was indisposed to matrimony; women were all heartless and mercenary. He would be beloved for himself alone." This was his favourite phrase.

Thus two years passed sadly and slowly away, when he was tried by a new affliction. The earl died, in the midst of years and honours, and bitterly his heir reproached himself, that he had not contributed more to his happiness during the last brief period which they had spent together. He was now Earl of Wilmington, possessor of a fine and unincumbered estate, but he had lost the only being who loved him, and his newly acquired wealth added nothing to his enjoyment. The prey of morbid and bitter feelings, he was sick of the homage that was paid to him on all sides. Josephine had rejected him as the humble student. In his own circle, he was courted, caressed, and flattered, till adulation became oppressive. The sickness of the mind, produced a corresponding effect upon his frame. A physician was called in, who prescribed the usual remedy in such cases. He recommended him to travel. The idea pleased him. He wanted excitement. Italy was yet unexplored by him. He might, perchance, meet with Josephine. Still possessed with his early romantic notion of being loved for himself alone, he resolved to travel incognito, and dispense with all the appendages of his station in society.

He lingered a week at Paris, though every spot there was familiar to his eye; and frequented every public place, in the remote hope of encountering one

still dear to him. With this view he determined to devote a few days to every principal city in his route to Rome, where he intended to make his chief sojourn. He sentimentalized for awhile on the banks of the Lake of Geneva, apostrophized the Alps with all a traveller's raptures, wrote verses among the holy monks of St. Bernard, lingered for a short time among the fair groves, lofty hills, and picturesque valleys which surround the fair city of Florence, and then winged his way to Rome. There he remained during the gaiety of the Carnival, till suddenly sick of sight-seeing, pictures, antiquities, and ruins, he prepared to take his departure for Naples.

Not yet feeling sufficiently weary of life to wish to get rid of it in a speedy or irregular manner, he determined not to remain any unnecessary time in the neighbourhood of the Pontine Marshes, or the mountains so well known as the haunts of banditti, and he gave orders that this part of his route should be performed with as much rapidity as possible. Nevertheless, it was almost night-fall on the second day, when, as he approached the end of his journey, within about seven miles of Naples, he was startled by the report of a pistol, instantly followed by a piercing shriek as of one in mortal agony. With the prompt benevolence of his nature, he directed the postilion to drive towards the sound with all possible speed. The fellow, with the sulkiness of his tribe, having evidently no goût for the rencontre, was so tardy in obeying the command, that by the time they reached the spot whence the cries pro-

ceeded, the banditti had fled with their booty, having left to his fate upon the road, a wounded and apparently expiring traveller. Lord Wilmington leapt from the carriage, and assisted in placing into it the unfortunate stranger. But how much was his horror increased, when, gazing at him more earnestly, the light from the lamps in front revealed to him the countenance of his former friend Rudolph Von Hermann. Rudolph languidly opening his eyes at the moment, also recognised his old associate.

"And is it from your hand," he exclaimed convulsively, "that I receive this last sad office, you whom I have sought to injure so deeply? In this I read too late the justice of Heaven. All will soon be known and avenged—and to-morrow I was to have been a bridegroom, united to the chosen one of your heart!" He gasped for breath; and then implored that he might be taken as speedily as possible to Naples; naming a house in the Strada di Toledo, where resided the father of his betrothed, to which he desired to be conveyed.

Then exhausted by the effort, he relapsed into total insensibility, in which state he remained till they arrived at Naples. On reaching the house to which Rudolph had requested to be conveyed, Lord Wilmington turned to him to inquire the name of his friend. Von Hermann with a deep sigh feebly uttered the words—"De Lusignan—Josephine." Lord Wilmington thought that his senses wandered, and gazed at him in utter bewilderment. Was it an apparition that the next moment stood before him?

Josephine, for it was she, gave a scream of horror, as Rudolph grasped her hand, and fixed upon her his dying eyes. "Forgive, forgive me, Josephine," he exclaimed. "I have slandered him," pointing to the Earl, "and wronged you both. He arrived too late to save my life. This was Heaven's decree: you are avenged." With a deep groan he expired.

In the first shock attendant upon such an event, Lord Wilmington could neither demand nor receive the explanation of the mysterious circumstances which preceded it, and above all, of that secret influence by which Josephine had been urged even to the point of marriage with his rival, a marriage in which it was evident that her heart was not concerned, and from which his death alone freed her. But when the remains of Rudolph were consigned to his untimely grave, he could restrain his impatience no longer, and Josephine, with her father's sanction, related their history, which was briefly as follows.

Louis de Montfort, the real name of the exile, was a man of noble birth in France. He had been adopted in boyhood, by the Count de Montfort, his uncle, in consequence of some afflicting occurrences which had deprived him of his only son Adolphe. This cousin of Louis, nearly of his own age, had been remarkable in infancy for personal beauty; but through the negligence of a female attendant, had met with an accident, which made him a cripple for life. The domestic who had been the cause of this disaster had been dismissed by the indignant parents, and a few days

afterwards, the child himself was missing from the paternal roof. Suspicion instantly fell upon the discarded domestic; but after three or four years spent in fruitless inquiries and vain regrets, the bereaved count formed the resolution of adopting his orphan nephew, and bestowing upon him the patrimony intended for his infant heir. An unlooked-for event, however, cast a cloud over the brilliant prospect of Louis, whose one-and-twentieth birthday was on the eve of being celebrated with almost regal pomp, when the lost heir suddenly re-appeared, with every means of proving his identity. His peculiar lameness, a remarkable scar which had been one of the consequences of the accident, the golden cross which he had worn around his neck at the time of his abduction, were in themselves almost sufficient evidence; in addition to which he produced a document, purporting to be the dying testimony of the nurse, who confessed her having stolen the boy in infancy, in revenge for her dismissal, and having brought him up in obscurity under the care of her brother, a silk-weaver at Lyons. This statement was confirmed by Anselmo, the steward, an Italian, much in the confidence of the count, to whom the communication had been originally made, and who lost no time in seeking out the heir, in the hope of a munificent reward.

Thus Louis's air-built visions were overthrown as by a thunderbolt, and it is not to be wondered at, that at that glowing period of youth, whatever he might expect from the compassion of his uncle, he gave way to sudden despair. Nor was the count himself much

cheered by the re-appearance of his heir, as an uneducated rustic. But justice must be done. Withered as were all his hopes, a deeper calamity was yet in store for the unhappy Louis. Wandering in a dejected mood in a grove about a mile from the count's chateau, he was startled by the cry of "Murder!" and rushing to the spot, arrived only in time to see his cousin in the grasp of a masked assassin, who, instantly firing a pistol with fatal effect at the unfortunate youth, fled, leaving him a corse at the feet of Louis. De Montfort stood a few minutes petrified by the spectacle. Anxious to see if any spark of life remained, he leaned in anguish over the prostrate form of his deceased relative, at a loss what course to pursue. His first thought was to alarm the inhabitants of the chateau; but brief time was allowed him for reflection. Anselmo, the steward, suddenly appeared, seized, and denounced him as the murderer. Louis repelled the accusation with scorn; when Anselmo, taking up the pistol with which the fatal deed had been done, showed him his own name engraved upon it. It was one which had been the gift of his uncle but a few days previously. Louis stood aghast at the sight. He was struck with the impossibility of proving his innocence, and was led as a criminal to the chateau, which had been the scene of his happiest years.

The old Abbé, the count's chaplain and Louis's former tutor, who loved him as his own son, readily gave credence to his protestations of innocence; but he pointed out to the miserable youth, the utter hope-

lessness of a simple denial against such a fatal combination of circumstances. He recommended him to fly for awhile, till time should throw light upon the tragedy, and bring the real murderer to justice; and promised to favour his flight. He pointed out to him that the despair he had expressed on his cousin's return, the manifest advantages he would derive from his death, were all combined against him. Louis saw no alternative but a disgraceful flight to save him from an ignominious death, his flight unhappily comfirming, in the mind of the count, the suspicion of his guilt. He had fortunately a sufficient sum of money in his possession to maintain him for awhile, and with this sum he fled under a feigned name to Germany. There he continued to obtain a scanty subsistence by his singular talents as an artist, an accomplishment which he had cultivated with great delight in his happier days, and it was this acquirement which first introduced him to the notice of Darmstadt, the father of his wife, who engaged him as tutor for his daughter. There he taught other lessons than those of his art, and persuaded the heiress to elope with him, under the vain hope of a reconciliation with her father, when the deed was irrevocable. The necessities of his family, and the galling dependence on the reluctant assistance yielded them by the vindictive parent, together with his maddening grief at beholding his wife reduced to a station so inferior to her pretensions, first led De Montfort to seek to redeem his ruined fortunes at the gaming-table.

It was at this period that Rudolph, by some strange chance, became introduced to the acquaintance of Darmstadt, the grandfather of Josephine, and contrived to insinuate himself into his confidence. From him he learned that his heart in secret bled for his unhappy daughter; but that though the unfortunate habits of her husband rendered all permanent aid unavailing, he intended to make restitution in the person of his grandchild, on whom he would bestow the fortune once destined for her mother, if she married to his satisfaction. Rudolph's way now seemed clear before him. He abjured all his old haunts, and was apparently so exemplary in his conduct, that he succeeded in establishing himself firmly in the good graces of the old man. But it was not so easy to alienate Josephine from her lover. Here too his dextrous brain was successful. He represented Lord Carlton as a shameless profligate, a professed gamester, utterly irreclaimable, and travelling under an assumed name for nefarious purposes. But an explanation might take place between the lovers, and the young noble resume his real name and character, and justify himself in her eyes. It was necessary, therefore, to part them, and this also he accomplished. De Montfort had, of course, revealed to his wife every circumstance connected with his early life, but at her request had long forborne to make a similar communication to Darmstadt. She, who knew the hardness of her father's nature, trembled lest he should be inclined to doubt the innocence of her husband; but in one unlucky in-

terview, De Montfort, taunted by his father-in-law with the obscurity of his birth, revealed his tragic history. This gave Darmstadt an advantage over him, which he did not neglect to employ. On any application for pecuniary assistance, he threatened, if pressed upon the subject, to denounce him to his accusers. This Von Hermann knew, and when it became expedient to separate Josephine from her lover, he alarmed De Montfort by a false report, that Darmstadt was about to execute his threat. This occasioned the sudden flight of the whole family to Italy. To Italy Rudolph followed them, and there formally demanded Josephine's hand.

The galling poverty of her parents, the tears and entreaties of her mother, to whom Rudolph had represented himself as a man in opulent circumstances, and her conviction of the Englishman's utter unworthiness, had nearly led to a completion of the sacrifice, and, once his wife, Rudolph had determined to conduct her back to Vienna, and claim from her grandfather the fortune he had pledged himself to bestow upon her. Josephine too had become acquainted with her grandfather's intentions in her favour, through the exultation of Rudolph, when he had once obtained her consent to their union, it being necessary to inform her of his reasons for preparing to return with her to Germany. Yet he professed that fortune was, with him, a secondary consideration, and that he had interested himself in endeavouring to soften the old man's heart from a simple motive of benevolence, even when he supposed

her engaged to his rival. Yet Josephine was not so wholly duped. She had hitherto given him credit for at least disinterested motives in seeking her hand. On this discovery, her repugnance to the ill-assorted union increased to abhorrence, but she had gone too far to recede.

But fortune was still not weary of persecuting this unhappy family. On the very day, before that appointed for the marriage, De Montfort had encountered in the streets of Naples, Anselmo, his uncle's steward, and his own accuser. Flight was again their only resource, and they were preparing for their departure immediately after the marriage, when Rudolph was brought in mortally wounded.

Josephine's narrative was now brought to a close, to which Lord Wilmington listened with intense interest. The death of Von Hermann having removed the great obstacle to his happiness, with the frankness and generosity of his nature, he instantly proposed to Josephine to unite their fates for life. But "The course of true love never does run smooth." He found Josephine more blushing and more beautiful than ever, but to his utter surprise, declaring her intention never to marry. He urged his suit with the ardour of one devoted to her. At length he wrung the secret from her reluctant lips. "You found me," said she, "on the point of being the wife of another. Circumstances compelled me to sacrifice all my feelings to a sense of duty. It was to save my father from ruin. But I now owe your friendship another duty.

Value for your esteem must prevent me from bringing to you a dishonoured name. 'My father is guiltless of the horrid crime charged against him, but he has no power to clear himself; he is still compelled to live under this disgrace; his wife and daughter must share it with him, and I will never have to reproach myself with bringing shame to the high-hearted being who has honoured me with his love."

The declaration was made with many a tear, but it was firmly made. There was no alternative; they must part. In a few evenings after, the young Englishman came to bid his last farewell. But, as the whole family were sitting sadly together, the door was suddenly opened, and they were startled by the entrance of Anselmo, who had traced out their abode. As De Montfort gazed on him in unspeakable agitation, it needed not a second glance to convince him that the wan and haggard countenance before him was that of a man whose life was fast waning to a close; the first words which the Italian uttered, dissipated the fears of the assembled group. "Start not, De Montfort," he exclaimed; "I seek you no longer as your accuser, but as the only man who can prove your innocence. The hand of death is upon me; I feel that a few days — nay, a few hours, may bring this hated existence to a close. Here is the confession of my manifold crimes. The old count still lives, and will receive you with open arms. Give him this, and for this late atonement grant me your forgiveness, and permit me to die,—if a murderer can so die—in peace."

With those words, he placed a written memorial in their hands, and hastily quitted the apartment.

Anselmo's confession was briefly as follows: he had been leagued with Therese the discarded domestic, in the abduction of the count's son, and it was agreed between them, that when the youth should become of age, she should feign a death-bed repentance, despatch her written testimony to her accomplice, and thus they should share between them the handsome reward which they would no doubt obtain from the delighted parent. So far all succeeded according to their expectation, but they disputed as to the division of the spoils; Anselmo's avarice prompting him to deny his companion in iniquity an equal share. Their conference was overheard by Adolphe, who threatened to give them up to justice. His murder was the consequence of the Italian's revenge. To shield himself from the danger of the crime, he had stolen De Montfort's pistol from his chamber, and denounced him as the murderer. But remorse had ever since pursued him; his life had been one of agony, and he at last sought relief from his torments in roaming the continent in search of the injured Louis. Hopeless of tracing him, and feeling himself the victim of a mortal disease, he returned to his native city to die, when chance brought about the rencontre he had so long sought in vain.

An hour later, this discovery would have been too late, for in that hour, Lord Wilmington would have gone from Naples, never to return. But now, what scruples could even Josephine's fastidious delicacy

raise against his suit? Leaving De Montfort and his wife to rejoice in his exculpation, he led her to the casement. It was one of the magnificent nights of a Neapolitan autumn. The winds breathed odours from Salerno; the moon lay on the horizon like a vast shield of silver, and the waters glittered with reflected myriads of stars, like another heaven. In this delicious hour, and with nature itself as if giving a holy witness to their contract, Josephine received, and gave the vows of fidelity and love.

The young nobleman, however, determined to keep up the romance to the end, and not to reveal his real name and rank, till he had conducted his bride to the seat of his ancestors. At their little supper of the night, it was resolved by De Montfort to accept, for the time, Lord Wilmington's proposal of seeking a refuge in England, until he should be enabled to bring forward the documents necessary to reconcile him with the government of his country. The lovers were married by the chaplain of the British Embassy, and in a few days the whole family were on their way to the great country of security and freedom. "I bring you poverty, but an honourable name," were the words of Josephine.

"You bring me yourself, and in that word, you bring me beauty, genius, and virtue," was the answer of the enraptured bridegroom.

On reaching England, Lord Wilmington proposed, that they should accept the invitation of a friend who had a mansion in one of the western counties; to re-

main there, till their own cottage should be prepared to receive them. In two days they reached the place of their destination. "There is Wilmington Castle," said the earl, as from the summit of a range of hills, they looked down upon a noble mansion embosomed in one of the finest landscapes in England. Josephine had the eye of an artist, and was delighted with the richness of verdure and the look of luxuriance that belong exclusively to the soil. But, as the carriage wound through the miles of avenue which led through those noble groves, where every turn of the road exhibited some blue lake, or wooded hill, or velvet meadow, her delight was irrestrainable. At length they arrived at the entrance of the castle; where a crowd of domestics in rich liveries, with the steward at their head, awaited to receive them. The steward bore a letter, containing his lord's compliments;—that Mr. Wilmot and his friends would do him the honour to alight and remain, but regretting that indispensable business had compelled him to go to London the evening before, from which, however, he should return on the following day.

Josephine's reluctance to intrude on the hospitality of the absent nobleman would have made her decline it, but De Montfort protested against their giving offence, and the party entered the mansion. It was evidently prepared for their reception, and their praises of its pomp and elegance were universal. A suite of stately rooms led to the apartment where dinner was prepared, and all there was sumptuous. The silence, the

decorum and the number of the attendants, astonished De Montfort, accustomed to the noise of the French valets. The richness of the plate raised the wonder of Madame, who "had seen nothing like it, since she had danced at Versailles in the glorious days of Marie Antoinette." Josephine's vivid eye, and animated spirit, glanced at every thing, and was delighted with all. The dinner over, they retired to the wing which opened on the gardens. This suite was a still higher source of enjoyment. Pictures, bronzes, and sculptures by Canova and Thorwaldsen, exhibited at once the boundless wealth, and classic elegance of the noble owner. Josephine's fine taste was all delight. The young husband alone was grave. Struck and pained by this unusual dejection, she asked the cause. Taking one of the loveliest hands in the world between his own, and fixing his expressive eye upon the sparkling brilliancy of hers; "Josephine," said he, in a half whispered accent, "I am almost sorry that I accepted Lord Norwarden's invitation,—how will you endure our cottage after this?" She was silent. "How," said he, "can I supply my wife with splendours such as these? Men of narrow fortunes must take the chances of the world; and how shall they bring round them the plate, the pictures, and the attendance that opulence like my friend's procures so lavishly? Josephine, your talent and beauty would have secured the heart of my noble friend had he seen you. He must soon see you. Do you repent your choice?" Josephine was still silent, but the flushing of her cheek and the fondness

which glistened in her eye, showed what she felt. The question was repeated. In a passion of tears and love, she threw herself on her husband's neck, and said, "Let us leave this house this instant. Repent my choice! Wilmot, without you, this castle with all its pomp would be a desert. With you, a desert would be welcome." He gazed upon her with looks as glowing as her own, and leading her to a recess from which was obtained a full view of the suite; "Well then, Josephine, since you have learned to love a poor man, learn to love a rich one. Forgive, dearest, this little plot, which was only arranged to give you an agreeable surprise. This castle is mine,—is yours. De Montfort, come and congratulate Lady Wilmington on her arrival *at home.*" The French noble and the lady mother flew into raptures worthy of the court of Louis Quatorze. Josephine, overcome with a thousand mingled emotions of gratitude, surprise, and joy, could only droop on her husband's bosom, and sigh, "Charles, I may honour you more in these splendours; but I can never love you more than I did the first moment we met. I loved you for yourself, and that love is all in all."

ARISTODEMUS AT PLATÆA.

[Of two Spartans, who were prevented by illness from taking part in the battle of Thermopylæ, and who were in consequence degraded to the level of helots, one, unable to endure the scorn of his countrymen, killed himself:—the other, by name Aristodemus, waited, and when, at the battle of Platæa, thirty-three thousand allied Greeks stood to receive the final and desperate attack of three hundred thousand chosen Asiatics, and the Spartans, unused to Persian arms, hung slightly back, he charged alone, and calling to his countrymen to "follow the coward," broke the enemy's mass —and was found, when the victorious Greeks who followed him had laid two hundred thousand of their enemies dead on the field, lying on a low hillock, with his face turned up to heaven—a group of the Persian nobles lying slaughtered around him. He was refused the honours of burial, because, it was said, he was only courageous in despair.]

Ye have darkened mine honour, and branded my name;
Ye have quenched its remembrance in silence and shame;
Yet the heart ye call craven, unbroken, hath borne
The voice of your anger, the glance of your scorn.

But the life that hath lingered is now in mine hand;*
My waiting was but for a lot of the land,
Which *his* measure, who ruleth the battle array,
May mete for your best and your bravest to-day.

* 1 Sam. xxviii. 21. Job xiii. 14.

My kinsmen, my brothers, your phalanx is fair—
There's a shield — as I think — that should surely be there;
Ye have darkened its disk, and its hour hath drawn near
To be reared, as a trophy, or borne, as a bier.*

What said I? Alas, though the foe, in his flight,
Should quit me, unspoiled, on the field of the fight,
Ye will leave me to lie, with no hand to inurn,
For the dog to devour, or the stranger to spurn.

What matter? Attendants my slumber shall grace,
With blood on the breast, and with fear on the face;
And Sparta may own that the death hath atoned
For the crime of the cursed, whose life she disowned.

By the banks of Eurotas her maidens shall meet,
And her mountains rejoice in the fall of your feet,
And the cry of your conquest be lofty and loud
O'er the lengthened array of the shield—or the shroud.

And the fires of the grave shall empurple the air
When they lick the white dust of the bones ye shall bear.
The priest and the people, at altar and shrine,
Shall worship their manes, disdainful of mine.

* If his body were obtained by the enemy, it would be reared as a trophy; if recovered by his friends, borne as a bier, unless, as he immediately called to mind, they should deny him funeral honours.

Yet say that *they* fought for the hopes of their breast,
For the hearts that had loved them, the lips that had blessed;—
For the roofs that had covered — the country that claimed —
The sires that had named them — the sons they had named.

And say that *I* fought—for the land of the free,
Though its bosom of blessing beat coldly for me;
For the lips that had cursed me, the hearts that had scorned,
And the desolate hope of the death unadorned.

J. R.

Christ Church, Oxon.

LOVE.

Oh! could I find her whom my fancy paints —
How should I love her! I am full of thought,
And my soul swells with voiceless eloquence,—
The unborn music of a thousand strains
Of passionate worship, silent, secret springs,
Welling within the heart for evermore,
And evermore unheard, unseen, unsunned.

J. C. S.

THOUGHTS

Written to the measure of a slow movement in a Symphony by *Haydn*, during its performance.

BY CORNELIUS WEBBE.

Waking dreams — calm meditations,
  Born of gentleness and love;
Silent prayers, and aspirations,
  Lark-like, soaring Earth above;
Hopes, which follow them to Heaven;
  Eyes, that to a Father turn,
Looking *there* to be forgiven;
  Thoughts, that like an incense burn;
Wishes, the whole World embracing;
  Tenderness, that speaks in tears;
Memories, what is bad erasing,
  Till the good alone appears;
Anger, in its pride relentful;
  Love, that is as sure as Death,
And as hushed and unresentful,
  Wasting not itself in breath, —
Love for those who can reject me,
  Those whom I could once reject,
Those who love, and yet neglect me,
  Those I love, and yet neglect;
All the living, all the perished,
  All the families of Earth,
All the loved and dearly cherished,
  Mine their sorrows — mine their mirth!

Joys, not meant to be abiding,
But, when they were loved, to leave,
Pass, like shadowy phantoms, gliding
Dimly in the dusk of eve;
Pleasures gone, again before me
Swim with sound of passing wings;
Years long fled re-hover o'er me,—
Childhood, inward-warbling, sings;
Youth still points, with forward finger,
Where some height of honour lies,—
Angry, frowns that still I linger,—
Bids me resolute arise,
Rise elate with sober gladness,
And my appointed path pursue!
Hope, who loves a heart of sadness,
Shuts her wings, and counsels too —
Sees my spirit trembling, drooping,
Cowering down in dread of ill,
And, in pity of me, stooping,
Whispers words shall lure me still!

Varying with th' unvarying measure,
Thoughts to thoughts thus fast succeed,
Throb with pain, or thrill with pleasure;
And when old wounds 'gin to bleed,
And the passions' tempest rages
In my wild, tumultuous breast,
Suddenly the storm assuages,
And the music pants to rest!

עין הכלב שלו אדומה מיין

WHO'S THERE?

BY W. H. HARRISON.

I.

WHAT have we here? *Scene:* House upon a moor,
Or forest-chase; *Time:* Twelve o'clock at night;
The witching hour when spectres walk in white:
Enter an old man from the cottage door,
In a red night-cap and a huge quandary;
Some miser, or, perhaps, an antiquary;
A man of pateræ and scarabæi,—
Of pans from Herculaneum or Pompeii.
"WHO'S THERE?" he cries, and holding the door handle,
Thrusts forth into the gloom his flickering candle;
When finding even "babbling Echo" dumb, he
Retires, assured of having scared away
A burglar, or some brother F. S. A.
Intent to steal his last imported mummy.

II.

O bat-eyed sage! who, casting wide for foes,
O'er-looks the mischief just beneath his nose;

And, in his care for vases, coins, and bronzes,
With characters called Sanscreet, Runic, Coptic —
Inscriptions which defy the keenest optic —
Papyri, and cracked pipkins, busts and bonzes,
Forgets his richest gem of all; and she
No spice dried sample of antiquity,
Just landed from the Pyramids or Cairo, —
Some high court-beauty who quadrilled with Pharaoh,
But of young flesh and blood; and sure so fair a
Creation never started from Carara,
Though bidden by Praxiteles, that old son
Of sculpture, or Canova, or Thorwaldsen.

III.

"WHO'S THERE?" It is a phrase of hopes and fears,
And joy or sadness waits on the reply,
To add new rays to beauty's beaming eye,
Or, steep its raven lash in bitter tears.
"WHO'S THERE?" exclaims the young and artless maid,
On finding in her breast a new sensation, —
That knocking at the heart, called palpitation; —
"WHO'S THERE?" she cries, half pleased and half afraid,
Not knowing what the visit may portend;
Love answers with the bold brief lie, "A friend;"
And enters with a band — the wily ape! —
Fixed o'er his eyes, as other thieves wear crape.
He plants the lily where the roses blew,
And scatters thorns where erst the heart's-ease grew.

IV.

And what are human hearts but houses? Some,—
  Albeit there are few of that same species —
Are open as the day to all who come,
  Maugre the calls be "*repetita decies.*"
They keep no yard-dog to give robbers battle,
Nor blunderbuss — not e'en a watchman's rattle,
Until the open-housekeeper, too late,
Finds that some guests are rogues and steal the plate;
And then forthwith, without discrimination,
  He clears his table of the countless dozens,—
  Uncles and aunts, and first and second cousins,—
Turning the key on the whole population;
And bars the window; shuts out joy and hope,
His name? 'Tis on the door there — MISANTHROPE.

V.

And there are houses which no graces garnish,—
  Their vices all their fixtures, and their plate a
  Base-metal compound which they call *Albata;*
The rest's all toy and tinsel — vamp and varnish.
But would you prove its worth, 'twill nought avail
  To put up hand-bills and send forth the criers,
And try it by the test of public sale,
  Where rubbish finds a plenitude of buyers;
And trash, that best were on the dunghill hurled;
Is bought by charlatans to cheat the world:
For gilt and gewgaws fix the vulgar stare,
  And there are those who far more highly prize
  Hues gay and transient as the rainbow's dyes,
Than soberer colours which will wash and wear.

VI.

"WHO'S THERE?" We come again to our quotation,
Whereof to make a graver application.
"WHO'S THERE?" Alas! we seldom ask, before
We raise the latch when SIN is at the door.
Is it because its blandishments so win,
We cheat ourselves, and will not call it Sin?
O that the man of stubborn heart would turn
From altars which before base idols burn, —
Walk by a better light, and humbly look
For holier counsel in that blessed Book,
Which casteth into shade the lore of sages!
Then would he gain the "House not made with hands,"
Nor built upon the dark world's shifting sands,
But firmly based upon the ROCK OF AGES.

THE OLD GENTLEMAN.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

CHAPTER I.

We were studded in the calm waters of the Baltic. Not a speck of land was in sight; and the sun, by this time almost level with the sea, rolled a tide of mellowed light along its bosom, from horizon to horizon. The idea of loneliness was complete. We were not in the midst of an expanse limited merely by the powers of vision; beyond which the imagination may seek, and find, a thousand objects of relief. The edges of the circle, on the contrary, were even and crisp. There was no getting beyond them. The sensation at first was delicious, because new; but this gradually melted away into languor; the soft tones of the few remarks we interchanged became downright sleepy; and at length the young lady—(the other passengers, and all the crew had gone below)—starting suddenly, let her parasol fall, with malice prepense, against my face.

"Come," said she, laughing at the jump with which

I returned to consciousness, "what are we about? I shall fancy in another minute that you and I are enchanted, and that we shall continue motionless on this crystal sea till doomsday!"

"That is just what I was thinking," said I, soberly.

"Really! I should not have guessed that you were thinking at all. Come, let us tell stories to pass the time, and you shall tell the first. Begin."

I never could refuse a young lady in all my life. "The first time I saw the old gentleman," said I, commencing—

"What old gentleman?"

"What old gentleman! Why, the old gentleman I am going to tell you about, to be sure. And the first time I saw him was on an occasion which I considered of no small importance. I was then twelve years of age, and yet had never been in the nearest town, although that was only eighteen miles from my father's house. My father, you must know, was a lord."

"A lord!"

"Yes: in Scotland we call it laird—but the pronunciation of a word is no great matter. His estate was very extensive; comprehending an entire mountain, covered with stones enough to build all the cities in Europe, had they been of the proper kind; besides two lakes, and a morass. I was carefully educated under the superintendence of a maiden aunt, (my mother being dead) assisted afterwards by the son of a neighbouring cotter. Had it not been for the necessity of preaching, this gentleman would have been a

striking ornament of the profession for which he was intended, the church; but when the thing came to be tried, it was found that, although on every other occasion a very intelligent person, he could not speak two words of common sense in the pulpit."

"Poor man!" said the young lady. "Is that very uncommon in Scotland?"

"O, very! But at any rate the individual in question came back upon his father's hands a 'stickit minister;' and, showing speedily that he was in the same degree a 'stickit ploughman,' he was obliged to be satisfied with such jobs of education as he could get in the neighbourhood. Poor Willie! I think I see his lack-a-daisical face at this moment!" The young lady jerked away her head, to let me look at the image beyond without interruption, and I pursued my story.

"For many years the town of Auldclatters had been the Mecca of my imagination. It was the mart from which we drew our supplies of grocery and haberdashery, and was associated, in my mind, with the cities of bazaars I read of in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. I looked upon Saunders the packman with interest, and almost reverence, merely on account of his frequent journeys to and from this distinguished spot; and I at last began to think that there was some mystery connected with the extinguisher my father invariably put upon my request to accompany him to the annual fair. Still younger boys, thought I, have visited Auldclatters, and why should I be condemned all my life to slumber, like Prince Bahman, on the

mountain of stones? You may conceive what were my feelings when, in the midst of this rebellious discontent, I was one day informed by my father that I was to go with him the following week to the annual fair of Auldclatters! Imagine the interval of expectation!—but at length the day came, and we set out. My father, mounted on a stout nag"—

"Was your father the old gentleman?" interrupted the young lady, suppressing a yawn.

"Not at all; we are just coming to him. My father rode before, with one or two farmers of the neighbourhood; and Willie and I followed, both of us careering on ragged shelties, so low that my preceptor's legs, if not held up by the stirrups, would have trailed on the ground. After a hard ride of nearly eighteen miles, the town of Auldclatters came in sight.

"The river Lora, a dark and rapid stream, was in front, sweeping round it like the ditch of a fortress. Beyond, the buildings rose one over the other, till their heads seemed to pierce the sky. Those vast piles of architecture, hoary and grim with age, had something threatening in their aspect, which chilled my blood, and yet, at the same time, piqued me to the adventure. The approach to the town was by a bridge of only a single arch; but whose prodigious span, bestriding the black torrent far below, presented a fitting avenue into what might have appeared a city of giants."

"Hey-day!" cried the young lady, opening her eyes, "where are we now, in the name of goodness?

In the capital of the king of the Indies, or in a dirty, little, Scottish country town?"

"In the town of Auldclatters," replied I quietly, "as it appeared to me a quarter of a century ago. A description, I admit, founded upon my present perceptions, would be somewhat different. However, as we passed over the bridge, I saw the old gentleman for the first time."

"Well?"

"He was an old gentleman well on to seventy years of age. He was dressed in a brown coat of an old-gentlemanly cut, and wore a wig very handsomely powdered, and surmounted by a three-cornered hat, such as I had seen my grandfather wear on great occasions. His small-clothes and stockings were of black-silk, and his shoes were covered, rather than fastened, by an enormous pair of silver buckles. He was mounted on a horse of that colour, rather pale than white, by which you can tell that the animal in its youth was grey.

"When I saw this figure coming gradually into sight, as it rode slowly up one side of the steep arch of the bridge, while I was walking my sheltie up the other, it occurred to me, all on a sudden, that the old gentleman was the baillie of the town coming forth to meet us. This threw me into a flutter, for I had never seen so great a man as a baillie in my life; and so I edged my sheltie away to give the old gentleman the crown of the causeway, keeping as near as possible to the long, ragged tail of my tutor's steed.

"It was a grand sight to see the old gentleman come down the steep arch, turning neither to the right nor the left, but walking his stately old horse straight on. He looked, in truth, like the master of the whole town; and had it not been for an expression of good humour and *bonhomie* in his face, my respect would have deepened into awe. When at length, as we were just passing each other, he turned his head suddenly, and fixed his eye on me, I thought, in my confusion, I should have fallen from the saddle. He smiled, however; nodded graciously—with a kind of significance, too, as if we had been old acquaintances—and rode on. My eyes dazzled; my cheeks tingled; and I followed the tail of my tutor's sheltie, in a strange confusion of mind, in which surprise, vanity, and self-gratulation mingled with the shame and awkwardness of a home-bred Scottish boy.

"'Wha's yon?' said I in a whisper to Willie, when the arch of the bridge was fairly between us and the object of my curiosity.

"'Yon?' repeated he vacantly. The doited creature had not even seen the old gentleman! An application to my father was equally unsuccessful; although the time that elapsed before I had an opportunity of speaking to him rendered it somewhat less surprising that he had received no impression from so remarkable a figure. I questioned two or three farmers with whom I was acquainted; and one answered that it was probably the minister—although, indeed, it could on no account be he without his black coat; and another, that

he was quite sure it was Laird Sheepshanks—at least he would have said it was, if the horse had been a brown galloway, the powdered wig his own grey hair, and the cocked-hat a round beaver. In short, I could obtain no information whatever respecting the old gentleman. I went through the fair like a person in a dream; receiving only vague impressions of interest and grandeur, from the surrounding objects, and starting every now and then as I fancied that I caught a glimpse of the three-cornered hat among the crowd.

"All this, however, was nothing more than imagination. Had I been told that the old gentleman was actually Laird Sheepshanks, and that I had seen him on his way home, the thing would have been at an end. As it was, he haunted me for months after—nay, for years; for after I had returned home from college, the mere sight of the bridge recalled suddenly the images which seemed to have been buried for ever under the wreck of time, and the fair of Auldclatters swept like an enchanted pageant before my mind's eye —with the old gentleman in the midst."

"And is that all?" asked the young lady sharply, as I paused to take breath—"is your story at an end?"

"So far;" answered I, "but the sequel is to come."

"Did you ever see the old gentleman again? Who did he turn out to be?"

"Why, I am just going to tell you. We do not relate stories in question and answer, like interrogatory lessons for youth."

"*How* then do you relate stories? Goodness gra-

cious! will it never have an end? You have taken an hour to tell me that you once met an old gentleman, and could not learn his name."

"It was at your own option to listen or not," said I, in some dudgeon: "I can tell you I am thought a very good hand at short stories; and, moreover, few persons suppose me to be capable of telling a long one, were I to try ever so much. However, if your opinion be different—"

"Will you tell me at once who the old gentleman was?"

"It is impossible."

"Good evening, then," — and the young lady flounced away, and descended to the cabin.

CHAPTER II.

There is nothing so like enchantment as the gradual, yet surprising transformation of a calm evening into a calm night at sea. The last rays of the sun melt slowly away upon the bosom of the expanse, and leave a dull misty shadow brooding over the deep. But hardly have we time to mark the change, when the comparative darkness around us becomes transparent. It is lighted up with a more delicate and beautiful illumination than that which had steeped the dying daylight in crimson and gold. Star after star comes forth from the profound of heaven; and the hitherto veiled moon, throwing away fold after fold from her lustrous face, looks joyously around, in the

solitude of the sky—with the virgin freedom (as the poets have so often remarked,) of Dian, in her own lonely haunts, surrounded by her attendant nymphs.

On the present occasion, an interesting but very common variety took place in this charming scene. Although there was hardly a breath of wind below, the spirits of nature began to stir in upper air. A few light, fleecy clouds, stealing above the horizon, hurried glidingly across the sky; and these were followed more slowly by some darker masses. The latter passed occasionally over the face of the moon; and the instantaneous shadow, which swept down upon the world, was startling from the suddenness both of its approach and disappearance. While watching these alternations, my thoughts strayed to other localities, and other years, and I repeated in a low voice a stanza of poor Wilfred's address to the "pale pilgrim of the troubled sky."

"Fair queen! I will not blame thee now,
As once by Lora's fairy side,
Each little cloud that dimmed thy brow
Did then an angel's beauty hide;
And of the shades I then could chide,
Still are the thoughts to memory dear,
For, while a softer strain I tried,
They hid my blush, and calmed my fear."

At this moment, a hand was laid gently upon my shoulder, and a voice addressed me, in tones "as soft as lovers' lutes by night."

"Did you say *Lora?* Goodness gracious! I thought there had been nothing there but an old gentleman!"

"Would you have all at once?" said I somewhat sternly.

"But could you not have said that a young lady was to follow? Did you fall in love with the old gentleman's daughter?"

"Heaven forbid!"

"Well, don't be alarmed. If you will promise not to be so tedious, I shall give you ten minutes more. Come, begin!"

"At Edinburgh," said I, "while pursuing my studies, I made acquaintance with a youth whose family lived beyond Auldclatters, on the other side of the Lora. I was at that time of life when acquaintance, friend, and confidant, are convertible terms; and Hugh Montgomery and I were soon inseparable. The intimacy continued till we were seventeen (for we were nearly of an age), and at that epoch Hugh signalized his friendship by a proposal—which I cannot smile at even now. He who treats it with ridicule is incapable of comprehending the feelings of generous, trusting, high-hearted youth.

"'Your father is comparatively poor,' said he. "Granted: but then mine is rich. Why should you go to the West Indies, to toil and broil away the best years of your life in pursuit of fortune, and when you have attained it, come home as yellow and fusionless as a withered leaf? What you must do, my dearest friend, is this. I have a little sister at home, nearly your own age, and as bonny a lassie as ever grew on the banks of the Lora. You are made for

each other; she is exactly of that turn of mind which will enable her to appreciate you; and, in short, you will hardly have become acquainted before you will both fall desperately in love. She has a fortune of a thousand pounds at her own disposal; you will marry her—lay out the money on a farm in the neighbourhood—and we shall all live happy together for the rest of our lives!' "

"The dear, sensible creature!" exclaimed the young lady in delight. "And you of course assented?"

"Of course."

"That is something like a story!" and, gliding round, she seated herself so near me, that I was glad there was nobody at hand to criticise our position.

"Through the influence of my friend," I continued, "I was invited to spend the next vacation at Gowanbrae; and being now a great, tall, gawky, shapeless fellow, like other lads of seventeen, I was no longer set to straddle on a sheltie, but mounted in prodigious pomp upon my father's nag. I set forth upon my visit with a beating heart. The enterprise was an important—nay, an awful one; and to me, afflicted as I was with a constitutional bashfulness, it increased in terrors every step I rode. Often I was on the point of turning back; but as often I was goaded on by—what do you think?"

"Pride?"

"No—love."

"And you had never seen the lady?"

"A thousand times—in my mind's eye. The features which I had drawn, one by one, from my friend's memory, had been moulded in my imagination into a portrait of surpassing loveliness. This was the companion of my waking hours, and the inspirer of my dreams. Do you call it a shadow—a phantom of the mind? When do we love any thing else? Is our mistress a mere piece of mortality, composed of bones and viscera, flesh and blood—subject to error and passion, to disease and death? Is she not rather the spirit with which our idolatrous fancy endues the statue, and which melts away from our corporeal touch, leaving only the lifeless stone in our arms? It was the *idea* of Miss Montgomery I loved. The love of her identical self is quite another thing."

"Go on with your story, sir," said the young lady, interrupting me; "I hate mysticism."

"Alas, do you forget that I am talking of the love of seventeen? However, when I reached the bridge, the idea all of a sudden occurred to me of the old gentleman; and I started with emotion as the thought flashed across my mind, that he was in all probability the father of Miss Montgomery! But when I came to calculate age, I found, that if any relation at all, he was more likely to be her grandfather. You may think it odd that this personage had taken so fast a hold of my imagination; but the fact is, I was susceptible in more senses than young ladies give to the word. At any rate, at that moment—beginning to

ascend the arch of the bridge—my fancy conjured up the stately phantom, and I amused myself once more with looking at the cocked hat, and the white horse.

"But it was easier to summon the ghost than to lay it. The figure of man and steed grew more and more substantial as I gazed; and at length, with a thrill almost of superstitious feeling, I became sensible of the fact, that the old gentleman was actually riding up the opposite side of the arch. His horse was in the middle of the causeway, and out of involuntary respect I moved mine to the left, otherwise we should have met. Whether it was his desire to do so or not, I cannot say; but he certainly recognised me as an old acquaintance, nodding his head, and waving his whip-hand, with an expression in his eye of good-humoured familiarity, mingled with the same significance I had observed five years before, as if there existed between us some secret connexion. I pulled off my hat in bashful confusion; and, without turning my head completely round, I could observe that he looked after me more than once, continuing to nod and smile. At length, however, the bridge was between us, and the lofty arch concealed him from my view.

"Like all persons constituted as I was in those days, I was wonderfully brave when the occasion was past. I reproached myself bitterly for not replying to the familiar gestures of the old gentleman, and thus inducing him to accost me. A hundred anecdotes

occurred to my memory of the fortunes of young men being made by the capricious liking of some wealthy senior; and *this* old gentleman—who had the air of being landlord of the whole domain—had certainly taken a fancy to me. I spurred my horse up an acclivity by the road-side, and looked back; but the object of my meditations was already out of sight. I inquired about him in vain as I passed through the town. Some had seen one old gentleman, some another, and some none at all; but notwithstanding all my cross-questioning, I could obtain no clue whatever to *the* old gentleman."

"What stupid people these Auldclatterers must have been!" remarked the young lady, impatiently. "But probably it was your own fault. You come in such a round-about way to your purpose, that perhaps they had not patience to follow you."

"It is the same thing to my story," said I. "I, of course, found Miss Montgomery all I had dreamed."

"Why of course?"

"Because my imagination so willed it. When Cervantes made Don Quixote mistake a peasant girl for his high-born princess, he did not depart from nature—he merely carried nature to that pitch of extravagance required for his romance. It takes a great deal to disabuse the fancy of a youth of seventeen; and there was nothing in Marion Montgomery to give a very violent shock to any of my preconceived notions. Her features were handsome, her complexion more fair than pale, her hair between flaxen and auburn; she

sang ballads, played the Battle of Prague, read novels, and was passionately fond of poetry. What more could I have desired? Did it require a very potent enchantment to make me take this country girl for my Dulcinea?

"Still, there was a certain awkwardness in our meeting. Marion had been so long the companion of my imagination, that I fancied myself an old acquaintance. I thought she would recognise me. I expected conscious looks, and shakings of the hand; and when, instead, I saw the graceful girl fall back, rather than advance, as she curtesied to my introductory bow, and draw up her stately neck, and drop her sweet, soft eyelids, I was confounded, nay over-awed. How terrible is a well-bred young woman of seventeen to a great boy of that age! My heart sank as I looked at her; my hopes died away; I was amazed at my presumption; and, if a proper excuse could have been found, I verily believe I should have returned home that instant. In the course of the day, however, I became more tranquil. We talked of novels, and poetry, and walks, and woods; and then she sang, and played,—and vanished. I slept not a wink all night.

"The next morning, before joining the family at breakfast, I wrote some verses, which were given to her the same day by her brother.

"They were strong enough for a beginning. I thought them too strong. When assured that they were actually in her hands, I was one moment in a burning fever, and the next in a cold sweat. I took

good care to keep out of her way that day; which I managed by persuading her brother to go with me to some distance to fish. He praised the verses warmly; assured me that they would make an impression; and even declared his conviction that Marion had already begun to feel the tender sentiment.

"'For my part,' said he, 'I have taken care not to hint a word of the matter to her. Interference on these occasions is always injudicious. You know that a young lady never accepts willingly the husband provided by her father, or guardian; and were I, her brother, to assume any such official character, it would spoil all.' You see we were very cunning.

"It was late in the evening before we returned; and, my feelings being toned down a little by bodily fatigue, I entered the drawing-room with more composure than might have been expected.

"'O why did you stay so long?' cried Marion, jumping up as we went in—'we have all been so impatient!' Hugh pinched my arm.

"'If I had known that my absence had cost you a single thought,' cried I, 'I should long since have flown back to ———.' I had begun too high. I stammered—blushed—and added, in a lower key—'to dinner!'

"'My father has gone out to look for you,' persisted Marion impatiently; 'your uncle in Edinburgh is dying—you are to return home instantly—and set out for the capital early in the morning.' While speaking, she was stuffing sandwiches into my pocket, and

pouring out a glass of wine, which she compelled me to drink instanter.

"'If you ride hard,' she continued, 'you will still get home before it is very dark. Now, good bye!'

"I was thunderstruck. My poor uncle! My verses! I turned a vacant look upon Marion: and incontinent she seized me by the shoulder, and pushed me out of the room. In another minute I was clattering through the town of Auldclatters like an evil spirit. I crossed the bridge ——"

"Without seeing the old gentleman?" said the young lady.

"Pshaw! I had no time for old gentlemen. I saw nothing of him, but rode straight home."

"And is that all?"

"I felt it to be enough at the time," said I, wiping the damps of remembered agony from my brow.

"And you have nothing farther to tell about the old gentleman? Was he Miss McGomery's grandfather? Did you learn his name?"

"Never! never!"

"Truly, this is very amusing. I congratulate you on your talent for story-telling; but, were you in the position of Scheherazade, you would hardly save your head by it. Good night, Sir!" and she flounced away again, in a pet.

CHAPTER III.

The next morning, after pacing the deck till I was tired, I betook myself to my usual seat, to gaze listlessly

upon the sea, and shape out of the early mists, according as the cheerful or melancholy mood predominated, either the gardens and palaces of hope, or the ruins and deserts of memory. The young lady passed and repassed me several times: at length halting suddenly—

"What are you thinking of?" said she—"of the old gentleman, or Miss McGomery?"

"It may be of the two together."

"What are you thinking about them?—Is it worth telling?"

"I am thinking of my last interview with both."

"Your last!—Goodness gracious! and has the story actually an end? Now, do go on, and finish it out of hand." I never said nay to a young lady in all my life. The sex treats me worse than a dog, but I make a virtue of bearing all without a murmur.

"My uncle died," said I, "soon after I reached Edinburgh; leaving to my father some small matters for my behoof, when I should reach the age of twenty-one. The history of that four years' interval, although it has no connection with the present episode, would interest you."

"Excuse me,—let us skip it over."

"I went abroad—"

"Come back again, then."

"Very well.—I was at length at home,—and a dreary home it was. I knew that my father had been dead for some time; and it was, of course, with feelings of the most solemn character, that I approached the house. But the loss was not recent; and after I

had indulged in solitary meditation for some hours, I could hardly understand the deep dejection that still remained, the sinking of the heart, which made me feel as if the world had passed away from me, as if I were indeed

> "The last sad heir of these broad barren lands,—
> The last within the old vault to repose:
> Then its dark marble door upon our race would close."

"I knew nothing of the Montgomerys but that they were well. It was my intention to ride over to Gowanbrae in the course of the day; but I disliked the idea of presenting myself to my mistress in such extreme depression of spirits. My correspondence with Hugh had long since died a gradual and natural death; but it left off where it commenced,—with his sister. If you understand the constitution of my mind, you will be prepared to hear that I was more in love with Marion than ever. My passion might have given way under the influence of daily intercourse; but in absence it was safe. I never admire prodigiously even a beautiful woman at first sight: she must be steeped for some time in my imagination before becoming altogether divine. During these four years, Marion had grown amazingly: she was now rather tall, than otherwise"—

"Then you went to Gown-bray?"

"No: I had not yet seen her. Her hair was somewhat darker,—it was now all auburn; her eyes, before restless and sparkling, now glowed with a deep and steady, yet somewhat melancholy light; the slight rose-tint of her cheek, had vanished, buried be-

neath a rich, soft paleness; her unsteady, dancing step, had acquired decision, without losing elasticity"—

"By whom were you told all this?"

"By Imagination,—your only truth-teller. Its pictures are always faithful, if you will only let them alone. However, I at length summoned resolution enough to set out on my brief journey, although still much depressed; and I at length reached the bridge of Auldclatters."

"And the old gentleman?"

"He was there as usual. When the cocked hat first rose over the bridge, I was startled, for an instant; but presently, gathering my gloom around me like a mantle, I rode coldly on. I was in no mood for thinking of old gentlemen. The time was past when his appearance could send a thrill of undefined feeling through my blood. I had seen the world; I was no longer a boy; and, moreover, I was at the moment wrapped up in reflections too solemn to admit of the frolics of imagination. I looked steadily at the old gentleman, as he rode past. I marked his good-humoured smile, his acquaintance-claiming nod, the salutation of his whip-hand, the knowing, meaning expression of his eye, and even thought, (but this, no doubt, was fancy,) that I heard a sort of joyous chuckle, as he turned round his head, to nod once more after he had gone by. These demonstrations of an easy mind, or a light character, disgusted me. I raised my hat, coldly, and turned away. In another mood, I should have addressed him, for the purpose of

solving the little enigma which had startled my more youthful fancy. As it was, I set spurs to my horse, on gaining the summit of the arch; and, partly to shun any communication I might have been subjected to while passing through the town, and partly to shake off, as it were, by physical efforts, the gloomy torpidity of my mind, I rode on at full speed, and did not draw bridle till I had reached my destination.

"There was company in the house; many of the windows were lighted up; and I heard sounds of festivity within. I recognised these sounds as the usual token of the hospitality of Gowanbrae; and although in no mood for mixed society, I was yet glad that I was not to meet Marion alone.

"The entrance-hall was one blaze of light; the servants, who crowded it, were half-drunk; and I was ushered into the dining-room,—or rather elbowed into it,—by three or four at once, each calling out a different name. The ladies had retired, as I saw by the vacant chairs standing sad and solitary, here and there, like monuments to departed beauty; but about fifty gentlemen were still ranged round the ample table, who talked and laughed as loud as if there had not been a woman in the county. Hugh recognised me at once; dragged me into a seat beside him; and I thought he never would have done shaking my hand, and thanking me for the kindness of my visit. He was now a great, coarse, stout, farmer-looking fellow, smelling furiously of whiskey-toddy, although there was abundance of wine upon the table. His laugh was so

wild and joyous, that it rather startled than tempted me to mirth; and, perceiving that his manner was by no means improved by the potations he had indulged in, I resolutely declined furnishing him with an excuse to continue them by joining him in the debauch.

"'Well,' cried he, starting, 'if you will not drink, you shall see Marion! — she will be delighted: — this is *so* kind of you! Come along, my dear friend, and I will show you the way to the drawing-room. But could you not find it yourself, if you were alone? — Have you forgotten all about that,—eh? (punching me in the ribs with his elbow,) What a thing is calf-love! Ha! ha! ha! Do you remember our bargain, when we were college lads? — Do you remember the verses you wrote to her about goddesses, and stuff? — It is lucky, after all, I did not tell Marion what we were about, — she would have thought us such fools! and, on an occasion like this, you know, it would not have been decorous for her to have received you as warmly as I know she would wish.' I began to feel cold.

"'What occasion?' said I, in a whisper.

"'What occasion! Why, hang it, you were drinking before you came here, and that is the reason why you shirked your glass! Come in, here is the door.'

"'One moment—I cannot yet. Tell me —'

"'Nonsense! Surely you cannot be still a boy!— afraid to go into a room-full of women! That reminds me of your terror at the idea of seeing Marion after I

gave her the verses. Ha! ha! ha! It is a capital story—I must tell it to Stuart after supper.'

"'To whom?'

"'Why, to the bridegroom, to be sure—to her husband! One would think you were asleep. Come along, my boy'—and he dragged me into the room."

At this juncture of my narrative, the young lady had the kindness to put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"The Scotch brute!" said she—"the highland monster! But tell me how Miss McGomery behaved. Did she scream as you entered—did she faint away?"

"Neither. She stepped forward to meet me; shook me warmly by the hand, remarked how much I was altered for the better; put me in mind of old times; and inquired archly, whether I still cultivated the muses!"

"Goodness gracious!" said my auditor, in consternation—"and you?—"

"All the blood in my body rushed to my face; I crushed her hand between my fingers, till she was ready to cry out with pain; I rattled out half-a-dozen compliments in a breath—laughed till the roof rang again—was introduced to some of the prettiest girls in the company—talked, smiled, joked, flirted—and went down to supper with the character of 'a charming young man, quite the traveller, and citizen of the world!'

"I drank that night—ye gods, how I did drink! I was not only drunken myself, but the cause of drunkenness in others. Never had there been so uproarious a company at Gowanbrae—and that is saying much!

"I remember little or nothing of the scene, till I found myself again on horseback, with a score of companions, dashing helter-skelter, through the town of Auldclatters. It was now the dawn of the morning of a market-day, and we found the bridge completely blocked up by a double file of carts coming slowly over it. My comrades shouted their maledictions at the interruption; but I, with a still louder shout, spurred my horse into the deep and wide torrent, with the purpose of swimming across. Whether it was owing to my incapacity to guide the animal, or to the steepness of the opposite bank, I cannot say; but we both sunk. What I have now to tell, you will probably consider the apocrypha of the story; and I cannot help it. I was tipsy, it is true, and my brain was otherwise in not the best condition. Still, the circumstances were distinct and coherent: and there was no confusion in the impression they left on my mind.

"We both sunk, I say—we sunk to the bottom; and who do you think was waiting there to receive me?"

"Who?—waiting?—there?"

"The old gentleman!—smiling, nodding, sniggering as usual! He helped me to dismount, as an honoured and expected guest; and then spurned away my horse, and I saw the poor brute roll down the torrent and submit to his fate. There was now an exultation in the old gentleman's expression which I did not like; and besides, the whole affair was so extraor-

dinary, that it is no wonder if I felt some alarm. I resisted his efforts, polite as they seemed, to lead me towards a cavern-like opening in the black turf wall of the river; but I did so, gently at first, as we refuse a pressing hospitality which it is inconvenient to accept. His grasp grew firmer, however, and I put more strength to my resistance. But from leading, he began to draw, and from drawing to drag; and then, seized with mortal terror, I saw that the question was one of life and death.

"I durst not attempt to call for help, for the water choked me as I opened my mouth; and thus we continued to struggle in silence,—till at length I was aware, by tuggings and voices behind me, that the market-people had come to my rescue. The result, however, was long doubtful; and I fainted before it was determined. When I recovered my senses, I was lying on the bank, surrounded by my preservers, and a few of my companions whom the alarm had sobered. I caught a glimpse beyond them of the retreating figure of the old gentleman, with his face turned backwards towards me, clothed in smiles no longer, but black with disappointment and mortification."

"And is this all?" said the young lady, showing decided symptoms of the same kind.

"All," replied I, "I never saw the OLD GENTLEMAN again."

LINGER NOT LONG.

Linger not long! — Home is not home without thee;
Its dearest tokens only make me mourn.
Oh! let its memory, like a chain about thee,
Gently compel, and hasten thy return.
Linger not long.

Linger not long! — Though crowds should woo thy staying,
Bethink thee, — can the mirth of friends, though dear,
Compensate for the grief thy long delaying
Costs the poor heart that sighs to have thee here?
Linger not long.

Linger not long! — How shall I watch thy coming,
As evening's shadows stretch o'er moor and fell!
When the wild bee hath ceased her weary humming,
And silence hangs on all things like a spell!
Linger not long.

How shall I watch for thee when fears grow stronger,
As night grows dark and darker on the hill!
How shall I weep, when I can watch no longer!
Oh! art thou absent? — art thou absent still?
Linger not long.

Yet I should grieve not, though the eye that seeth me
Gazeth through tears that make its splendour dull;
For oh! I sometimes fear, when thou art with me,
My cup of happiness is all too full.
Linger not long.

Haste, haste thee home unto thy mountain dwelling!
Haste as a bird unto its peaceful nest!
Haste, as a skiff, when tempests wild are swelling,
Flies to its haven of securest rest.
Linger not long.

J. C. S.

ELIODORE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES OF CORFU;" "EVENINGS ABROAD," ETC.

"WHY don't you dance, Edmund Gray?" said a young ensign to his friend, as they met in the ball-room of the palace of Saint Michael and Saint George.

"Because," was the answer, "there is no one here to dance with."

"Why do you not talk, Edmund Gray?"

"Because there is no one here to talk to," replied the nonchalant, with an ineffable shrug of his left shoulder, as he turned away.

"Ah!" he continued, soliloquizing as he quitted the room, "these soirées have not been worth coming to since Sir Frederick has made carriage-roads, and we are all become so fine, and so civilized, and so heartless. In the olden times, indeed, when, after ten days' incessant rain, we were obliged to draw lots for the honour of wheeling each other in a barrow to the palace doors,—then there was some excitement in the matter,—some hope and fear as to who should be mas-

ter and who should be man; some fun, especially if we could manage an upset by the way: but now,—we are much too fine to be happy."

Poor Edmund was doomed to be annoyed this evening. When he reached home, he found that Johannes, the trusty Albanian who served him for valet, cook, and groom, reckoning on his longer absence, had collected a party of friends, and was entertaining them by relating some of the many wonderful sights he had met with in a visit to England lately made with his master.

Johannes described to his ragged audience how, at his first arrival in the great city of the far north-western island, he had stood on one side, humbly, for a long time, to let the crowd pass on:—he told how all the houses were palaces, and even the servants had beds to sleep on. He told how, going into a shop to buy some gloves for his master, he wandered on from one lady or gentleman to another, and could find nobody to serve him; they were all so very grand, counts and countesses at the very least; how he wondered, continually, where all the servants, and working-people, and beggars could be, since he met with none in the streets but fine folks, well, at least decently, dressed, until, at last, he came to the conclusion that they were all celebrating a festival somewhere or other,—in the moon, perhaps;—and how, at last, as night drew on, they did neither light lamps, nor carry links, but, by the mere application of a light to a small tube in the shop windows, and in the lamps, the whole street was instantly in a blaze!

Hitherto, none of the audience had spoken: they had testified their attention only by a little gesticulation, and now and then a roar of laughter, but at this point of the narration, they burst forth unanimously; white teeth gleamed around, dark eyes flashed, the words "Bugiardo! Bugiardo!" were heard, and at last one old man, whose flowing robe and long white beard testified that he was a holy padre, arose and said; "Look you, Master Johannes! we have listened to all your traveller's stories patiently enough, and laughed at them and at you; but this passes even the belief of a dog; so no more of such fooleries, if you please." "Thus it is," said Edmund, as he mounted the staircase, "truth is called falsehood, and falsehood is called truth, in this most deceptive and deceived world: thus it is!" Then, calling for a cigar and a bottle of Ithaca, he took his beloved Shakspeare from the little book-case that decorated his quarters, and sat down to enjoy his loneliness. "What is the use of intellect and knowledge," he said, pursuing his soliloquy, "when those vagabonds were so merry and happy, until —— Vanity of vanities: — the world is a vanity, and they who dwell in it are vainer than vain."

II.

One fine autumnal morning, Edmund Gray, in a loose white jacket and a large straw hat, with his gun flung carelessly over his shoulder, set off, attended by Johannes, for a day's shooting. He whistled gaily as he went, for he was leaving behind him a

world of nonsense and folly; and when, as they passed through the low covered gateway that terminates the Strada Reale, Johannes looked up reverently towards the old statue of St. Speridion, that guards the entrance to the city of Corfù, and implored his blessing on the coming day. Edmund also touched his hat, and exclaimed, "To your guardianship, my worthy fellow, I leave all the jars and annoyances that daily beset my path; keep them, I pray you, until my return,"—so on they went. They lingered long among the wooded heights that surround Potamò, then crossed into the Alipù road, and so on up the winding ascent that leads to Verapetades. Lovely as autumn is in England, it is inexpressibly more beautiful in that southern land. Not a leaf had changed its colour, not a flower had faded, not a blade of grass had withered; nothing spoke of decay or of approaching desolation. The lesser rains had fallen, and had respread the parched earth with her delicate green carpet, and had reclothed the trees with life and beauty. Flowers, too, Flora's second gift this year to the favoured island, peeped out in every direction. The air was heavy with the perfume of the myrtle and orange; the little purple anagallis spread its smiling petals to the sun, promising a fine day to all true lovers of nature; the cerinthe major hung its rich yellow bells belted with crimson, by the side of the delicate cyclamen, in fragrant heaps by the road-side; the sword-lily and verbascum stood in stately pride in the thickets; the plains were covered with orchises,—flies and bees arrested in their

busy flight. Even the very underwood, — there are no hedges there, — was redolent with beauty, for from one sturdy shrub to another, the clematis, or, sweeter still is its English name, "the traveller's joy," threw its perfumed trail, forming wild arbours innumerable; while occasionally might be seen the scarlet berries of the wild strawberry tree, and the fair spreading blossoms of the datura stramonium, — a fit home, indeed, for a fairy, and perchance fairies do dwell therein, for, lest the night air should breathe too roughly on the snowy petals when evening draws on, the broad jagged leaves rise tenderly up, and shut in the flower.

At every opening through the dim trees, Edmund looked out and beheld in the vale below, traced in clear and distinct outline, lowly village, and orange grove and ruined convent, and sometimes, sparkling in the distance, the lake, like the sea, dotted with white sails. Edmund loved Nature in all her moods and tenses; therefore as he happened neither to be in love, nor yet particularly hungry, ever and anon he stayed his foot, and looked on the surrounding scenery with a painter's eye, and with a poet's heart. All this time, however, the gun was idle, and the wallet empty; for he had set out with the intention of trusting to his own skill for a dinner. There was something so Homeric in the idea of shooting his dinner, and dressing it under a tree, at night! Edmund was a great worshipper of Homer, and, moreover, was apt to try at realizing the romances of the poets. Poor Johannes! what a pity he could not read the grandfather of all the bards.

"Effendi," he said, at last, "the sun is very high; we had better look out for some shade and rest awhile, and I," he added with an arch grin, "will count the birds you have killed."

"Yea," answered the master, "we shall take truer aim, after refreshing ourselves."

So they halted, and asked of a sage looking old gentleman in blue Dutch trowsers, and red cummerbund, the way to the nearest village. "Calà," said the old man, who was lying on his back under an olive tree, shading his eyes with his hands, "Calà, when I have finished watering my tobacco I will tell you." "Tobacco!" exclaimed Johannes, staring around. The other pointed to a little plot of tobacco behind the trees, and reclosed his eyes. But Edmund chinked a few oboli. "Calà, Calà," said the old Greek, and this time he jumped up and explained the way they were to pursue.

They soon came upon a little Albanian village nestling among the trees. It consisted of ten or twelve huts, something like Hottentot kraals, built of bamboo forced together at the top, cone-like, and thatched all over with straw. At one low door-way stood a young woman, looking singularly picturesque in her yellow veil and scarlet apron; she smiled and invited them in. The whole furniture of this simple dwelling-place consisted of a square stone tray for cookery, full of wood-ashes, a cradle, a black-eyed baby, and a few mugs and pitchers hanging to a shelf. The wayfarers seated themselves on the earthen floor; their young hostess

gave them some Indian corn bread, and grapes from the aforesaid shelf; and, lamenting that she had not any crassi, bade them watch the babe till her return, and taking down a pitcher, went out for a few minutes, and presently reappeared with water cool and sparkling, which she assured them was from a charmed well in the vicinity — the well of Santa Veronica.

"Are you happy here?" said Edmund, when he turned to depart. "Happy!" exclaimed the young mother, bending her dark loving eyes upon her baby; "Yes, yes, Effendi, almost too happy for earth. I want for nothing."

So Edmund Gray walked on marvelling as he went, in mood most philosophical, why men should toil and fret for power and wealth, and knowledge, when a bare hut with the pure exercise of permitted affection, could light up cheek, and brow, and eye, with such vivid, such not-to-be-mistaken evidences of deep content within. And again his lip almost involuntarily murmured "It is all vanity!"

Now the meditations of Johannes not being of so abstracted and refined a nature, did not prevent him from paying attention to the passing influences of the moment, more especially to such as were likely to affect his bodily well-doing; therefore, after casting many anxious glances to the sky, and listening with acute attention to a low rumbling sound in the atmosphere, he prophesied that a storm was gathering, and looked out for shelter.

Before he had well done speaking, flash after flash

lit up the sky, and some large heavy drops of rain fell most impertinently on Mr. Johannes' nose, as he upturned his face towards the heavens. "Let us hasten thither, master," he said, pointing to a tuft of laurels, overshaded by a tall cypress, that stood a little way out of the road, — "there are other travellers already there; let us join them."

"Join them!" responded Edmund, "let us rather warn them away from their dangerous resting place," and heedless of Johannes, who continued to asseverate that the laurel was a charmed tree against lightning, Edmund hastened on his mission of charity. A tired child was asleep under the laurel, and a girl watched by him. She had fastened her linen veil to the shrubs to shield him from the rain-drops, and unheeding that they fell upon herself, she bent anxiously over him, terrified at the lightning, yet unwilling to disturb the slumberer. Edmund bent low, and touching her arm, and, speaking hurriedly, besought her to come away into the plain; but she, covering her face with one hand, and casting the other over the neck of the child, who began to wake and cry, said, "No, no, I will not go." Edmund told her of the danger of resting under trees during lightning, particularly under a cypress, which from its height would be likely to attract it; but perhaps she did not understand his imperfect Romaic, for she answered only by removing her hand from her eyes, and flinging her arm round the stem of the stately tree. Edmund saw that no time was to be lost. He forcibly raised the child, and bear-

ing him out to a place of comparative safety, returned for the maiden. He was but just in time, for while he was yet placing his hat on the girl's head to shade her eyes, the tall tree reeled for a moment,—the lightning had passed and left its scathe — one side of the proud stem was blackened and burnt to the very root. When the girl saw this, she bent down lowly for a moment, and, joining her young brother's hands with her own, expressed by tears and broken words, her gratitude to the young Englishman who had saved her brother's life as well as her own. Then she arose, and laying down the hat, threw her apron over her head, and leading the young child tenderly by the hand, departed.

The dark clouds cleared away, the sky was again blue and serene; so Edmund, calling Johannes forth from the leafy bower whence neither threats nor entreaties had been able to withdraw him, resumed his way. But there was no luck in store for him: rambling from hill to hill, now exploring the deep ravines, now climbing the myrtle-skirted mountain, he stored his imagination and his portfolio with views of surpassing beauty; but he did not store his wallet with game.

At last twilight, of so brief duration in the south—fell rapidly, and master and man, sorely grumbling and discomposed, had lost their way. They were far, very far from any road, and the more earnestly they sought to regain it, the more entangled did they become in a thicket of wild and stunted olives. "There is no help for it," said Mr. Gray, at last; "we

must make the best of our mishap and turn heroes. No hope of seeing the city to-night."

"But I am hungry," remonstrated Johannes.

"So am I, but the wallet is not quite empty."

"And *so* tired," continued the man.

"Then look out for a lodging," said the master.

They soon came upon a little white church. Such an one as there is on almost every hill top in this sweet island. They gently pushed open the door and entered. It promised them shelter from the night-air, and nothing more. It seemed not to have been visited for many weeks, for the wreaths were withered, and there was no oil in the lamp that hung before the virgin. Johannes brought in, with much labour and more noise, some dried olive branches, and set them alight. He then examined with anxious eyes his master's wallet; one owl,—one old grey owl,—was its only tenant. The poor bird was presently condemned to the roast, but while they were yet racking their brains for a contrivance which should answer the purpose of a spit, some good genius sent aid to them in a manner they little expected. Edmund was vainly trying to warm his hands at the flickering and uncertain blaze; Johannes was trying almost as vainly to disencumber the defunct owl of its feathers; both of the poor wayfarers looking miserable enough, when they were aroused from their melancholy employments by a loud peal of laughter, which rung out clear and distinct through the little aperture that served as a window. A pair of dark eyes were gleaming there,

and a merry young face looked in, which they had once before seen that day.

"Kirier!" cried Johannes; but when he reached the door the kirier was gone. Another half hour elapsed, and then the door creaked on its hinges, and the fair young Greek, whom Edmund had saved that day from the lightning, came in heavily laden, and deposited a basket on the rough earthen floor, from which she took cold meat and Indian corn cakes, wine and fruit, and lastly, a couple of warm coverlids. "Eliodore!" exclaimed Johannes; but the maiden put her finger to her lip, and, before he could ask any further question, she had disappeared.

"Do you know who she is, Johannes?" inquired the young subaltern.

"I know the kirier," replied the man; "but excuse me, Effendi, I am too hungry to talk now." Edmund was hungry too, so they both sat down and enjoyed the good things thus spread for them in the wilderness; and throwing their coverlids by the fire, they slept the dreamless sleep of the weary.

III.

Poor Edmund Gray! a weary foot and a fierce headache formed but a small part of the penalty he was destined to pay for his day of wandering through the wild woods. Pleasant as it may be, and romantic as it may seem to sleep the night away in a little lone church embosomed in an olive grove, these same olive groves are sadly infected with malaria, thus forming

one of many proofs, that romance and comfort do seldom travel hand in hand about this round globe of ours. In less than a week after the adventure we noted erewhile, our young friend was laid upon a couch of sickness; fever on his brow, and pain in every limb. So the doctor visited him, and looked solemn, and medicine came in abundantly, and the mantle-shelf was decorated with a goodly row of empty phials, yet still the fever was on Edmund's brow, and the pains would not depart. Alas! there was no woman's hand to smooth the poor soldier's pillow,—no woman's voice to soothe him with whisperings of hope; his mother was in the grave, and his sisters were revelling in hall and bower, for he had left them in the bright spring-time of youth, to seek after glory and fame.

Poor Edmund Gray! Again the M.D. came and shook his solemn head, told him he was none better; pronounced the fever infectious, and sent the patient away for change of air to the other side of the island, to that place where there is now a hospital built to Pailo Castrizza.

A weary journey it was; but the weather was mild and the air refreshing. None of his gay friends came to say farewell, for the fever was infectious; but his commanding officer gave him a month's leave of absence, and Miss Blondel sent him the last new novel she had received from England, with compliments and wishes for his speedy recovery.

On the summit of a lofty rock of red stone, rudely shaped, as though it had once been the fortress home

of the stern Pheacians, with the wild sea foam ever tossing and murmuring about its base,—making sweet enough music to the well in health and light of heart, but a sad lullaby to the sick and sleepless,—stood the little hut, — it scarcely merited a better name, — in which poor Edmund was sentenced to regain his health and vivacity. So far from the city, it was impossible for the doctor to visit him often; one short visit on every alternate day was all he could possibly effect. Alas! for Mr. Gray, if he had depended only on his countrymen and friends! but he did not depend only on them. Johannes forgot now his own wants and wishes; he grumbled not at the country bread, and did not make many wry faces at the crassi; these minor grievances were forgotten in his anxiety for his master's comfort. Tender and affectionate, the untutored Albanian laid aside every thought of self, and while Edmund's friends and equals were dancing at the palace, flirting at the opera, or talking nonsense on the esplanade, Johannes passed sleepless nights by his master's couch, and subduing his voice and step to the softness of womanhood, became friend, and nurse, and comforter. It was not until nature was fairly exhausted, that he thought of procuring help; — and then did he go to the city for it? Ah! no.

One sunshiny morning he had drawn his master's couch to the open window, and had spread a veil before it, that the sea-breeze might not visit his fevered cheek too roughly, and Edmund thanked him, and

said with a smile, "Now, good Johannes, go below, will you, and quiet those clamorous waves, — I cannot rest for them;" "I will sing them to sleep," said Johannes, as he went out of the room.

Presently a deep rich voice came swelling on the breeze,—deep and rich, yet soft as an infant's murmuring, and the words, though breathed in the rough Romaic tongue, fell sweetly and soothingly on the soldier's spirit, for they were of home—of distant home,—of a mother's watchful tenderness, of a sister's gentle love, and of reunion after absence. These words were words of holy power—the soldier slept, and his dreams were blest, and when he awoke and met Johannes' anxious gaze, he forgot for a moment where he was, for the first words he uttered were, "Marian, sister Marian!"

IV.

"And so," said the young Greek, "in return for all I have done for you, watching, and waiting, and singing, and nursing, you, unreasonable as the rest of your nation, wish me to undertake new tasks. This book!" she said, somewhat contemptuously, "why, Effendi, I would rather, to please you, go shooting in the pine woods all day, and return at last with nothing but a grey owl in my basket for supper, then learn the name of one of those crooked figures; I never had the slightest inclination for abstruse studies."

"But, Eliodore! In *my* country it is counted a shameful thing for any one, even a woman, not to know

how to read; nay, almost every body there can write also!"

"It may be so, Caro; I love that pretty soft Italian word, the only good thing you ever taught me; but what are they the better for it? Can they talk to you faster, or sing to you more willingly, or nurse you more carefully than I have done?" And the glorious large black eyes were languidly raised with a reproachful expression, which said more than any words could say.

"No, no, Eliodore! they could not, they *would* not; why, indeed, should I seek to cloud your pure ingenuous mind with our crabbed learning? It would but make you cold-hearted, and deceptive, and selfish as we are; —no, no, Eliodore, remain as you are, the sweetest little wild flower that ever looked laughingly up to the sun, or drank the free mountain-breeze; —only this hideous wrapping veil and these frightful silver clasps, —they would be better exchanged for—"

"I know, I know," answered the laughing maiden; "to-morrow, to-morrow, you shall see—but now it is growing chill; you must leave the verandah, and I must hasten home to my father:—come, Johannes!"

The next morning when Eliodore came, accompanied by her young brother to visit the hermit dwelling on the rock, she had changed her costume—none knew how, or where she had procured her new attire, but so it was—the cumbrous shoes with enormous silver buckles were exchanged for slight Italian slippers;—her pretty figure was no longer disguised by large

saucer-like clasps of carved silver ; nay, even the bells had disappeared from her boddice, and her dress was confined only by a broad embroidered scarf tied round the waist; her thick linen veil, for one of smaller size and lighter texture, which shaded her features without hiding even the pomegranate blossoms with which she had wreathed her dark hair.

It was pleasant to Edmund Gray, the man of intellect, the man of refinement, the man of the world, to enter into the innermost recesses of this young creature's mind, and thinking her pure thoughts, and sharing her childlike simplicity, live over again his own early and happy days.

She knew nothing, absolutely nothing of the world and its inhabitants ; she had never heard of ambition ; she had never dreamed of love ; those two dangerous and specious deities, which sway the world with an omnipotent sceptre, offering rose-wreaths to their votaries, which rose-wreaths turn ever to links of iron, that bind the heart and destroy the spirit. She loved her father, — he was the syndic of the neighbouring village, and the greatest person she had ever encountered, for all the villagers did his bidding ;—she loved her little brother, for he was motherless, and clung to her for support and for protection ; but of other love she had never thought ; she had ever considered, as she so frankly confessed to Edmund, the science of reading to be something far beyond her powers of mind, an occupation fit only for priests and old women ; but who that had heard her young and

liquid voice pouring forth its deep *Ave* to the Virgin at night, or ringing in peals of light laughter, from rock to rock, as she chased the wild kids along the ledges, would have ever wished it to be made audible in any other manner? She never wanted occupation. She had her birds to tame—her bees to tend—her kids to sport with—her dear father to wait upon—her young brother to caress; but when, sick, and sad, and suffering, Edmund Gray came to dwell in the desolate hut, that crowned the frowning rock of Pailo Castrizza, and claimed a stranger's boon at the hands of the kind-hearted maiden,—when she knew that he was not quite a stranger, but the same young Englishman who had perilled his life to save her and her brother, then she joyfully gave up every other pursuit for that of sharing the cares and anxieties of poor Johannes. Her birds followed their own wild wills,—her bees turned vagrants,—her kids grew venerable,—her father bruised his grapes, and hung his tobacco to dry alone, while poor little Dimos wished with his whole soul that the Englishman was gone.

Returning health is at all times a delightful feeling; Edmund Gray had experienced it before, but never had it come to him so delightfully as now. He was far from his fellows, and he loved such loneliness. His thoughts were habitually too lofty, too ideal for this rough and common-place world; he cared not for the things which men usually care for, and those beautiful dreamings, and dim visions of unearthly excellence, and shadowy remembrances of the past, which he

shrined in his inmost heart, the world despised and laughed at. So he shut himself up in his own fairy creation, and seldom spoke of his hidden treasures to those who crossed his path. His companions called him an idle visionary, but Edmund despised and disliked his companions, and loved to be alone. And now he was alone, unfettered, for the time being, by calls to duty, unworried by what was, in his estimation, far more disagreeable, calls to amusement. Alone with the glory and magnificence of nature, when he was able to go out beyond his verandah, he asked for, he wished for no further happiness. Johannes supported his yet feeble steps, and Eliodore bounded onwards like a young wood-nymph, beckoning them to follow. Although Eliodore knew not the source of the hidden fount within, and had never heard the name or praise of sweet Poësy, she loved a bright sky, and a fair scene as well as any poet could desire. She would sit untired for hours, with Edmund, in a little grassy nook, about half way down the rock, listening to the monotonous music of the ever-beating surge; she would stand with rapt eye at eventime, on the sands, watching the last faint glow of the retiring sun; she would look out over the deep waters till, unobserved, the breaking surf rolled on and covered her with a shower of white spray.

Nature, beautiful Nature, beneficent Nature, consoler and friend! thou hast a voice for every mood of the human mind, a balm for every sorrow of the stricken heart! When man has betrayed, and friend has de-

parted, to thee we come for consolation, and we come never in vain. Beautiful Nature! thou hast yet another wonderful power; thou dost stamp thine own impress with unerring hand upon thy votaries. Be they deeply versed in the lore of the world, or be they utterly untaught, save by thine own gentle teaching, it is but to look upon the eye when it rests on sun-touched landscape, around on the eternal sea below, on the star-gemmed glory above—it is but to mark that eye kindle, and to see that cheek glow with the hidden fire within, and straightway we exclaim "And thou, too, art in Arcady."

V.

It was a day of busy preparation; her Ladyship was closeted all the morning with Madame Guilietta, gauzes, laces, &c. Her Ladyship's page had a sorry time of it, and her Ladyship's lady's-maid—poor thing! her fate would have drawn tears from a stone image. All the white kid gloves in the place were bought up, all the laurel bushes for miles round were stripped—spangles and red roses were not to be had at any price—the book of costumes,—there was one only in the library,—was in constant request. If it had but been private property, a man might have made his fortune; as it was, two duels were almost fought about it. As to the poor aides-de-camp—Captain Donothing actually walked his feet to stumps, so that he never could dance afterwards, and consequently lost his place,—while the Right Honourable Augustus Frederick Fiddle-

de-dee, sunk into an easy chair half an hour earlier than was his wont, and declared that if the very existence of the British Army depended on his carrying out one more card of invitation he really could not do it,—all this fuss was for a fancy ball.

It was a brilliant evening. The apartments in the Casino were one blaze of light, and groups of merry masques wandered hither and thither, and exchanged gay sally and quick repartee. The band rung out glorious snatches of martial music, and light feet responded to the quick measure. The gardens too, were like a scene of enchantment, for bright lamps gleamed among citron flowers, and all the night blossoms gave their richest perfume to the air. It was a strange scene for an English eye to dwell on, for the trees were of southern growth, and the rich flowers that grew so luxuriantly by the paths of the parterre, were such as we behold only in green houses. The figures that flitted about were dressed in costumes of all nations, and strange and gorgeous as were their aspects, turbaned head, and jewelled scymetar, gleaming through orange trees and palms, were in perfect harmony with the scene. There were characters there of all sorts, good, bad, and indifferent. The seven native legislators came disguised as the seven wise men of Greece. Two or three imps came fresh from Lucifer's domain, and acted their parts to the very life. Some came as gentlemen—they were the hardest to be recognised,—one noble Lord wore the very same suit of armour in which he had valiantly sustained a defeat, at the

siege of Cadiz. Another came as an old gipsy-woman. He drew from his pedlar's basket some slips of folded paper, and gave one to every body that drew nigh. Peals of laughter were heard all around, for these papers contained each a verse, in which some witty or unexpected allusion was made to the private history of the reader. The perfect knowledge which every individual in that limited circle had obtained by means of *on dits*, letters from home, etc. of each other's affairs, rendered this practicable.

Edmund Gray stood by a marble pillar near, but he was in no mood for such fooleries. He turned loftily away and went out on the terrace. There all was calmness, and peace, and beauty; the blue sea slept below, the dark sky above was spangled with a thousand living lights; even the breeze that came softly up from the waters, seemed to linger lovingly among the myrtles and oleanders, that stood on the low balustrade of the terrace, ere it came to bathe the brow of the young enthusiast with its cool freshness. "It is a lovely scene," at last he said, half aloud.

"It *is* lovely," echoed a soft voice near him; "nature is more beautiful than art. Those lights are brighter than the brightest in the ball room, and they whisper far different thoughts." In a moment Edmund was at the speaker's side. "You here, Eliodore! how came you here?"

She to whom he spoke was habited as a young priestess of the sun, but her long loose robe could not conceal her figure; her dark eyes peered through her mask, and her

voice was not to be mistaken; yet how could the wild mountaineer have entered in such a scene?

"Shall we join the dancers,—the music is striking up?" said Edmund, anxious to hear her speak again.

"Music," answered the young priestess, "music,—call you that clanging of trumpets and jarring of strings, music? Come hither, Edmund Gray! Do you hear those sounding waves that have murmured on, in their everlasting harmony since time began? No human being may stand by the sea-shore and listen without feeling that he too is immortal, without dim and delicious aspirations after purer felicity than earth can yield—that is music."

"Eliodore," said the young soldier, "let us go down to the sea-shore and talk of all these things."

"Ay!" answered Eliodore, "let us leave this noise and dazzle that bewilder the brain and fatigue the eye. It is all vanity." Edmund started, for the girl, unconsciously, had awakened an echo that had long slumbered in his spirit.

VI.

"And I have found happiness at last," said Edmund, "here where I least expected it, in a mountain wilderness, and with a companion wild and untutored as her own mountain olives, ay, and as graceful too."

It was a pretty pastoral scene on which the young soldier looked; one which, in its very simplicity, possessed a thousand charms for an eye that had gazed to

weariness on worldly splendour, that had roved from scene to scene until it had been sated with variety.

The old Syndic, venerable and placid, with his white flowing hair and his picturesque capote thrown carelessly over his shoulders, sat smoking his pipe under a broad Spanish chesnut, that shaded the door of his white-washed dwelling. There was peace in the old-man's heart, and an expression of deep happiness in his eye as he looked down on his fertile vineyards, and around on the many signs of opulence that begirt his home. The low pilasters that supported his broad verandah were decorated with wreaths of Indian corn, and festoons of tobacco, hanging to dry in the sun, that promised an abundant supply of comfort for the coming winter: little Dimos, his youngest darling, frolicked beside him in the unthinking glee of childhood; the old man stroked lovingly the boy's sunny ringlets, and when he turned and looked within, there too, all was peace and beauty; Edmund could not but own that the pride which then lit up the old Syndic's eye, was pardonable pride, for Eliodore sat there, bending in the twilight over her guitar. Edmund too looked proudly on her innocent beauty, for he had made her his own. He had asked her of the old Syndic fairly and honourably for his bride, and though the good gentleman did demur awhile at giving her to a heretic, yet Eliodore and young Dimos pleaded, and they overruled his scruples. Edmund would not look too curiously to the future,—for the present he had no apprehension; he loved his dear one not only for

her flashing eye and bright cheek, but for the soul that beamed in both. He knew too that her young spirit was attuned to the deep poetry of his own, and that her heart was as an unfathomed well of affection, so what cared he for the laugh and jeer of his comrades? Neither smile nor sneer could detract one atom from her beauty or from her worth.

"But, Eliodore," he said one evening as they ascended the narrow path that led to their favourite little church, "one thing I cannot understand yet; how could you find me out on that dismal rock at Païlo Castrizza, and the masque evening?"

"I know, I know," she replied, "what you would ask; Johannes is my foster-brother, and I have some young cousins in the city with whom I went to the palace;—but let us not talk on these things now,—must you go, must you go, dearest, to-morrow?"

"I will return," answered Edmund; "my duty calls me to the city, but fear not, Eliodore, my home, the home of my soul is with you."

They entered together the mountain church. It was a meet sanctuary for Love and Hope, for twilight threw a veil of softness over all harsher objects that might offend the eye, and invested with beauty even the rude painting of the Madre Dolorosa. Eliodore threw her votive offering of orange blossoms in fragrant heaps below the picture, and then, kneeling down, she veiled her fair young face, and poured out her soul in prayer. For the first time in her happy life, her prayers were freighted with sighs and tears.

"Come away, dear one," said Edmund at last, "come, the dews are falling, and I must away,—I cannot leave you here."

"Yes, yes," she softly whispered, "let us part here,—this is a holy place—let us meet here again—here I shall come every day to watch for the first gleam of your white feathers among the trees;—leave me here, if go you must."

So there on the threshold, beneath the dark cypress trees, they parted. "Johannes," were the last words of Eliodore, "you have been as a brother to me from the cradle;—guard his life and his safety, as you would guard your own soul."

And the young wife watched them depart,—she stood under the dark trees as they slowly descended the narrow hill-path, noting every wave of Edmund's lofty plume, as it glimmered through the flickering olive boughs. There was a pause in the sound of their footsteps; she bent down her bright face to the earth to listen for the patter of the horses' hoofs; one by one the heavy sounds fell like a knell upon her heart: when the last had died away in the distance, she arose, folded her veil about her, and returned to the silence of her father's hearth.

VII.

There is one fault, peculiar almost to a high spirit and generous disposition. It is the pride which will not condescend even to explain away an error; the impetuosity which will not even wait for or admit ex-

postulation. The blow first, right or wrong, the blow must be given first. The unavailing regret, the bitter self-condemnation come afterwards. It was but a light word, lightly spoken at a pic-nic party, after dinner, when wine circulates freely, and the spirits are let loose, and prudence is sometimes forgotten; but that word related to Eliodore; her name was not mentioned, only implied, and something was said about an infectious fever, lingering longer than such fevers are wont to linger, and being a cheap price to pay for the attendance of a young Grecian beauty. It was enough. Edmund's was not the spirit to suffer such words to pass unanswered. No apology was offered or would have been received, but a soldier's short and decisive measure of settling all quarrels was adopted. "To-morrow—the pass of Panta Leone—at day dawn;"—and the affair was settled.

As long as Edmund remained with his noisy companions, it was well; as long as he drank the red wine and joined in the chorus of the loud song, it was well; the still small voice was unheard; but when, one by one, they had departed; when the horse's head of the last lingerer was turned city-wards,—for they had been dining al fresco, far enough away from the capital—when quiet and rest stole over the still landscape, he began to ask himself if he had not done an unjustifiable as well as a sinful thing. It had been arranged that Edmund and his antagonist, with their seconds, should sleep at the neighbouring village, that they might be nearer their place of rendezvous in the morning. "We

may as well settle the matter now," said young Mordaunt; "what need to sleep over it?" But Edmund replied, "No, I have some affairs to arrange, some ties yet remain to me in this world."—So they parted, and Edmund persuaded even his friend to leave him alone.

Edmund's preparations were soon finished. He had but little to leave, and but one in the world to regret, and over her he determined to bend yet one more parting look; so, calling his trusty Johannes, who, so he believed, knew nothing of all that had passed, he resolved to revisit once again his happy home.

But Johannes was a Greek, and knew well enough how to employ both eyes and ears. He could form a shrewd guess why, when all the rest departed homewards, these four remained behind; he could read the troubled aspect and flushed cheek of his young master; he could also divine why Edmund should go by night, in silence and in darkness to visit that village paradise, whereat his presence was always welcome as the daylight itself. He, however, kept all his imaginings to himself, rightly judging, that now was not the moment, nor himself the fittest person for expostulation.

Edmund effected his purpose. He entered the house with his master-key, and without disturbing the slumbers of any, he penetrated to his own apartment and stood by the couch of the only being for whom he had felt a true and deep affection, since in early childhood he had followed his mother to her grave.

Eliodore was asleep, and the traces of tears were on her cheek; she had been weeping for his absence, and

in her hand, held fast even in slumber, a bunch of withered myrtle flowers,—his last gift to her,—and he, who had parted from her but a few hours before so buoyant with hope and happiness, stood now above her with agony in his soul, and a death-weight at his heart, and yet she did not waken. He stood above her, and there was but one step, but one hope between his life and eternity, and yet she did not waken—nay, once she even smiled, or perhaps it was the moonlight playing on her cheek that made her seem to smile. That he could not bear; one light kiss he pressed upon her forehead, and then left her in her unconsciousness.

The antagonists came almost at the same moment to the meeting spot. It was not a place in which a man would choose to say farewell to this beautiful and breathing world, for scarcely could Fancy herself imagine a more lovely spot. On the little plain there was scarcely a tree, no building excepting a small ruined and roofless church; rude masses of red rock stood around, through which, as at intervals the sea might be seen almost on every side. The opening that faced the city was skirted to the right by a sloping hill covered with dark fir-trees; to the left, by a gentle declivity, gay with broom and heather, now just lighted up by the morning sun; and far down in the depth between these two slopes, spread out like a sleeping picture, were olive-grove and vineyard, and cultivated plain, white convent and smiling village. Yet farther in the distance might be seen, the fair city running out like a silvery line into the sea; the fortress island of

Vido and the Lazaretto, lying like white winged birds at rest upon the waters,—the blue, sparkling and foaming waters shut in as by a barrier, by the violet-tinged and snow-crowned hills of Epirus. And yet it was in such a spot as this, that these two hot-headed and foolish young men came to mar the fair impress of the Divine image stamped upon mortality; to send one, perhaps two, immortal spirits into the unknown, unfeared, unthought-of future. Mordaunt fired first, as being the receiver of the challenge, but his ball whizzed harmlessly by. Edmund Gray raised his arm; he intended to fire in the air, but his piece went off he scarcely knew how, and his victim fell,—Mordaunt was not that victim. Eliodore had watched nearly all through the long night, in the ruined church for their coming. At their first appearance on the plain, she left her shelter, but her foot would not speed fast enough. Her wild scream was unheard amidst the fierce conflict of contending passions that swayed them both. Her movements were rapid; the light too in the enclosed spot was but dim and uncertain; so she hastened forward, still faster, still silently; she was in time to receive the death-blow from the hand of him who would freely have laid down his life for her.

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THE MAID OF PADUA;

OR,

The Council of Two.

BY W. H. HARRISON.

It was on the occasion of the heir of Visconti attaining his majority, that the splendid palace of the count, his father, was the scene of feasting and rejoicing. All the world, that is to say the world of Padua, was there; and every thing which could please the eye or the ear of the man of taste, or administer to the less refined appetites of the lovers of good living, was provided with a liberality commensurate with the princely revenues of the hospitable entertainer.

The host, not confining his invitations to the rich and the high-born, had gathered around him those whose only wealth was their talents; and, among others, was a young student of the university, whose name was Leonardo; and who, by the liveliness of his conversation, and the brilliancy of his wit, contributed largely to the amusement of the evening. Wherever he moved, a circle gathered around him, and even a

blind man might have traced his progress, through the crowded saloons, by the laughter which proclaimed his presence.

He was standing by an open window, when some quick reply, which he made to a rallying remark that was addressed to him, attracted the attention of a female who was sitting with her back to the company, and caused her to turn her face full upon the speaker. Leonardo paused, and the merry expression of his features changed, for a moment, to that of admiration, as the beautiful vision of that fair girl's face met his gaze. It will not be difficult to find excuses for the vanity which stimulated the young student to put forth all his powers of conversation, while he felt that the attention of so lovely an auditor was riveted upon him, nor did he tax his genius in vain; a smile from the sweetest lips in all Padua was the rich guerdon of his exertions, as with a sparkling yet goodnatured repartee, he turned the jest of some assailant upon himself.

"Did Leonardo fall in love with the damsel?" it will be asked. He was infinitely too discreet a person to think seriously of the heiress of the wealthiest house in Italy. It is true, he thought her the fairest creature he had ever seen; and had he been the heir of Visconti, he would have been but too happy to share his honours and possessions with such a wife. But the case was far otherwise. Leonardo, though of respectable family, was dependent upon his talents for making his way in the world; and the path he had chosen to fame and fortune was that of medicine, in

the science of which, he had, young as he was, attained a degree of proficiency that had attracted the notice, and gained the applause of the heads of the college.

His means were limited, but, happily for him, his wants were more so; and thus, by abstinence from the gaieties, to use no harsher term, which characterized the generality of the young men of the university, he reaped the advantages of unimpaired health and freedom from the anxiety consequent on pecuniary embarrassments, as well as from the inroads which the pursuit of pleasure ever makes upon the time of the student.

Young ladies of eighteen are not remarkable—to their honour be it mentioned—for pecuniary calculations in affairs of the heart; and we will not disguise from the reader, who has a right to our confidence, that something like admiration of the student found its way into the bosom of Giulietta Montalto, as she listened to the conversation of Leonardo. That his face had any thing to do with her admiration we cannot believe, for he was not one of those Werter-visaged men, with an expression which has been described as "half savage half sad," with whom young maidens are wont to fall in love at first sight, and take their morals upon trust.

Leonardo, on the contrary, was the merriest fellow alive; and his countenance said as much; and if a light conscience, and unvarying health, could make a man merry, he had good right to be so. It may be, however, that this was the very quality which had taken Giulietta's fancy. She had known, even in her

short life, many very miserable wives, who she was informed had very "*sad* husbands," and therefore it is possible that she might prefer a merry one. This, however, is mere conjecture—we wish not to dive into the depths of a young lady's heart; though, perhaps, if we did, we should find some very funny thoughts there. This, however, we do know; that on her arrival at home, she remarked to the Abigail who assisted her to unrobe, that she thought Leonardo worth all the tagged, tasselled, and tinselled coxcombs at the entertainment.

Well; time passed on, as pass it will—whether we waste or value it; and our young collegian studied, and danced, and fiddled, and joked as usual, with but one apprehension in his mind, namely; that he was too merry for a doctor of physic, and that he should assuredly laugh in the face of the most profitable half of his patients, that is, those whose diseases existed only in their own imaginations.

"But," says the word of inspiration, "there is a time to laugh and a time to weep;" and Leonardo could be sad, as all who have kind and generous hearts must often be, in this world of misery and tears. He was sad when, at the bed-side of some humble patient, who could not bribe the attendance of the distinguished men of the profession, he saw that medicine could do no more, and he could no longer bid the weeping wife or the distracted parent be of good cheer. He was sad too—very sad—when he contemplated the ravages of the disease which kills the soul, and witnessed the

agony of the heart which could not pray, save that the mountains and the rocks should fall and "hide him from the wrath of the Lamb."

Leonardo occasionally met Giulietta at public places and private entertainments; and as neither of them had the fashionable accomplishment of keeping the smile at the heart from mounting to the lips, it was discernible enough to a witness of their meeting that the pleasure of it was mutually felt. Doubtless our readers will take for granted that, on all practicable occasions, they squeezed themselves into the recesses of bay windows,—licensed to carry two only—and looked at the moon, and talked in whispers, with innumerable parentheses of sighs, and an occasional application of the gloved finger to the corner of the eye, and other fooleries which the sentimental are wont to enact, to the inconceivable diversion of the bystanders. No such thing: Leonardo never *looked* sentiment, for he felt that it did not fit his cast of countenance; and he never *talked* sentiment, because he knew it to be the most unendurable of all twaddle, except to milk-maids and milliners' misses.

But surely, it will be said, he must have been in love with her by this time. I do not think he was. It is true her bright eyes, and her clustering locks, and her fair brow, and her sweet smile, would sometimes float between his eye and the pages of Paracelsus, and he could not help thinking that the husband of such a girl would be a very lucky fellow; and that if the prize fell to himself he should certainly go mad with de-

light; but when he reflected that all his wealth lay in a futurity of phials and gallipots he would laugh aloud at the absurdity of the thought of such a union.

For several days Leonardo missed "his fair friend," as he sometimes ventured to style her, at "the accustomed place," where the fashion of Padua "most did congregate:" which at first did not particularly excite his surprise, until, not having seen her for a fortnight, he made some inquiries, and heard, with more anxiety than he thought the intelligence would have occasioned him, that she was confined to her room.

It happened one morning, as he was passing through an obscure street in Padua, he felt his garment plucked, and on turning round beheld a stripling, Vinzentio by name, whom he recognised as the page of Giulietta. The youth cast a hasty glance around him to satisfy himself that no other eye than Leonardo's was upon him. "Your pardon, signor," he said in a subdued tone, "but I have that to say, which may not be breathed here, lest a bird should carry the matter; but where may I safely communicate with you at nightfall?"

"In no safer place," was the reply; "than my own room, where you will find me from eight until midnight. Know you the house?"

"Yes, signor, and will wait on you at nine."

"Be it so," said Leonardo; and ere the words died upon his lips, the page darted down a narrow avenue, leaving our student lost in a wilderness of conjecture as to the occasion of the promised visit.

The last stroke of the hour of nine was yet vibrating,

when a gentle tap was given at the door of Leonardo's humble chamber, and the next moment, the page advanced with noiseless step into the room and stood before the student.

The boy's story was briefly to the effect, that, about three weeks previous, Giulietta had been persuaded to remain in the damp air of the evening longer than was warranted by prudence, and the consequence was a somewhat severe cold: that the sister of the marchese her father, who was frequently on a visit at his house, had professed the greatest alarm on the occasion, and insisted upon calling in medical aid, pointing out one Vivaldi, a physician who had settled in Padua some year or two before, and, by the almost miraculous cures he performed, had acquired a reputation which eclipsed that of every practitioner in the city. The page went on to state that this measure was adopted, if not against the remonstrance of the marchese, certainly in opposition to his opinion, inasmuch as he was disposed to regard the indisposition of his daughter as a mere cold which the ordinary remedies, and a few hours' confinement to her chamber would remove.

Accordingly the physician came; looked remarkably grave upon the case, hinted at pulmonary disease, and concluded by stating that if prompt measures were not resorted to, he would not answer for the consequences. Of course he had *carte blanche*;—prescribed, and recommended that a nurse should forthwith be provided—some discreet person whom the young lady's family

would doubtless be able to select. Her aunt, the marchese's sister, named one on the instant, and Giulietta, *nolens volens*, was placed on the permanent sick list. The remedies, however, which were applied by the physician, appeared, in the judgment of the page, to be worse than the disease; for the effects of the first dose were giddiness and loss of sight, and a train of feelings altogether so unusual that if they did not create apprehensions in the breast of the young lady, thoroughly alarmed her faithful servitor.

The page paused for a moment at this part of his narrative, when his auditor remarked, "Well, my young friend, in taking for granted that I feel an interest in a lady whose virtues must recommend her to all who have the honour of her acquaintance, you do me but justice; but to confess the truth, I am at a loss to guess to what your story tends. Vivaldi is a man of unquestionable ability—without a rival in Padua, and your mistress is in good hands."

"I doubt it," responded Vinzentio.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the student with a smile; "then you differ from all the world in your estimate of his talents."

"Nay," rejoined the stripling, "I doubt not his talents, but I fear that they are sometimes applied to kill as well as to cure."

"In the name of all that is horrible," cried Leonardo, "what do you mean?"

"I will tell you," said the page, "because I can trust you with my secret."

"Your confidence is of rapid growth then," was the rejoinder, "for if I mistake not, we have never exchanged so many words before."

"Have you so soon forgotten," asked the other, "the widow's son whom you visited in his sickness and poverty, and rescued him from an early grave, to be the stay of his mother in her distress, which, thanks to my lord the marchese! it has been his good fortune to alleviate."

"And are you," exclaimed the student in surprise, "the little fellow whom I visited in the dark street by the convent?"

"The same," was the answer, "and he lives to thank you as his preserver."

"Nay," responded Leonardo, "thank God, whose humble instrument He was pleased to make me in your restoration. But to your story. Whence arise your horrible suspicions?"

"I will tell you," said the youth. "Giulietta is the marchese's only child, in the event of whose death the vast estates of the family will, at her father's decease, go to the Count Rinaldi his sister's husband, in the right of his wife. Now all the world knows that the count is in such pecuniary embarrassments that he has been driven to exile himself. His wife is an ambitious woman, and *I* know her to be an unprincipled one, though she bears a fair name in the world, and is an especial favourite of her generous and too confiding brother."

"Well," rejoined Leonardo, "you have assigned a

motive to the aunt of the young lady; whether she be actuated by it, 'tis not for me or you to determine; but whence arise your suspicions of Vivaldi?"

"I like not that same Vivaldi," exclaimed the page.

"Nor I either," was the reply, "because he never laughs, and that is a bad sign; but a man may be very disagreeable, and yet not harbour thoughts of murder."

"My mistrust of him," resumed the youth, "arises not so much from one or two somewhat singular deaths which have occurred in families where he has attended,—although they struck me forcibly at the time—as from a look which was exchanged between him and my lady's nurse, and which was not likely to have passed between two persons who professed to meet as entire strangers. They were evidently betrayed into the signal by a forgetfulness of my presence, of which they were no sooner conscious, than Vivaldi turned an eye of scrutinizing inquiry upon my countenance."

"And what read he there?" asked Leonardo.

"As much as he would have gathered from a deal plank or a stone wall," was the dry rejoinder of the stripling.

"Heaven forbid," exclaimed the other, "that your fears should have aught of truth for their foundation! But, tell me, of whom are the drugs purchased which Vivaldi prescribes?"

"Of Grasso, the little apothecary, by the church yonder," was the answer.

"An honest man and a true," remarked the student. "I know him for one who would not put his hand to so dark a deed as that you hint at. But, tell me, who is despatched for the medicines?"

"Myself," replied the page.

"Then, perhaps," resumed his companion, "you can name the ingredients."

"Nay," said the boy, "it passes my humble knowledge to read the cramped scrawl of the learned physician; but there," he added, drawing a paper from his bosom; "read it yourself! I am even now on my way for another supply."

Leonardo eagerly snatched at the paper; but after a glance at its contents, he remarked, "Well! there is nothing here to kill or cure. One would think that Vivaldi, having been called in, deemed he must do something for his fee; and, therefore, has prescribed that which will do neither good nor harm, while he trusts to Nature to work the cure of an unimportant ailment in her own way."

"But are you sure," said the page, "that it is not the mere vehicle—menstruum I think you doctors call it—of some pernicious drug, intended to work the mischief I apprehend?"

"Shrewdly put, my young sir," exclaimed the other; "but now, tell me, into whose hands do you deliver the mixture when it is obtained?"

"To the nurse," was his reply.

"Who, of course, administers it to the patient," resumed Leonardo.

"No," said the boy, "that office, by special arrangement—wherefore, I know not, except for the purpose of implicating me—is reserved for me; and as the potion is not taken until noon, when my lady has quitted her chamber, there would appear to be no reason why I should not perform it."

The student made no immediate rejoinder to this remark, but seemed lost for some moments in profound meditation upon the startling intelligence which had been communicated to him. At last he said, "Reluctant as I am to believe that there are three persons in Padua base and wicked enough to entertain so diabolical a project, I confess there is that in what you have told me which has given me cause for uneasiness, if not for suspicion. Yet what to do in the matter passes my poor judgment to decide. Do you, however, keep your own counsel, until this mystery be further developed, in order to which, do you procure two phials of the mixture this evening; delivering one to the nurse as usual, and secreting the other on your person; and you have much less dexterity than I give you credit for, if, when you are about to perform your office of Æsculapean cupbearer, you cannot exchange the bottles, and, giving your lady the contents of the concealed bottle, secure for me that which had previously been in the custody of the nurse. Will you undertake to do this?"

"That will I," was the answer, "though the eyes of Argus were upon me the while."

The Council of Two adjourned their sitting until the following evening ; and having arranged to meet at the same hour, the page proceeded on his errand to the apothecary, and thence returned to the palace of the marchese, whose anxiety at the situation of his only child it is impossible to describe, aggravated as were his apprehensions by the singular and distressing effects of the potion which had been given the day previous. It was accordingly with the utmost impatience that he waited for the arrival of Vivaldi on the following morning. The learned physician, however, listened to an account of the effects produced by the medicine with great complacency ; assured the marchese that they were precisely those which he expected and desired, and that if the course adopted were persevered in, he should have not the slightest doubt of the result being every thing that he could wish.

During this conference, Vinzentio was waiting in the ante-room of Giulietta's chamber, out of which the nurse followed the physician on his taking leave, probably for the purpose of some communication on the subject of their patient, with which, however, the presence of the page appeared to interfere. The looks exchanged by the worthy pair tended to confirm him in his opinion as to the existence of a confederacy, whether for good or for evil, and he resolved to be more than ever on the alert.

As on the preceding day, Vinzentio was summoned to administer the unwelcome dose to his lovely mistress, in whom he was greatly shocked to perceive an

alteration, which, prepared for it as he was in some manner, he could not have supposed would have occurred in so brief a space. A moment's thought, however, on the important part which he was conscious of playing in the drama—he hoped it would not prove to be a tragedy—restored his self-possession. The duplicate bottle was concealed in his sleeve, and with a nerve and hardihood scarcely to be looked for at his years, but which, nevertheless, was essential to the success of his manœuvre, he effected the exchange at the very moment that he was staring the nurse full in the face. This piece of audacity he subsequently justified by alleging that had he turned from her during the operation, he could not have been sure that it had not been watched, while the attempt at concealment would, in itself, have excited suspicion.

Giulietta turned from the nauseous mixture with a shudder, occasioned by a recollection of the effects of the first she had taken; but encouraged by her favourite page, who ventured to hint that the same consequences might not result, she swallowed the draught, observing, as she did so, that there was a slight difference in the taste, which she thought not quite so disagreeable as that of the former one. This remark was not heard by the nurse, who was engaged at the window of the apartment, and Vinzentio was not sorry that it had escaped her.

Punctually at the hour of nine was our trusty page at the door of Leonardo, to whom he delivered the phial, the contents of which had been intended for his

mistress. The liquor in it was perfectly transparent, and to all appearance in the same state as he had received it from the apothecary. Our student, having extracted the cork, put the bottle to his lips, and then replaced it on the table before him. He then rose, and taking from a cupboard a small mahogany cabinet, of exquisite workmanship and curiously inlaid, he opened it with a key which, suspended round his neck by a ribbon, had been concealed beneath his vest.

"This," said he to the page, "was presented to me by a celebrated German chemist, to whom it lay in my way to render some slight service. It is a valuable collection of what we call technically *tests* and *reagents*, and consists of some very rare and costly drugs."

As he spoke, he took from the cabinet a small bottle, from which he transferred a single drop into the phial already mentioned. He then, with fixed attention, and apparent anxiety, watched the effect for some minutes, but it was scarcely perceptible, the transparency of the liquid remaining undisturbed.

The student shook his head, and resorted again to his cabinet, whence he drew another small bottle containing a powder, of which he took a few grains on the point of his pen-knife, and dropped them into the medicine. The effect of this experiment was not immediately discernible; but after the lapse of perhaps two minutes, the liquor in the phial became slightly clouded—and in the course of another minute its transparency was utterly gone.

A slight ejaculation escaped Leonardo at this stage of the experiment, but he made no remark, continuing to watch the process with intense anxiety as before. Another minute elapsed—probably a shorter space, for time moves heavily while we are looking eagerly for a result—when the opacity of the liquid diminished, and, shortly afterwards, its transparency was restored, with the exception of a whitish sediment, which extended about the sixteenth part of an inch from the bottom of the phial.

"You are right, boy," exclaimed the student at the close of his test; "there is foul play here!"

"And my poor mistress is murdered!" returned the page, with a cry of horror.

"Not yet, at any rate," replied Leonardo; "but if she be not murdered, the failure will not be at the door of Vivaldi."

"I will denounce him instantly to the marchese," said the youth, in an agony of indignation and grief, at the same time seizing his cap.

"You will do no such thing, Vinzentio," responded the student; "because you will bring yourself into the awkward predicament of making a charge which you have no means of substantiating even in *foro conscientiæ*, much less in a court of justice. I see—or I greatly wrong Vivaldi—the game he is playing—which is to destroy life by degrees; so that when death occurs it should seem to be the consequence of disease, and not the result of a conspiracy, which it is hard to conceive even the devils in hell could form

against so fair and amiable a being. The powder which you perceive forms a sediment in that bottle is a deadly poison, and administered even in that minute quantity, would, in the end, as surely destroy life as the pistol or the dagger. Nevertheless, it is sometimes used medicinally; and were you to denounce Vivaldi at this early stage of his plot, he would justify himself upon that ground."

"But in the meantime," inquired Vinzentio somewhat indignantly, "is my poor young lady to be sacrificed to these fiends in the guise of humanity?"

"Not if I can prevent it," replied Leonardo, "as with God's blessing and your help, I yet trust to do. You say she had taken but one dose of this devil's elixir?" he continued.

"But one," was the answer.

"Then the evil ends with the temporary inconvenience to which it subjected her. Nature will soon regain her balance, and our care must be for the future."

Thus speaking he again resorted to his cabinet, and opening another division in it, drew forth a bottle nearly full of a powder, which he remarked, as he displaced the stopper, was as precious as gold; but he added, "Were it my heart's blood, the preservation of that dear girl would consecrate the sacrifice."

He then delivered the bottle to Vinzentio, and with it, taken from a small drawer of the cabinet, a series of very minute silver cups one within another, forming, what is technically called, a nest of measures, of course of different capacity.

"This powder," continued the student, "is in itself perfectly innocent," of which, he added, filling the largest cup with a portion of it, and placing it on his tongue, "be this the proof. It has, however, the quality of counteracting many mineral poisons, and especially that to which Vivaldi has had recourse. Now with the dexterity which enabled you to substitute one phial for another, you will be at no loss to drop a portion of this powder into the cup from which the fair Giulietta takes the draught. The potion will then be as innoxious as that which you administered to her this morning, and thus she will recover in spite of the physician—and that is saying something in most cases, and a great deal in this."

"But which," asked the page, "of all these measures, am I to use?"

"Begin," replied Leonardo, "with the smallest; then use the next, and so on—increasing the quantity every day; for I doubt not that when Vivaldi perceives that his medicine fails of its desired object, he will go on adding to the portion of the pernicious ingredient in each successive dose. Now," asked the student, "can I trust you to do all this?"

"As implicitly," responded the page, "as you would one whose own life depended on his fulfilling your instructions to the letter."

"Then to your work!" said Leonardo; "which may God prosper, and thus shall we foil the conspirators with their own weapons." The duumvirate council then separated.

On the following day the physician repeated his call at the palace, when he was met by the marchese, who, his eyes sparkling with joy the while, announced to him a material improvement in his daughter. Vivaldi, with an expression of satisfaction on his lip, which however was belied by the perplexity of his looks, proceeded to the apartment of Giulietta, whom, greatly to his surprise, if not to his delight, he found in much better spirits, and certainly bearing the appearance of improved bodily health.

The first question propounded by the doctor was whether the last draught had produced effects similar to those which followed the former one; and on being answered by the patient in the negative, a cloud passed over his countenance; and shaking his head, he expressed his disappointment, as well as his fears, that matters were not going on as he could wish."

He took his leave, followed by the nurse into the ante-chamber, where, as usual, was the indefatigable page, looking as stolid and stupid as his naturally handsome and intelligent features would allow him to do. His quick eye, however, was upon them the instant that theirs were removed from him, and he perceived Vivaldi direct a look of inquiry at the nurse, which the latter answered by an affirmative gesture.

Thus matters went on for some time; the doctor becoming every day more and more mystified, and prognosticating the worst consequences from the disappearance of the symptoms which followed the first

draught, and the patient declaring that she did not care a rush for what the doctor said, for she felt that she was every day getting better, and referred to the returning roses on her fair cheeks as evidence of the fact.

Vivaldi said nothing to her, but by way of damping the marchese's exultation on the occasion, hinted at "hectic bloom," as indicative of that disease which he feared, since his remedies failed of their effect, it was past the power of medicine to cure.

In the mean time, the Council of Two met at irregular intervals, when Vinzentio reported progress, and Leonardo analyzed Vivaldi's nostrums, of which the page, by way of caution, occasionally brought him a sample acquired by a repetition of his *ruse*. The investigation in each case bore out the student's prediction, that the proportion of poison would be gradually augmented. The stripling, to whom the sight of Vivaldi, and the harridan his confederate, was an abomination, was impatient to play the game out, as he termed it, and thus bring matters to a crisis, by denouncing the criminals. He was, however, continually restrained by his graver and more cautious companion, who counselled him to wait for an opportunity, which the chapter of accidents would at no distant day afford him, of striking a blow with effect.

Giulietta had borne what she rightly deemed her unnecessary confinement to her apartment for a reasonable, or as some would say unreasonable, period, without a murmur, as well as without any perceptible

diminution of her cheerfulness or good humour. At last, however, she began to grow impatient, to sigh for a canter on her grey palfrey, and for her accustomed drives; and we will not pledge ourselves, that her impatience was not increased by a desire to know whether a certain student of Padua looked as merry —shall we add, as handsome?—as he was wont to be. That she had some curiosity on the subject is to be inferred from the fact of her occasionally putting a careless question on the subject to her page.

Vinzentio, however—it being no part of his policy in the present position of affairs to acknowledge any very close intimacy with the student—displayed a very remarkable, and to her extremely provoking, ignorance of the individual to whom her inquiry referred. "Was he a pale young man, with a snub nose, and red hair?"—"No." "Then, perhaps, it was a pock-marked youth, with thick German lips, and skull to match, who squinted most feloniously, and had a halt in his gait?" "Pshaw! how very stupid."

After a few more such guesses, as wide of the mark as he could cast them, he on a sudden recollected the party alluded to. "Oh, ha!—he remembered now—yes,—he had seen him once or twice lately—thought him not looking quite so well as of yore—studied hard,—no doubt,—poor devils! they were obliged to do so. For his part, he wondered the smell of the lamp did not poison them!"

The page spoke in jest; but, alas! how many are there, whom the necessities of life, not less than the

ardour of genius, condemn to inspire from the midnight lamp that poison which hurries them to an early —and even in the case of the most gifted—to an unremembered grave!

It happened that the scene of the parting conference between the physician and the nurse, had been changed of late from the ante-room of the lady's chamber, to the armoury of the palace, a large apartment, hung round with ancient suits of mail, in which the ancestors of the marchese were wont to earn their laurels. The motive of this removal is of course to be found in a desire to avoid the presence of the page, who was accustomed to take his station in the said ante-room.

"Ursula," said Vivaldi one day as he closed the door of the armoury on their conference—"I cannot account for this; there is a mystery which it passeth my art to fathom. This girl should have been on the verge of the grave by this time; and behold! she is as well as you or I."

"I am sure it is no fault of mine," replied the worthy confederate; "that she is not dead and buried, which that she may soon be I devoutly hope, for mine is a dull office, and albeit none of the safest."

"Pshaw!" remonstrated the other, "who can betray us, except those who are as deep in the matter as ourselves? Are you sure that the powder I gave you was duly administered?"

"I dropped it into every bottle with my own hands," was the reply.

"And saw the girl take it?" pursued the other.

"Every day with my own eyes," said Ursula, "because I would not trust that imp of a page who would have flung it out of the window perhaps to please his minx of a mistress—who, I can tell you, by the way, is growing as impatient as a wild bird in a cage."

"There are others who are as impatient as she is, I trow," remarked Vivaldi drily. "I have just had a pressing letter of inquiry from the marchese's sister, who has thought it better to join her husband during the progress of our experiment, in which she urges me to despatch, but to which I can give no other reply than bidding her feed on hope, an aliment that has well nigh failed myself, for this girl has a constitution of iron. However, I must dally no longer—we must make short work of it—I will to-night provide you with a powder which will relieve you of your tender anxieties in a fortnight. In the mean time you had better peruse this letter, as it contains some instructions for your future guidance."

Having thus spoken, he quitted the apartment, leaving Ursula with the letter in her hand, which she forthwith proceeded to peruse, but was suddenly arrested by hearing her name pronounced solemnly by a voice proceeding from some invisible person in the room. She looked in the direction whence she supposed it to issue, when suddenly a somewhat diminutive figure, armed *cap-a-pie*, stepped down from a pedestal and moved towards her with a stately step.

Ursula remained fixed by terror to the spot. The figure continued to advance; but when within a few yards of the nurse, the lance, by some accident, got between the legs of the warrior, and he came to the ground with a tremendous crash; while his helmet, being loosened by the shock, rolled across the room to the feet of Ursula.

"I thought I should make a mess of it!" exclaimed Vinzentio, for it was he who had thus attempted a touch of the supernatural; "but no matter," he added, picking up his casque, and at the same time the letter which Ursula had dropped in her fright, "it is as well as it is."

"I'll teach you to play off your tricks upon me, mischievous imp," exclaimed the virago recovering her senses, and with them her tongue; "give me back that letter instantly!"

"Nay, I may not do that, for I have a use for it," said the boy, who having divested himself of his iron incumbrances, turned the key in the door, and confronting the nurse, said sternly and solemnly, "Ursula, the designs of you and your confederate have long been no secret to me, as you will perhaps believe when I tell you that it is to my interference you owe their defeat. I wanted, however, the evidence which your conference with Vivaldi has this day afforded me to denounce you to the marchese; and were additional proof of your guilt wanting, I doubt not this letter will supply it. Guilty as you all are, it may be that you are more of a tool in the matter than the rest. There

is the door of the marchese's study; if you think that by an immediate and full confession you can make better terms with him than by awaiting the fiat of a court of justice, the chance is yours. There is but one other path before you, and that leads to the dungeon."

Ursula followed the stripling's advice, and made a full confession of her guilt, accusing the instigator, the marchese's sister, and her accomplice Vivaldi, who was instantly arrested, tried, condemned, and some successful attempts at a similar atrocity having been proved against him, was executed. The marchese's sister was, happily for her, and for his peace of mind, beyond the reach of the law; and Ursula, spared the capital part of the punishment due to her offence, inasmuch as her evidence had been essential to the conviction of Vivaldi, was banished for life.

"And now, my father," said Giulietta when the first bustle of the discovery was over, and they had devoutly given thanks to Heaven for their deliverance, "will you not send for the noble student who has been the instrument of our preservation?"

"No, my daughter," said the marchese, "certainly not—it is our duty to go to him."

Accordingly the student, unconscious of the explosion of the plot, was sitting quietly in his humble chamber, when he heard a tap at the door, which, before he could rise, was thrown open, and he found himself almost smothered in the embrace of two individuals, whom the suddenness of their entrance and the

imperfect light prevented him from immediately recognising. Nor when he did recognise them, was his confusion in any way diminished.

In reply to the thanks with which he was literally overwhelmed, he blushed, stammered out a disclaimer of any merit in the whole affair, and, in short, as he afterwards confessed to Vinzentio, "made a very particular ass of himself."

"Sir," said the marchese, when the ebullition had in some degree subsided, and, the two visitors having appropriated the only chairs in the room, Leonardo had deposited himself on a deal-box, "you have been the instrument of preserving to me a treasure for which I would have gladly sacrificed rank, wealth—all that the world prizes—therefore all that I have is yours."

Leonardo wished it was, because he would have taken his daughter and thrown him back the rest; but he could not say so, and therefore remained silent.

The marchese could not, as the phrase is, fling his daughter at him; but lest the student should suspect him of any reservation in his offer, he continued, "I hear you are of good family, but were yours the lineage of a beggar, you should share alike my fortune and my affections," and turned at the same time an appealing look to his daughter for a confirmation of his sentiments. The young lady, of course, looked extremely bewitching, and acknowledged that "they could never do enough for their benefactor, their more than friend."

Leonardo protested in his turn that he had done nothing whatever to entitle him to their gratitude—

that to spend a life in the service of one so amiable, and so forth, would be a privilege to which the highest noble in the land might aspire.

"Really," said the marchese, who knew the state of his daughter's feelings, and more than guessed at Leonardo's, "we shall spend half the night in beating about the bush in this fashion: You have met Giulietta before—high feelings of honour prevented you from availing yourself of opportunities which a less delicate mind would have eagerly seized—I will save you the trouble of a confession.—You made a confidant of a friend who has betrayed you to me; so now, if you will have my daughter, take her—if not, we must find a husband for her of as nearly the same pattern as may be."

Leonardo was as a man in a dream; and was about to pinch himself by way of ascertaining if he was awake. At last he exclaimed, "Nay, my good lord, now you are jesting with me."

"I was never more in earnest in my life!" exclaimed the marchese; "and as we shall henceforth have but one roof over our heads, we will e'en home at once to supper."

Reader! need I tell the rest? I think not.

WHAT IS MY THOUGHT LIKE?

I'll tell thee what thy thought is like—a little modest flower,
That hath not yet been courted by the breeze or by the shower;
Till its tender petals, one by one, expand in light and bloom,
And earth is gladdened with its smile, and heaven with its perfume.

I'll tell thee what thy thought is like—a far-off forest brook,
That sings unheard, and strays unseen, through many a shady nook;
Till down, at length, with gleam and bound, into the vale below,
It bears a thousand blessings in its bright exulting flow.

Thy thought is like the memory of some vision indistinct,
Of pensive looks, and shadowy forms in faery revel linked;

Till the strange and solemn pageant, in some dreamy
moonlight hour,
Returns upon the soul, in all its mystery and power.

I'll tell thee what thy thought is like — the strain that,
in the lyre,
Lies slumbering with its folded wings, till waked by
touch of fire:
I'll tell thee what thy thought is like — the dew-drop,
ere it's borne
In the lily's trembling chalice to the smiling lip of
morn:

Or like an ocean-treasured gem, a thousand fathoms
low,
Ere blends its kindred lustre with the light from
beauty's brow:
Or like, in summer firmament, a heaven-suspended
shower,
Ere the bridegroom sun hath kissed the cloud, and
claimed the precious dower.

Vain, — vain all fairest images from earth, air, ocean,
brought,
To typify the purity of thy unuttered "thought:"
The hidden flame that trembles on that heart's unsul-
lied shrine,
For its bright emblem must ascend — back to its
Source Divine!

J. C. S.

"OH! NO ONE KNOWS."

I.

"Oh! no one knows"
Where my love goes,
When her spirit has left its dwelling;
When her eyes' soft light
Is quenched in night,
And her bosom is hardly swelling:

II.

When her breath comes slow,
And her blood's rich flow
O'er her cheek has ceased to spread;
And, but for the tone
Of some broken moan,
You might deem that her life had fled.

III.

Does she wander wide
O'er the restless tide
Of the ocean's sparkling bound?
Or beneath the wave,
In the shell-built cave,
Hold her court with the Sea Nymphs round?

IV.

Does she bathe in light,
On the star-crowned height,
While the world lies dark below—
Or, on even wing,
In many a ring,
Round the snowy summit go?

V.

Does she glance and fly
Through the sapphire sky,
With a troop of her angel friends,
In laugh and song
The bright path along
Where the glorious Sun descends?

VI.

Does she guide her car
With the morning-star,
Or visit remoter spheres,
To mix her notes
With their chaunt that floats
Unheard by waking ears?

VII.

Or, in darkling hour,
By the moss-green tower,
Does she mourn with the waning moon;
Or lament in the vale,
With the nightingale,
That the dawn is come too soon?

VIII.

By the lonely flood —
In the pathless wood —
Through the tangled brake and brier —
Does she follow in vain,
With toil and pain,
The marsh-fiend's fleeting fire ?

IX.

In the fathomless deep
Of that death-like sleep
What pearls may lie concealed !
To that rayless eye
In vision nigh
What secrets be revealed !

X.

Oh say does not oft
A whisper soft
From above — from around — below,
Tell the deeply loved and the richly prized,
What, waking, no words can show ?

J. F. W. H.

THE RETURN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PROVOST OF BRUGES," ETC.

Within a hall of princely ornament
A maiden sits; and hourly waits the coming
Of him whose love shall make those splendours hers,
And hail her mistress there;—whose ardent haste,
Fretted by distance and his sovereign's service,
O'erleaps cold ceremony, and with eager prayer
Calls her to meet him here.—The Lord of Varens
Is first in the world's gaze;—the hero, statesman,
The royal favourite, the laurel crowned,
Fresh from the field of glory—and yet here
The Lord of Varens writes himself her slave!
And, as she reads again the burning line,
Pride lights her eye and mantles o'er her cheek,
And swells her woman's breast.—Yet even then,
Even in that glowing moment, pales again
The flushing cheek, and sinks the glance of pride,
As some strange current of unbidden thought
Calls up another love, in gone-by years,

When poor Eugene sat at the young girl's feet;
And, with his thoughtful eye intent on hers,
Asked for no other world, than so to sit
And gaze for ever! — Didst thou sigh, Louise?
Ay, those were days of pure and thrilling joy!
Hand joined to trembling hand, young love's first kiss,
The vow that plighted those two hearts for ever, —
That vow forgotten now! — no, not forgotten —
Witness those trembling lids and that pale cheek!
But he is lost; — he sought, in the hot press
Of the world's struggle, to deserve her hand,
Left his youth's home, and ne'er was heard of more.
Five years she mourned him with a widowed heart,
And then the Lord of Varens, [but once seen
Some two years since, when parting for the wars,
And little noted then,] renewed his suit
By missives sent from foreign lands, which told
How her rare beauty dwelt upon his soul;
Vouching his truth with gifts of wondrous price,
While tidings of his still more wondrous fame
Grew daily louder. — Oh the heart of woman!
Why is it thus? — So strong, so weak a thing,
So exquisite in all, its very faults
Grow fascinations; — like the amber drops
Which straws invade, yet are no blemish then,
But take a charm from being so enshrined! —
The Lord of Varens triumphed; — the scarce seen,
Scarce known except of fame, — his suit was heard,
And all the memory of Eugene forbid
As a past dream. — And now De Varens comes,

And she shall meet him here, to spare some days
Of an ill brooked delay.—— " I am not false—
" Blanche, say I am not !—thou, my childhood's friend,
" Still my companion here—Blanche ! speak to me !—
" Confirm my failing heart !"——But Blanche is mute :
The oft told tale of deep and constant love
Dwells in her breast, and though she will not blame,
She sighs in silence.
" Lady, at the gate
" One from the Lord of Varens seeks your presence."
" Admit him— yet no — stay — 'twere better thus
" I honour one who comes from such a master."
Forth from the hall she passed, and on the steps
Received the messenger ; who with doffed cap
And grave but courteous reverence, stood before her.
He was a man upon whose open brow
Was written " gentleman," — whose mien and dress
Spoke one of trust, well chosen for such errand.—
Silent he stood, while, with averted look,
Blanche turned her from the scene she little loved :
But on Louise his thoughtful, calm, clear eye
Fixed, till her own shrank from its steady gaze ;
And something sinking, trembling at her heart
Oppressed its utterance. At last he spoke :
" Lady, my master, the great Lord of Varens
" Greets you by me, his servant."— At the voice
Her changing colour fled, her eye grew wild,
And from her quivering and parted lips
A struggling breath that seemed an unformed word
Came murmuring forth—It sounded like " Eugene !"—

He marked her not — but added, " With this ring
" He bids me greet the lady of his choice,
" And say, that this, once passed in pledge of love,
" Within its emblematic circle, then
" Two hearts are knit for ever." — " Oh no! no!
" No, not that ring, Eugene! 'twas mine to thee!"
" Lady, forgive my awkward haste — I erred!" —
" No — 'twas no error, 'twas a just reproach,
" And I deserve it — but I thought thee dead,
" I mourned thee, mourned thee truly — yes, for years,
" Until — oh shame, oh shame! — But it is past —
" Go! tell this Lord, Louise mistook her heart;
" It will not be twice perjured. — Say, the love
" He seeks is — yes — enjoy thy triumph — say
" 'Tis thine! — And now, farewell" — The half-spoke
word
Trembled on her white lips, and the quick tears
Would not be hid. — " Louise! my own Louise!
" Dost thou then love me still?" — " Demand the proof!"
" Oh should I bid thee share my humble lot?" —
" I would — I will?" — " Think of De Varens' power!"
" I'll brave it all!" — " The king's command?" — " We'll
fly!
" The world has other lands! — Eugene, with thee
" I will be poor, despised, an exile, all,
" So thou forgive! — Oh can I more atone?"
And then, her maiden modesty at strife
With her full heart, she sank into his arms;
And her pale cheek assumed a paler hue,
And o'er her eyes drooped down the heavy lids,

Until a lovely and unconscious weight
She lay, death's counterfeit. "Look up, Louise!
"Oh I was much to blame — look up and smile!
"It is thine own Eugene — thine own *De Varens!*
"Nay, not so wildly! — see, 'tis only I,
"And I am both, and both are only thine. —
"He whom thou knew'st of old as Lord of Varens,
"A traitor, perished by a traitor's doom.
"His lands and name were given to Eugene,
"And in that name again I wooed Louise,
"As in that name more fitted to deserve her.
"Canst thou forgive my folly? speak to me!"—
She did not speak — but over her fair brow
The crimson spread, and from the brightening eye
Raised to his own, a beam of thrilling joy
Gave the reply. — In his she placed her hand—
Not for the Lord of Varens, but for him,
Her early love, Eugene. — And so it was; —
To fame, and state, and to the gazing world,
He was De Varens still — but for Louise
He had a dearer name; her latest faith,
Still constant to her first, knew but Eugene.

HADJEE MEER MEERZA;

The Lamb with the Lion's Heart.

BY CORNELIUS WEBBE.

Hadjee Meer Meerza—or as he was called among his brother shepherds, from his remarkable gentleness and courage, "The Lamb with the Lion's Heart"—was a simple shepherd, herding his flocks on the beautiful plain which spreads itself along under that famous mountain, Ararat; and a very merry and happy fellow he was, and known and loved, that pastoral country round, for his good-humoured gibes, his imperturbable gentleness, and his stout heart. He was not a native of the district where he fed his flocks, for he was born in the little village of Humamloo, which lies in the valley of the same name, on the boundary of Persia, where it meets the frontier of the gigantic realms of Russia. But, having been hired by old Abdool Allee, (the wealthiest flock-holder of the country-region around Erivan,) in one of his journeys, as his chief shepherd, he quitted his own pleasant valley, and followed his master and his sheep into the plains on the other side of the heights of Aberan, which separated him from his own beloved valley — his own humble home — and

his old widowed mother, who still lived happily in her adopted Humamloo, surrounded by her children and their children—one member of her fold only being a straggler, the merry Meer Meerza. But as she heard from him, and heard that he did well, she was happy to let him live estranged from her, knowing that, when he had enriched himself, he would return, and bless the evening of her life with his affection: for she knew that her favourite son, Meerza, loved nothing so much in the world as his good mother, his rude home, and his brethren.

Having passed three summers in the plains, the shepherd longed again to see his native valley; and, having obtained from the good Abdool permission to depart, the old man, who loved him as his son, loaded him with gifts, and sent him rich away; and away he went upon his journey, rejoicing. One care only lay heavily on his head, but did not weigh upon his heart; for he knew that he would be as welcome at his home in Humamloo, if he brought nothing back but his good spirits and his shepherd's crook, as if he returned with a caravan of wealth which he could call his own. In passing from the plains of Erivan he had to journey over the wild, rocky heights of Aberan—a desolate region which had long been the terror of rich travellers; for it was the haunting-place of the most ferocious of robbers, the terrible Caussim Al Kadjer, who had defied the soldiers of the great Shah Abbas to take him, and therefore mocked at the puny efforts of the peasantry to hunt him down: the country people,

accordingly, gave him up, and let him prey upon whom he listed; for they had grown to think him invulnerable by human hands, and that he bore a charmed life. All that the dwellers did on either side of rocky Aberan was to warn the travellers of whom they had to meet, and how to meet him—if they loved their lives, to let him levy toll, and then they might pass safely. His strength and prowess had spread such a dread of him the country round, that it was believed no single man, nor any number of men, could overmatch him. Hadjee Meer went not away unwarned—but he heeded it nothing. He was told that it was in vain to arm himself, unless he could wield the weapon (with as mighty an arm) of the great hero of Persian story, Roostum Beg himself. That weapon and that arm only could be the safeguard of him who had to contend with a robber of such tiger-like stealthiness, and, when that failed, and he had missed his spring upon his prey, of such terrible strength and unsubduable courage as Caussim Al Kadjer—"The Blood-lover," as he was called. Hadjee Meer laughed, however, when they sought to alarm him; for as he was young, strong, and had some conceit of his good courage, "If he was to be conquered," he said, "it should not be by fear, which slays so many, but by superior prowess." Nothing but being beaten, and that soundly, should convince him that he could be beaten; "And leave me to know when I have had enough of blows to satisfy me that I am beaten," said the stout-hearted shepherd. "A hundred blows, on body and brow, are enough for

me: when I have had them fairly counted down, I give up the bargain, unless a few more will decide it on both sides, and then it is as well to strike on till the affair is settled, and the bargain struck."

It was in a small caravanserai or house of entertainment for travellers, on the Persian side of the heights of Erivan, that Hadjee Meer had halted before he made his ascent. The dealers in cattle, and traders in black lamb and sheep skins, and merchant-adventurers in Cachemere shawls, cloths and stuffs called variously *cussabs*, *aleejahs*, *tafetas*, *kudduks*, *culumcars*, *peerahun shahees* (or king's shirts), carpets of Herat and Ispahan, velvets of Cashan and Tabreez, and other silken, woollen, and linen goods, rested here with him; for it was the day *Jumah*, the Mohammedan sabbath, on which it is not lawful to trade, and, if it can be avoided, to travel. Hadjee Meer was known to many of the merchants, who loved him for his pure simplicity of heart, his honest nature, and unvexable good-humour; and as there are jokers in all countries, and matter for mirth — thank heaven! — all over the face of the earth, the Hadjee's daring journey alone over the hill of Aberan, served their turn, and kept the mouths of the Mohammedans in a roar. Though forty sets of chaps and as many beards wagged at him, and grave Mussulmans rolled over on their carpets in uncontrollable laughter at poor Meer Meerza's foolish bravery, which one of the itinerant story-tellers of the country had taken for his theme, and was setting in all the lights of ludicrousness; and though a brace of

sedately sour moollahs, or priests, and three fakeers, or mendicant fanatics, who sat at opposite corners of the divan, apart from all the travellers, could not smoke their kalleeoons without spitting and sputtering as the jesting went on, in spite of their habitual gravity, poor Meer bore up good-humouredly, laughed as loud as the best, and now and then contributed his joke to swell the uproar to the highest. There was but one voice there which deprecated the unfairness of so much merriment being enjoyed at the sole expense of one. This was a brother shepherd, who knew that Meer Meerza's bravery was no empty boast; and when a cowardly Kermaneze, presuming upon his safety where more than forty beards seemed pitted against one, carried his mockery beyond a jest, by emptying his pipe-ashes into a bowl of *māss*, which Meer Meerza was lapping up, the brother shepherd cried out to the insolent Kerman trader, "Beware, thou mocker, at whose beard thou throwest dirt! The shepherd-boy who has brained a lion in his fold at a blow, and hugged the breath out of a bear, is no plaything for such a scraper-up of dirt as thou art, thou puny reed of a man—thou poor *choubeen!** Beware, I say!" The Kermaneze no sooner heard these things, than, pulling his legs from under him, and rapidly working his heels against the ground, he shuffled off on his haunches, and took sanctuary with the Moollahs: at which proof of his discretion there was a burst of merriment, and afterwards much murmuring of con-

* *Choubeen*, or the stick-like,

tempt. From this moment the jesting turned from Hadjee Meer to the poor shrinking trader: the Hadjee sat respected, finished his *māss* in peace, and, that dispatched, filled up his kalleeoon, and settled comfortably down to a bowl of the lawful *maw-ul-hyat*,* a spirit which the Faithful will drink till they are drunk, because it is not the forbidden—Wine. The sun being now down, and the sabbath ended, enjoyment had its fill, till smoke, and opium, and lusty draughts, and, lastly, sleep came over all the travellers, and, one after another, they sunk into repose, even where they sat squatted on the floor.

At sunrise Meer Meerza waked punctually as a shepherd wakes, and shaking himself up, throwing his wallet on his back, and grasping a sturdy staff to steady his steps in the stony high places, and, if need were, to defend the little store of wealth with which he was travelling to bless his good old mother, he set forward on his day-long, dreary journey. The few who were awake when he departed bade him good cheer, and gave him "the blessing of the Prophet" for his protection. The good-humoured shepherd, laughing at their fears for him, then went his way, as light of heart and of foot as cheerfulness, youth, strength, and a good conscience could render him. And so, during the first five hours of his journey, he trudged merrily along, now breaking the

* "A spirit distilled from vegetable substances, oranges, sugar, &c. which those who love to indulge in such draughts choose to consider lawful (*hullaul*) because it is not *wine*, or distilled from wine. It is a strong aromatic spirit, as intoxicating as any other of the usual proof."—*Fraser*.

silence of the solitude around him with snatches of shepherds' songs; and now pausing for a minute to gaze reverently upon the sun — admire the wildness of the scenery — pick up a mountain-flower — listen to the twittering of the passing birds, and watch their rapid flight.

Thus amused, some hours of the day passed uncounted away, and it was noon ere he felt hungry and weary: for ere he started he had swallowed a score or two of dates, a fruit so strength-sustaining, that many an Eastern traveller will journey on from sunrise to sunset and want no other food. Not so our traveller. He had a shepherd's appetite, which the fresh mountain-air made tiger-keen. He looked around him, therefore, for a sheltered spot where he might rest awhile, and this he found — a nook among the dark-blue rocks which wildly spread the heights of Aberan, near which a little mountain rivulet ran brawling and wrangling with the impeding stones. There, throwing himself on the ground, he opened his well-packed wallet, and rummaged out some coarse but sweet bread, a flasket of goat's milk, and a second flasket, which he had stuffed with the hair of the same dog which had bitten him at the caravanserai. Having eaten heartily, and drunk up his goat's milk, and still feeling thirsty, he laid his lips to the mountain-stream, and drew up a long draught of its delicious waters. "Water is not so sweet as goats' milk, nor so strong as *maw-ul-hyat*," said the shepherd, wiping his mouth upon his rough, coarse *kabba*, or humble

vest, " but it will do very well till they abound." And so saying, he turned to flask the second, and took a qualifying dram.

Cheerful and refreshed, he now resumed his way, and, in another hour, approached the spot which the robber was said most to haunt. It was then, and not till then, that he felt an undefinable dread — not fear, but some feeling next of kin to it — steal gradually over him. " The air of these heights is cold," said Hadjee Meer, " or else the water, which I drank too freely, has chilled me, for I feel as if winter searched my poor *kabba* through;" and he shivered, and muttered " *La-illah-he-il-ullah !*" Poor Hadjee! the dread of danger, which makes cowards of the strong at heart, who yet, when danger comes, can meet it firmly, had got fast hold upon his fancy, and made his strength to tremble and his warm blood to turn water-cold. Suspense is ever more terrible than certainty. He halted a few moments, and looked around him; and, far as the eye could reach, no living thing — not even a wild bird — appeared, distant or near. Loneliness itself is an inspirer of dread; and when the expectation of some danger is added, the heart may well shrink, if it do not faint. Again he set forward, singing a shepherd's song as he went; his song was, however, often interrupted by serious pauses of rumination: but these gave place, at last, to his old natural cheerfulness and stoutness of heart, and his singing was as loud and as light as ever. Thoughts of the robber, however, still haunted him, and recurred the

more seriously the higher he mounted the steep path which wound over the hills. "This goat-path is precipitous," murmured he, breathing laboriously, "and might put the stoutest lungs at a goat's gallop!"—and he halted again, to recover his breath. He still deceived himself: it was apprehension, and not the steepness of the path, which made him pant and respire so irregularly.

And now he had reached the rugged head of that hill which he had so often gazed upon with wonder at the home-door of his childhood; and being weary with the toilsome ascent, he flung himself on the ground, and once more unbuckling his wallet, drew forth a second dole of bread, swallowed it with ravenous hunger, and washed it down with a long draught at flask the second. Home being now in sight, and his body refreshed, his spirits mounted up as high again as they were low; and he laughed and was merry when he turned his eyes towards the beloved valley of Humamloo. His dread was gone: so, springing upon his feet, he set forward on his descent, and wantonly amused himself, as he went almost headlong down the heights, by striking with his staff at every stone and sturdy shrub which came in his way, till one-half of it was shivered into splinters; and as often as he struck a more than common blow he cried "By the beard of my father, thus would I beat Caussim Al Kadjer!"

He had now entered upon a dreary path, overhung with lofty pines, which darkened the ground with their

thick masses of dusky foliage, and threw a solemn, shadowy dreariness around. Huge rounded pebbles made his steps uncertain, and giving way as he trod upon them, sometimes threw him down, to the bruising of many a bone. Gigantic blocks of porphyry jutted overhead, or lay disorderly around, looking like the vast remains of some old mountain-altar of the Fire-Worshippers. It was a wild and melancholy scene, and he felt its awfulness creep over him. Again he rallied, and again plied his staff on the right hand and on the left, till, just as he was about half-spent with his sport, at one blow so great a portion of it was broken off, that he had but three strong feet of it left in his hand. Half vexed at his folly in thus disarming himself, he struck at a huge stone in humorous spite, and again cried loudly, "And thus would I beat the bones of Caussim Al Kadjer!"

A giant figure, which looked black as a sable bear, in the darkness made by the sycamores, started up instantly from behind the block of stone, and with a growl, which sounded more like that of a beast than the voice of man, cried "Wouldest thou?"

"Even as I said," answered Meer Meerza briskly, and not at all startled by the sudden interposition; but when he lifted his eyes, and beheld who it was that had spoken, his hand clutched convulsively the poor fragment of his staff, and he felt that now he had need of the original whole, and another weapon to boot, to stand up for him. For a moment he quailed, and in the next he felt assured; for the danger he had dreaded

stood before him, and he had not to meet it — it was there; and he made up his mind, and strung up his strong sinews to meet it like the shepherd who among shepherds was known as "The Lion-hearted Lamb."

"I take not so much beating as thou hast valiantly bestowed upon my stock and stone representatives," said Al Kadjer, with a surly sort of humour.

"*Bismillah!* Art thou to say how much? I never give less when I bestow a cudgelling," said the shepherd. "If thou wilt not have all, have none, in the name of the Prophet!"

"How, then, shall we agree? I am unwilling to take so much, and thou art unwilling to give less: say we shall decide it thus. I will take as many blows as thou canst give me, and thou shalt take two of mine in return. Is it a bargain? If so, let us fall to, and do thou keep the reckoning. Come, I will begin! Score thou one!"—And saying this, the robber set upon Hadjee Meer with a staff six feet in length, and of a thickness which made him wince to look at it. He parried the blow, however, which else would have laid him sprawling; and a second was coming, when he leaped aside, and exclaimed, "Caussim Al Kadjer!—for thou art he, and none other — giant as thou art, and terrible as thou art to men, had I but a weapon such as thine, I would make thee to keep the reckoning on *thy* bones! But look at my staff — it is a straw!"

"Ho! sayest thou so? None shall report of Al Kadjer that he took a fair antagonist at a vantage! Here, take my staff," and he threw it to the shepherd;

"for I have its brother; and, should these fail, deadlier weapons to wind up the quarrel!" — and stooping behind a block of stone, he produced a staff in all respects like to the other.

Hadjee Meerza unstrapped his wallet, deposited it behind a pine, and, being now fairly armed, he shifted his ground, and chose an open spot, where the stems of the trees were so far apart that his staff might fly freely round his head; and, planting his foot firmly, awaited the assault. The next hit was again the robber's, and had the shepherd failed to ward it off, he would have bitten the dust. He then put in a blow; but, as his foot slipped in delivering it, it fell so feebly, that Caussim smiled in scorn at such boy's play, and said "We are not a match, shepherd, for thou strikest wearily!"

"Sooth to say," replied Meer Meerza, "I am weary, for I have journeyed so far, and flung so much of my strength away upon stock and stone Al Kadjers, that, now I have to deal with Al Kadjer himself, I am but as a child!"

"By the sacred mouth of the Prophet, that is honest! I will not take advantage of thy weariness," cried Al Kadjer. "Take it, if thou canst," cried the Hadjee, put on his mettle. "Thou dost not fear me, then?" demanded Caussim. "I fear nothing that wears a beard," replied Meerza.

Hearing this confidence, the robber gazed at his young antagonist, and having surveyed him from head to foot, and duly considered his bodily capabilities, he said,

"What art thou?" "A shepherd in Erivan." "Art honest?" "I trust I am. I never yet stole a lamb from a neighbouring shepherd's fold!" "Ah, a glorious robber was spoiled when thou wert made a simple keeper of sheep!" cried Al Kadjer. Meer Meerza laughed, and said, "Haply; but who shall murmur at his fate? Not I. I am content to be honest and right of heart." "Thy name?" "Meer Meerza, youngest son of old Allee Meerza, now with the dead, of the valley of Humamloo!" "*Bismillah!* What, and art thou indeed a son of the double-jointed iron-master of the valley?" "No other man's son. My mother said so, and my father believed her; for, as she ever respected the Prophet, she spake the words of truth." "Allee Meerza saidst thou? Do I live? He *was* a man! Bismillah! We have no men like him in these latter days! His hand was a smith's hammer! Sacred be the dust upon his grave!" "Thou knewest my father, then?" "By the Prophet, yea! Allee Meerza was indeed a man! He *could* handle sword, spear, or staff! Ere I took up this trade, he broke two of my bones in a caravanserai quarrel." "I inherit his bones," said the Hadjee, with a significant laugh. "Sacred be his memory!" cried the robber. "And thou art journeying to thy home? And what now may that wallet of thine contain?" "Some twenty tomauns, sooth to say, which I am carrying as a tribute of piety to my poor mother, with half-a-dozen black lamb-skins, and four kid-skins, for her winter comforting." "A pious son!" cried the robber, and he sighed heavily. The

shepherd started at hearing a sigh from such a bosom! Caussim, after a struggle with his conscience, added, "By the head of my father, I reverence thee! Thou art a brave, and good, and pious son of double-jointed Allee! And to show thee how I love thee——" —and he was silent for a time as if his better nature was contending with his rapacious habits, "——give me a tenth portion of thy store, as tribute, and go thy ways." "Not I!" cried the Hadjee. "What thou seekest to have, thou must take it in despite of this strong arm, and this good staff!" "Bravely said!" cried Caussim; "I love thee more and more! The poor wretches I have battled with hitherto were half beaten before a blow was struck on either side; but thou——come, thou shalt sup with me, and drink with me; and after that, if we must fight, we will fight fairly, like friends. The wager shall be for two tomauns. If I win, thou shalt count them down: if I lose, I will pay thee down the same. Follow me!"

"Have I looked upon the tomb of the Prophet, and polluted and blinded mine eyes since," demanded the Hadjee, "that thou thinkest to lure me into such a pitfall?" "True, men of my calling," said the robber, "are to be doubted; but I mean thee fairly." "Well, then, a match be it; but, look thou, no tricks when I have laid down my staff!" said Meer Meerza. "Ah, if thou still doubtest me, take both weapons into thine hands," and he threw his second staff to the shepherd: "And now, behold, I am unarmed!" "Well," said the Hadjee, "for a robber, that looks honest! I will

trust in thee!" "Follow me, then," commanded Caussim, and the shepherd did, undoubting.

He led him but a little way, when, coming to a rocky recess, he entered it, while Meer Meerza loitered at the door, and immediately he handed out abundance of fruits, a plentiful portion of recently-roasted kid, and, lastly, a couple of flaskets of the unforbidden *maw-ul-hyat*. These he afterwards spread upon the ground, and invited the Hadjee to fall to. He did not require twice bidding, for he looked as ravenously on these dainties as if his eyes had an appetite independent of his stomach. The shepherd was about to fill his mouth, when the robber, to his atonishment, interrupted him by crying "Give Allah and the Prophet thanks, my son, before thou eatest, for these their mercies!" "Why, thou presumptuous hypocrite!" cried the Hadjee: "Darest thou give thanks to Allah and his Prophet for these good things, which thou hast violently taken, haply from the poor, with blows and blood? Dost thank Allah that thou art a villain—the Prophet, that thou art powerful to shed blood? I dare not be so wickedly profane. I shall thank no giver of this food but he from whom it was forced away." Al Kadjer knit his dark brows — as the shepherd sternly kept his eyes upon him, he seemed to blush — and sullenly he sat reproved. From that moment the robber was morally conquered. The shepherd now fell to; and, after a time, Al Kadjer shook off his uneasy thoughts, and began to eat, in silence. "Excellent kid-flesh, by the holy mouth of the Prophet! Who

caters for thee?" cried the Hadjee, smacking his lips at the first mouthful, and then cramming in lump after lump, large enough to have choked a man with moderate dimensions of throat. "Who caters for me? Those who fear me, feed me." "Then, by the bowels of the sacred camel, it is better to be feared than loved. And this flasket — by the lips of an honest man, you robbers of men—" "What!" cried Caussim: "wouldest thou stone my dog at mine own door?" "Well, then, you shepherds of men — have better notions of the luxuries of life than we poor dwellers of the valley, when we dream of them, and know no more of their sweet sinfulness. I am a shepherd and kidherd, too; but muttons and kids are dainties too delicate for my mean mouth: my masters know what kids and muttons are, and it is my business to see that they get them in good condition and in due season; but as for me — *Bismillah!* who am I, that I should have a mouth?" "Rob, then, as I do!" counselled Al Kadjer. "Yea; become a lion, and ravage flocks and folds, to have every man's hand against me? Nay, by the Prophet, nay!" cried the simple shepherd. "Every man's hand, as thou knowest, has been uplifted against me, and, thou seest, has done me little mischief hitherto. When they have lifted *their* right arm, *mine* was always raised at the same moment, and fell the heaviest," vauntingly cried Al Kadjer. "That was yesterday: to-day, or to-morrow, a mightier arm may be lifted up against thee, and what then?" quoth the shepherd. "Why, I have lived to-day, and many yesterdays!"

exulted the robber: "What more wilt thou have lived when thy flocks are folded by another shepherd?" "I shall have lived well," said the shepherd, humbly. "Tush!" cried Al Kadjer, angrily. "Good *Moollah* [or priest] Meer Meerza," he added, with a sneer, "thou dost not drink!" "But I will, and that thirstily!" said the Hadjee, smiling at his sarcasm: "Here's to thy beard! The grace of the Prophet fall on it like a fragrant oil!" And he bowed to his rude host, and drank.

And so for some time the antagonists sat beard to beard, chatting and chinking flaskets together. The Hadjee, as merry as a bird, talked till he laughed, and laughed till he crowed; but he failed not to observe that the higher his good-humour mounted, the more grave and serious grew the robber. Al Kadjer, in his turn, regarded the happy face of Meer Meerza, while it brightened up with mirth, as if he had not seen such an expression of cheerfulness and inward peace for many a moon. He had been accustomed to see faces agitated with fear, resentment, and abhorrence: the sight of a face looking happy and unfearing in his presence was new to him; and the Hadjee sometimes paused in his mirth to read the troubled thoughts in his, written as plainly as holy texts in the leaves of the sacred Koran. But these ineffectual glimpses of his better nature soon vanished, and all was darkness in his countenance; and again he read in his brow that, notwithstanding his unusual sociality, the robber was a robber still, and meant not to forego his prize, if

he might win it. He again returned to his old demand of a tenth of all he had; but the stout shepherd would not hear of it for a moment. "Was my father a worm," cried he, "that thou thinkest to tread upon me so easily? No—a bargain is a bargain. One of us twain is to lose two tomauns—I care not which: so, as the day declines, the sooner we decide it the better." "Well, even as thou wilt!" said Al Kadjer: "I am in a good-humour this day, or thou wouldest not have thy will thus frowardly. I honour thy father, and I respect thy courage, Hadjee! Some wealthy coward shall reward my moderation to-morrow."

Thus saying, the old robber arose from the ground, and the shepherd leaped up also, as nimbly as an antelope. "Is it to be the old weapon?" asked the former. The Hadjee nodded assent. "Well," added the old man, "I'll humour thee. This has been a white day with me, for I have done no evil work in it; and I care not if I finish it in sport. Take thy ground! And now thy guard, good Hadjee!" The shepherd lacked not his reminding: he was on his guard, as his antagonist soon discovered, to his cost; for, after some little show of feigning, he dealt him such a blow above the eyes as laid him on the ground. "Thanks to thy kid and the unforbidden, that hit is worth a tomaun!" cried Meer Meerza, exultingly. But when he observed, after many moments had elapsed, that Al Kadjer stirred not a limb, the conqueror became alarmed, and feared that he had killed him. At length the robber opened his eyes, and looking up at the

shepherd, who was bending over him with almost the tenderness of a son expressed in his good countenance, he said feebly, and kindly too, "Hadjee, thou hast vanquished me! Never man till now hath made old Caussim Al Kadjer to bite the dust! Thou hast; but let it not be known on either hand of these hills, of which I have been the terror; for when the common herd shall hear that I am vulnerable, there will be a thousand sparrows pecking at the old eagle." "Ah, now do I pity thee!" cried Meer Meerza. "But fear not. I promise thee, by the true lips of my mother, that none shall hear of thy discomfiture! We met as foes — shall we part as friends? Such friends as an honest shepherd should be with a——but I will not fling a stone at thee now that thou art hurt! I could go without thy leave; but I will not quit thee till thou sayest 'Go, my son!' Thou art stunned, not wounded: let me lead thee to thy safe hiding-hole, and then leave thee! For look, the sun is down; and the star that hovered over the hut of my father when I was born shines on it now, and bids me welcome home! Give me thy hand in kindness. Should we meet again, shall we meet as friends?" "Ay, for a thousand moons!" exclaimed the robber; and he trembled when the earnest youth snatched at his hand, and pressed it warmly: for now did he feel how inferior his prowess had been; — that it had been the daring of a brutalized man—not the unflinching bravery, born of a good conscience, and a heart strong in honesty. Awed and trembling, with glittering eyes he looked into the face

of the young shepherd, and said, "Meer Meerza, my son, thou hast the gentle looks of a lamb, but the heart of a strong lion! I am the dust at thy feet! Go thy ways! Let thy shadow bless thy mother's door! Let the light of thy countenance gladden her eyes! Let thy comeliness bring back thy father to her heart! Let thy goodness satisfy her! Would that I had had such a father! Would that I had such a mother! Would that I had such a son! I have no one who will keep my lamp lit when I am in the grave! Go, and leave me! The blessing of the Prophet go with thee!" And he covered his face with his hands.

"The Prophet be with thee!" piously ejaculated the simple youth; and he moved to depart. "Stay, my son!" cried Al Kadjer: "Take thy two tomauns, which thou hast fairly won; and may they turn to thousands!" "I will not touch them," said the shepherd. "I will not gather up fallen fruit which the serpent has licked over," *thought* he, for he would not speak it, but spared the humbled man. He would have stayed to cheer him, but thoughts of one who was more entitled to his tenderness came upon him, and once more he moved to depart; but ere he went away, he looked compassionately on the miserable man, still struggling in his soul with sin, repentance, pride, and shame. "The darkness thickens," said the shepherd: "Lend me thy staff, to feel out my path among these ruinous rocks and stumbling-blocks of stone." "Take it, my son, and leave me!" And the old man rose, and, embracing him, turned heavily away. The Hadjee looked

after him, and saw that he had reached his hiding-place: then snatching up his wallet, he bounded downwards, leaping the craggy places like a kid at play; and soon he disappeared in the thick-coming darkness, which rapidly rolled up the heights like a black fog, while night and silence brooded over his beloved native valley beyond.

"I have been a thriving ruffian, and the terror of my fellow-men — would that I were that simple shepherd!" groaned Al Kadjer, as he slunk into the corner of his lonely lair on the desolate hills.

Seven days thereafter Hadjee Meer Meerza returned by the same way, and sought to meet his robber-friend; but he was nowhere to be seen. He sought him everywhere, and sought in vain. Guided by finding his broken staff on the ground where he had left it, he wound his way among the shivered rocks, and threaded through the tall ferns, rude hawthorns, and lofty sycamores, till he at length discovered the haunt of the old robber, and trembling lest he should find him dead, glanced hurriedly into the dark cavern, like a sepulchre with the entrance-stone removed. He was not there! He was turning away from the spot when a table-rock, with marks on it of recent inscription, met his eyes. He hastily read the lines, which ran thus: — "*Ashamed of his outlaw's life,* Caussim Al Kadjer *forsakes it for ever; and in some distant region of this land will, with the blessing of the Holy Prophet, expiate, by days and nights of contrition, his long career of crime and cruelty. Pray for the peace*

of his spirit, all good Moslemin! Pray for him, HADJEE MEER MEERZA, *the Lamb with the Lion's Heart!"*

"There is but one God! Blessed be the Name of his Prophet!" cried Hadjee Meer Meerza, as he descended the solitary heights of Aberan, and looked with tearful eyes upon the pleasant plains of Erivan.

JOHN BUNYAN.

BY T. MILLER.

A DREAMY land, John Bunyan, that of thine,
So summer-bright, enchanted, and so wild!
Its gloom and grandeur charmed me when a child;
And even now these sober eyes of mine
Oft see the armour of the archers shine,
Where Beelzebub his castle-walls up-piled:
Over thy pages I have wept and smiled,
Unconscious then the story was Divine.
Wondrous old man! while leaning on thy gun,
Keeping a watch through England's bloody wars,
Thy kindled eyes fixed on the sinking sun,
Or gazing on the moon and silent stars,
Cromwell may have heard thee, murmuring like a river,
"Making thy book," a book to live for ever.

AN OLD CLERGYMAN'S TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PROVOST OF BRUGES," ETC.

How many a man, when standing by the side of a running stream, has moralized over its bubbles and its straws, hurrying on from the unknown source to the unknown bourne of their existence, and has fancied himself a detached spectator of the great current of the world; smiling, with a self-complacent philosophy, at the bustling atoms that rise and fall and jostle each other in their brawling course. Yes, such indeed is life; but where is he who can stand on the bank, and, firmly fixed in his own station, watch as a spectator only, the onward rolling stream?—None in reality; for that stream is Time, and it envelopes all; few in imagination—for most of us cling to some of our fellow straws, and, satisfied with these, jog on our course,—taking little note of what lies beyond the sphere of our own tiny attraction. Of those independent few, however, may, I think, be reckoned as chief the country clergyman. A bachelor, and in the same spot at seventy-five in which I was placed at five-and-twenty, I have seen every thing change around me, yet all appears the same within. My house was an old house

when I entered it,—it is only an old one still;—my servants—I forgot when or how I got them, but I should as soon think of looking out for a new leg or a new arm as of changing either man or maid;—and, for myself,—I was a hearty, healthy man fifty years ago; I am a hearty, healthy man still. To be sure the hair is white that was black, but if I did not look in the glass I should never know it; but my church,—a blessing on its antique walls!—has not a wrinkle more than when I first entered it; and my pulpit and I are such equal fixtures, that I flatter myself it is now impossible to disassociate the two. Yes, here is my vantage ground; this is the bank from which I look down on the shifting scene below; I and the old pews alone appear to retain our identity;—but oh! in their occupants what a changeful scene do I find presented to me! The same that I have christened at the font I have seen take their places in the pew, proud of the permission to come to church, all new clothes and good behaviour. I have watched them growing up; I have met them smiling and blushing at the altar, and the rogues have employed me to perform the same offices for theirs that I had before done for themselves; and now I sometimes look at their grizzled heads, and sigh at the thought that I shall shortly have to lay my kind friends in the dust, forgetful, for a moment, that in all human probability it is they who will have that office to perform for me! Well, I think they will give the old man a tear—and there is a pleasure in that!

Many a tale, with little of the romance but much of

the sweetness or bitterness of life, might be gleaned from the changing phases of those humble pews—from the accustomed seat left vacant, the smooth brow wrinkled by cares, the healthy cheek paled by sickness, or the long absent returned, with the smile of congratulation and the tear of thankfulness; and I will venture on one of them, which interested me much, and will be remembered long by those who watched its progress as I did.

When I was yet a young man, there came to settle among us a gentleman and his wife, respecting whom the restless curiosity of an idle village puzzled itself, I remember, long in vain. Their connexions and their means were equally beyond our discovery. The latter appeared sufficiently ample for the maintenance of a genteel, almost an elegant style of living; but it was all to themselves;—while, for the former, they seemed absolutely alone in the world. The post never brought them a letter nor the coach a visitor, nor did the year in its whole circuit ever find them a day absent from their retired cottage. True, on their first arrival they received all those calls which hospitality, politeness, or curiosity considers the stranger's due; but the visits were met with a well-bred coldness, and their return evaded with a skilful diplomacy that set perseverance at defiance; so at last they were let alone, and I fear disliked by their neighbours, though no other cause could have been assigned for their unpopularity but their seclusion. Yet so it is—man was not made to live alone, and, if he attempt it, the pride of his rejected

fellows severely resents his monopoly of himself. However, all this is from the purpose. Mr. and Mrs. Baxendale had two children—the one a boy of about seven years old, the other a little girl of perhaps five. They were fine healthy children, but the family characteristic was strong in them already. If by any chance you met and spoke to them they stared coldly in your face with their deep blue eyes, and answered in monosyllables. It was really a provoking family!

One day a servant was despatched for the most celebrated medical man in our neighbourhood, who returned with him and made regular visits for some days; when the shutters of the cottage were closed, the church bell tolled, and Mrs. Baxendale was consigned, not to the tomb of her fathers, but to an unostentatious grave in the loneliest corner of our lonely churchyard—a stranger among strangers.

The sudden bereavement of the reserved recluse seemed in a moment to thaw all the unkindly feeling which had before attached to him, and many a visit, suggested I would hope by a better feeling than the demands of etiquette, was paid to the widower. He received their common-place civilities with equally common-place propriety; his manner, though mournful, was collected and calm. He thanked his visitors for their kindness, and politely bowed them to the door. His heart, whatever filled it, refused to yield its store into strange hands. If he grieved, it was as he had lived—to himself.

Emboldened by my office (for I was then a young

man, and myself of rather a shy nature) I gently hinted to him the consolations religion offers the bereaved. He took my hand, and smiling with more of kindness than I had ever seen him display, said, "My dear sir, do not mistake me, nor think me ignorant of that highest, that only source of comfort. What should I be, what should I have been without that? Yes—I shall go to her, but she will not return to me!"—his eyes filled and his throat seemed swelling, when suddenly, as if conscious of a weakness, he became as calm, and to all appearance as cold as ever; and added—"These things, sir, are best alone. I have been from circumstances, and perhaps from inclination, a retired man; and the present is scarcely the occasion for overturning the habits of a life. Do not think me rude or unthankful—at a future period I shall be happy in your acquaintance." At this moment the door opened, and the two children silently entered the room. He turned his head away from them, but without any change of countenance; and I, compelled to feel myself an intruder, took my leave. The door had scarcely closed on me when a voice of deep woe reached my ear. It was the wild, the uncontrollable burst of a father's agony over his orphan children. I hurried on—I could not but feel, with himself, that such sorrows are indeed too sacred for a stranger's ear.

A week passed, and the funeral was over, the cottage shutters again unclosed, the bright summer sun shining, the flowers blowing, and the birds singing round the house, as gay, I had almost said as heartless, as though that lost one had never been. There is a strange self-

ishness in sorrow, that would have all nature grieve with us; and almost resents the want of sympathy in the skies and the earth as they smile and bloom around us, regardless whether we, the proud lords of creation, dance upon or sleep under the sod. Nor is inanimate nature alone thus forgetful of our consequence; see our own blood, our children, they for whom we, in the full devotion of our love, have thought, planned, watched, lived,—how soon "their wounded spirits close again" and not even a scar remains;—else why that merry laugh, as those two now trip and fall upon the turf while the unsteady butterfly escapes, as light, as reckless as themselves. Oh wise and merciful provision! But for this how many a young heart would be wasted ere it had yet rejoiced in the day. But the gale that scatters the leaves of the full blown flower, spares the young bud, unharmed in its green casing, and fitted still for all the ends of its creation.

But with the bereaved widower the case was far otherwise. He showed indeed no signs of violent grief —but it was a painful sight to watch him in his silent walks, and to trace the prints of his consuming sorrow daily deepening in his hollow cheeks and attenuated form. There is an awful feeling, even to a stranger, in looking on one on whom the hand of death is visibly laid, yet who still moves and talks among his fellow-men—the life, the mind, the actions, all still like their own; but the weak body bearing on it the seal of its early doom. I have stood and gazed on such with a strange mysterious awe, to think that while I and those

around me were counting on unlimited years of health and joy, those moving limbs, those speaking lips, those intelligent eyes, must, ere another month, be stirless in the grave, the pasture ground of the worm; and that the soul which now directed and informed them all, and which so freely communicated with my own, should in so short a time raise the dark curtain of the future, and with all its hopes or its doubts, its faith or its scepticism, pass into the tremendous knowledge of the secrets beyond the tomb.

Within two months Mr. Baxendale rested by the side of his wife. A stranger who had arrived just before his decease, superintended the funeral, settled every account with scrupulous propriety, placed the children at a school in the immediate neighbourhood, and then departed to whence he came, leaving our village gossips in as much darkness as he had found them.

He was a plain methodical man of business; he might be a lawyer, a merchant, or a tradesman;—a man I doubt not of much honour, but, I could not help thinking, of no heart. He appeared to see nothing to call for peculiar sympathy in the young orphans, but quietly disposed of them to the best advantage, as though they had been an estate or a consignment committed to his charge; and then departed with the pleasing conviction that he had done his duty;—but for my own part, I could not help feeling that if this was their nearest friend, the poor little pair were indeed alone in a reckless world.

This made me watch the young orphans with peculiar interest; and I confess I felt almost vexed (for I was young then) to learn that they were merely very quiet good children, but with no particular sentimental consciousness of their isolated situation,—no romantic clinging to each other, as I in my folly had anticipated, investing them with all the keen sensibilities of maturer years, and forgetting how incapable childhood is of estimating that deepest of losses, the loss of parents, or of comprehending those artificial links of society by which the novice entering on life is bound to the mass, and failing which at his outset, he stands a considerable chance of floating detached down the stream to the end of his existence. But my young friends knew nothing of this. They found the little world of their school sufficient for them, and forgetful that they were not to remain there for ever (as, by the way often happens in a greater world,) they played with their schoolfellows and quarrelled with each other as brothers and sisters have done, I suppose, ever since the world began. Yet on the whole, as the single-hearted master and mistress said, there was very little fault to find with them; they were very quiet, amiable children, and their bills were most regularly paid.

Things went on thus for some months, when little Mary was attacked by a severe illness, which in a few days became dangerous. The word danger—the thought of his little sister too dying, appeared at once to strike a new sense through her brother's mind. He hurried, pale and trembling, to her bedside, from which nothing

could now detach him. He sat by her for hours with her burning hand in his; he brought her all the play-things, all the pictures he could collect, in the vain hope of giving her amusement; and bore without a murmur all the fractious impatience of childish illness. His little sister! oh his little sister! was all that his heart, bursting with its grief, could utter, as he clung round the doctor with a vague feeling that that mysterious man held the phials of life and death. This continued for three days, when the crisis arrived, the disorder took a favourable turn, and Mary recovered with rapidity, and greatly owing, as they both firmly believed, to the excellent nursing of her brother.

The illness passed, but its effect on their young minds influenced all the rest of their lives. From that hour a new well of feeling was opened in the heart of each, whose pure waters flowed unceasingly for ever after. It was scarcely credible, the entire, the devoted affection of those young children. From that hour they sought no other companions; they were all in all to each other; and as they were seen hand in hand in their solitary walks, never so happy as when alone, the old wives shook their heads and predicted them an early death—but in this I rejoice to say the ladies were for once quite mistaken.

All this may appear exaggerated, unnatural, nay worse, at variance with what I myself said just above. I admit it, I cannot help it, I can only reply, it is strictly true. That odd mixture, the human mind, is strangely constituted from its very beginning; and children

peculiarly sympathize with the lot of those of their own age. On a child, the death of a child of its acquaintance will often produce a greater impression than would the sweeping off of half the full grown human race.

I must now pass over many years, during a great portion of which I lost sight of my young friends. At about fourteen they were removed to superior schools, not so much for their education, I believe, as because their guardian was obliged to do something with them till they should be of age and off his hands; when, as they would have about three hundred a-year each, they would not be compelled to earn a subsistence; and therefore he judged that to put either of them into an active course of life would only be giving himself an unnecessary trouble, which was not in his bond. Besides, Henry showed little inclination to business pursuits, but was of a dreamy, perhaps indolent temperament, much given to his books, and to quiet in-door amusement.

In the mean time Mr. Baxendale's cottage, after having had two or three successive occupants, was again to let; when one day I was informed, and to my great pleasure, that it had been taken by my little orphan pair, as I still presisted in calling them, but whom I should have had great difficulty in recognising in the elegant young man and woman who presented themselves to claim a renewal of my friendship. I felt really delighted, flattered,—and I augured well of their hearts from their seizing the first moment of

liberty to fly to their early home and all its old recollections. Perhaps too I felt my own vanity a little gratified to find that their old friend was still so warmly remembered. I loved them with all my heart, which sprang to meet them at the first words of greeting, and held them fast for ever after. Henry was now a tall and rather thin and pale young man, with a gravity of demeanour, which gave him the appearance of some years more of age than he possessed ;—but Mary, my sweet Mary — how shall I describe her? I never thought whether she was short or tall—I could not tell the colour of her eyes, nor of her hair, nor whether there was one perfect feature in her face ;—but that face appeared to me as a beautiful soul made visible, a tangible impersonation of gentleness and love ; so hallowed in its peaceful maiden purity, it looked even too holy for an earthly passion ; and proud as well as tender was her brother's look, as he asked me what I thought of his little Mary.

From that day a new spirit was shed over the cottage. Elegance, peace, and happiness inscribed it as their temple. Not fond of society, yet not repelling it as their parents had done, they rejoiced in their chosen few, and were esteemed by all. Alas ! how long should this continue? Should that universal weed (forgive a bachelor's bluntness)—should Love never spring up in the garden of those young hearts, overshadowing all their present flowers, and absorbing in its craving growth all the dews and moisture that now fed so many sweet blossoms? Should those two be always thus sufficient

for each other—always so peaceful—always so happy? I did not like to think on the subject.

As I had anticipated, lovers soon came; and many of them, in the language of the world, perfectly unexceptionable. For my own part I could not think that the world contained a man worthy of Mary. However, all were rejected—kindly, calmly, but decidedly rejected. I breathed again, yet I feared sadly that this could not last. Nor did it—and when her heart did yield, it was where I should least have expected, perhaps least wished it. Charles Hamilton was, in almost all things, the very contrast of herself. It is strange, but in love as in physics, we continually see contrarieties produce, instead of antipathy, attraction; and, I suppose, for the same wise purpose of restoring the happy mean by the union of the positive and negative.

Charles Hamilton then was a wild rattling hair-brained fellow, with a world of animal spirits; though not without good sense, if he had given it working room; a reckless, uncalculating disposition; a good heart of course (such men always have that, or at least the credit of it, which appears to satisfy both themselves and the world quite as well,) and, lastly, he was, or had been, (for the past tense was assumed) not a little of a rake. That he loved her, and ardently, I do not for a moment doubt, for who could do otherwise? —but how such a one could so readily win the affection of the quiet, the grave, the pure, and gentle Mary, was more than my little knowledge of the heart of woman

could at all comprehend. Her brother evidently saw this attachment with much uneasiness—he even ventured remonstrance, but in vain. When quiet people once decide on a thing, the obstinacy with which they can adhere to it is truly remarkable. He could not persist in opposing her. His Mary was so happy, so sanguine, so secure, he had not courage to hold out; but leaving to hope the helm of discarded judgment, he yielded unresisting to the stream he wanted the moral energy to combat. They were married,—and I confess I could scarcely restrain a sigh as I pronounced the nuptial blessing.

The fortune of Mr. Hamilton was understood to be sufficient;—yet I could not but think that the house and establishment to which he conducted his bride, inclined towards extravagance—but then every thing had been done with such a delicate regard to her own tastes; all her desires had been so skilfully drawn from her, and so exquisitely realized for her reception in her new home, that he must have been indeed cold and cynical who could have seen anything in the profusion beyond the overflowings of a passionate love, which gladly would have "exhausted worlds and then created new" to pour them all at the feet of the darling of its idolatry. Then too, Charles Hamilton was neither a hermit nor a miser, to shun the day, or hoard up his wealth to glut his own eyes alone. He was proud of his wife and the world must know his happiness;—and who could blame this in a warm young heart? Their house was now filled with friends;—and it is surprising, when

the house is open, how many of these are found. Truly it is said we know not our friends till we need them;—especially when we need them to joy in our joys. Then London must be visited, and here a fresh circle of acquaintance kept up the same giddy whirl. All was novelty, delight, love, and joy:—and if it was indeed a little expensive, who could grudge to pay the price of so much happiness? Thus passed a year, in one glittering, unbroken stream of light. Poor Henry would indeed sometimes look grave and sigh; but then who could help laughing at the young philosopher, or how should he know what was fitting for those of a different temperament from his own? and surely they were the best judges of their own affairs. I do not know how it was, but Mary did not now appear to me so amiable as she used to be.

Another year passed, and saw Mary the mother of a daughter. I could not but think that she was changed,—that all indeed was changed. That brow, still, as always, calm and mild as the fading of a summer's day, had now much of its sadness too;—a something, that as she looked in her infant's face, would often cause a tear to rise, checked indeed ere it fell, but not like the tear of joy, by a scarcely less happy smile. Her husband too was altered. He doated on his child, he still idolized his wife; but there was a wild uncertainty in his spirits which spoke a mind ill at ease. He shunned solitude, yet his company was often such as Mary could not share; and on his return home the effects of wine were frequently perceptible, and would make her

shrink, with something almost worse than fear, from his maudling caresses; while, if she attempted remonstrance, or looked reproach, some peevish outbreak would make her heart fall cold and sick back in her trembling bosom. Yet their style of living remained unchanged, or I should have thought that the effects of an improvident expenditure were beginning to make themselves felt. But now all seemed conspired to puzzle me; even my thoughtful and faultless Henry among the rest.

He had not escaped the shaft of the universal archer, and the arrow which reached his heart was tipped with the graces and virtues of a lovely girl of the neighbourhood; of a family and fortune so much above his own, that he dared not venture the avowal of his affections. But when such a heart as his loves, it loves too sincerely, too deeply, to be able quite to conceal its burthen; and female curiosity or female tenderness soon probes the secret. So poor Henry was discovered, yet not repelled, nor even discountenanced; indeed it was clear to every one that his suit had only to be pressed, to be allowed, and to be successful,—when on a sudden, without any assignable cause, he changed entirely,—ceased from his visits to the house, and abandoned the chase so nearly won. Fortunately the heart of his mistress was not so far involved, but that by the assistance of her pride she could laugh off her desertion,—and perhaps he knew this;—but his own character suffered severely, in spite of his pale cheek and hollow eye; for the most charitable considered him a weak vacillating fool; and the rest as a heartless cox-

comb, who sought that holy jewel a woman's love, merely to please his vanity, and for the amusement of an hour, to fling it away as soon as won. For myself, I knew not what to think : and no explanation could be obtained from him beyond what his every look conveyed, that he was intensely wretched.

All this really so preyed on my own mind, that I determined to know the truth ; and with a firm resolution of forcing Henry to a confession, I took my way to the cottage. As I passed through the garden, I heard voices, and the words were so earnest that they had the sound of altercation. A hedge was between me and the speakers, but as they drew nearer, I recognised the tones of Henry Baxendale and Charles Hamilton, and when they passed me the latter was speaking, and I caught the words "I will not submit to be for ever schooled thus. You presume rather too much on the loan of a few paltry hundreds." I heard no more, but my heart sank within me. What ! was it possible that the splendid Mr. Hamilton's fortune was dissipated already ; nay, that he had drawn in my poor Henry too,—that he had attacked his little store,—those few paltry hundreds being perhaps nearly the whole of his wealth ? All the truth now flashed on me. Here was the secret of his apparently inexplicable behaviour. The poor boy had not strength to deny anything that should avert the storm from his sister's head, or delay the stroke though but an hour. Yet he had too much pride—no, rather let me say too high principles, to make another victim. He had sacrificed his love to his

honour, and rather than betray the unworthy cause of all, had submitted to those degrading suspicions which, to a noble soul like his, must indeed have been gall and wormwood. I could not speak with him now—I was too much overpowered myself, and I returned home.

The next morning, I learned that Henry had accepted a small situation in a merchant's office, in the neighbouring town. He said his time hung heavily on his hands, and that a young man should not live without an occupation. Soon after this, all his little philosophical apparatus in which he had so much delighted, disappeared; the greater part of his books too went with them. He said he had worn out that taste, and they were only lumber now;—and Mary believed him, nor guessed the truth. Oh surely, if falsehood might ever be pardoned, this might be; which only sought to spare another pang to the heart he knew to be already aching!

In the mean time, Mr. Hamilton's temper grew more and more soured, and his behaviour more and more reckless; till poor Mary's tender spirit was quite broken. One night he returned home excited with wine. Some peculiar annoyance had worked him into a frenzy of irritability. He behaved like a madman; he taunted and reproached his gentle wife with such ungoverned acrimony, that, bursting into tears, she rose and left the room. At the same moment Henry entered it. He had heard the loud words of Mr. Hamilton,—he had seen his sister's tears,—and, with an eye flashing like that of an avenging angel, he

seized Charles by the arm, and pointing to the door, led him, without a word, into the open air, and to a distance from the house. Then, with a voice almost suffocated by the throbbings of his heart, he cried, "Charles, you are a villain!"

"Well, sir," said the other, drawing himself proudly up, "there needs no more.—You know your remedy,—I will not deny it to you, when, and where you please."

"Fool!" cried Henry, flinging him away with contempt, "that would add crime to vice!—No: I seek not your blood; neither would I add my own to the sins already at your charge. But hear me ——"

"No sermons, I pray," said the other, affecting to laugh; "you know I am a bad auditor in such cases."

"Charles,—Charles!" exclaimed the other, "you shall not blind your conscience with this weak frivolity,—you shall not! Your heart is, I know, by nature honourable, and I will, I must reach it! The time has now come to speak plainly. We have loved you,—one, I believe, in spite of your cruelty, loves you still. Remember, Charles, remember what you found us!—for our wants, affluent. See what you have made us!—myself reduced to a needy dependent for bread, on an occupation from which my pride and my previous habits revolt;—my sister,—tell me how long she may escape a prison, or a shelter in that lowly hovel, which is all I shall now have the power to offer her? But this you are prepared for; you have had it long in prospect, you have seen it at every unlucky turn of the

accursed dice, and it moves you not now. Your heart is hardened to the griefs of others; but if you have one spark of honour, one touch of manly pride, feel for yourself. Think to whom you owe your bread of this day, your extravagance of this night;—to me,—to the poor clerk,—who, while he feeds, can scarce avoid despising you!—Nay, start not: you will not frighten me, you will not draw my tears as you have those of my poor blighted Mary. I claim the right to probe your heart, though I should draw blood from it. I have purchased that right, dearly purchased it. I tell you that, ruined by you, I have torn from my breast its warmest affections; that I have cast away from me my youth's first love, because I would not link her with the weak wretch who, to feed your riot, would have been drawn to give up all her fortune too, and sink her with us all into the one common gulf. What shall I say that, after this, will not be weak? You have had my money, my house, my very instruments and books,—all,—all, to give my poor Mary a few weeks' respite; but even this you deny her. Now all are gone,—I know it,—the gaming-table, to-night, has swallowed all. Come, then, man of honour, come, man of pride,—my sister's accomplishments may yet be turned to account,—I, too, have something still, my paltry wages,—come, feed on these, and try how much may still be wrung out of them for vice; but spare, oh, spare my poor Mary's heart! You may not love her; but at least be kind: even from policy do thus much, and I will forgive all the rest."

He paused: the darkness had prevented him from watching the countenance of his companion; but a deep groan, and a heavy fall on the earth, told him at once the effect of his cutting reproaches, and scattered all those feelings of resentment with which his breast had been loaded. He now sprang to the young man who lay grovelling on the earth; he raised him; tenderness and forgiveness were in every tone; he reproached himself for his violence, he even asked forgiveness; but choking sobs were, for a time, all his answer. At length, raising himself, Mr. Hamilton exclaimed, "Oh, Henry, you have indeed probed my heart, and what a festering corruption you have found there! I dare not confront you, I dare not meet your eye, nor hers; no, nor the blessed light of heaven:—the sight of me would outrage all; I will spare you the loathsome spectacle:—farewell!" He strove to disengage himself, but Henry prevented him.

"Charles, I will not, I dare not let you leave me thus!"

"Oh!" cried the other, bitterly, "do not fear me; I have not courage for a suicide. I would delay, while I can, the hell that waits me, and be content to suffer even this that I feel here. You hesitate.—I swear to you, on my soul, on my honour," and he laughed bitterly, "I will not attempt any thing against myself. But you have torn my heart open: it was well; it was kind; it was deserved; but oh! if you have only the humanity, the mercy you would feel for the most wretched culprit, writhing at the stake, by that com-

mon human feeling, I conjure you to leave me for some hours alone. Make some excuse to Mary; she is accustomed to neglect, and will take any you offer: but spare me now!" and, breaking from his relaxed grasp, he darted through the trees, and was lost in the darkness.

With a heavy heart, Henry returned to the house. He did make some excuse to Mary, and another night of tears scarcely added to the number she had spent already. In the morning, she found a letter on the table, in whose blotted superscription she, with difficulty recognised the writing of her husband. It ran as follows: —

"I would say, curse me; but Mary cannot curse: I would say, forget me; but I leave too may causes for eternal remembrance. — Hate me! — despise me! — trample on my name! — fool! — villain! — coward! I dare not look upon the ruin I have made! Yet, in flying, it is some solace to think I relieve you from the loathsome sight of your destroyer. Oh, cling to your noble, your matchless brother! I will not speak of repentance; mercy's self would laugh at mine. Deeds! — deeds! — I know not what I write! — The world is before me: I may, — yes, I may be able to look on you again! — while hand, and brain, and heart shall last, I will struggle; but who shall bless my labour! I dare not think! I dare not pray! I dare not even bless you! — Blessing from my lips would be but curses. Strive to forget me, till — till I return: till then, I shall be sought in vain."

Why should I endeavour to paint what followed? —

There are some natures, apparently the most unfitted to cope with sorrow, which have yet a calm power of endurance, that no grief can subdue; and so it was with Mary. I never knew, I never guessed the strength of her character before. The creditors, who had only been calmed by sops wrung from poor Henry's little store, now grew clamorous. But it did not need. She called them together, and immediately gave up every thing into their hands. All was taken, all was sold, and she and her child were literally penniless, when they retired to the poor apartment which Henry's pinching economy had provided. Then, instead of apathetic repining, she set earnestly to work to provide for her future support. Her brother had well said that her accomplishments might be rendered available. They were so; and, in a few weeks, a little school was established, the success of which, aided by the exertions of two or three friends, winnowed out from the chaff of her acquaintance, soon enabled her to extend its limits. Henry's income, too, had a small addition given to it by his employer; professedly for the value of his services, but I believe, in reality, from a kind feeling for his situation, and esteem for his character. It was still slender enough, but, with the assistance of Mary's little earnings, it was made sufficient; and they were almost happy. Perhaps they would have been quite so, but for the thought of the absent husband and father; and of him no tidings came. Yet though they grieved for him, they did not despair. A thousand times did Mary, when thinking of the bitterness of his

remorse, dwell too upon his promise not to be tempted to violence on himself; and as often did she bless the brother who had drawn that promise from him. She gave him full credit for the sincerity of his repentance, and for the exertions he would make to restore his wasted fortunes. Yet why did he not write? She knew not; but still she framed excuses, such as woman will always make for those she loves, any thing rather than believe the cherished one quite unworthy. And often would she sit lost in a pleasing dream of his return, again possessed of wealth; when she should be able to tell him it was now superfluity; that they had enough; that they only waited for him, to be happy.

One evening, as Mary was sitting alone, thus occupied, a timid, hesitating knock was heard at the door, and, a minute after, a stranger entered the room. It was fortunate that the deepening gloom of the summer twilight rendered all but the outline of his figure indistinct. It would have been too startling to have been shown at once the wreck which toil and want, remorse and disappointment, had left there. He sank into a chair, and after a moment's pause, said, in a low voice, "I am come to beg for charity; for food; I am starving!" Strange as was the address, the voice was not a forgotten one; and before the words were finished, the fond Mary was clinging round her husband's neck. "Spare me! oh, spare me this!" cried the wretched man, "I have laboured, I have striven, till my brain and heart were both bursting; but in vain! a curse was on me, and followed me; and now my last degra-

dation, my last penance has come, and I bow to it:— even to pray for bread from those I have ruined."

"Oh! Charles," cried the sobbing wife, "we do not need wealth; we have already more than enough. One blessing only was wanting to us:—we wept, we prayed for you; and now you are here, we shall be so,—oh! so happy!" and she burst into a fresh flood of tears. "Poor Henry,—how it will rejoice him!"

"Mary!" cried the broken-hearted man, burying his face in his hands; "this is indeed to heap coals of fire on my head."

"Ay, Charles; but fire to purify, not to consume. And stay, here is one most anxious to meet you!" and, returning in a minute, she led in their child. He caught her convulsively to his heart, devouring her with passionate kisses; and as he looked up into his Mary's face, her swimming eyes were so bright with affection, so rich in joy and love, that he could not but feel he might again be happy.

Ay, and they were happy in spite of all; and Henry was happy with them. The wanderer was now an altered man; he had no wish to eat the bread of idleness; and Henry procured him a post in the same house in which he was himself now firmly established. There they both remain to this day; and Mary, my sweet Mary, is the happiest wife, and mother, and (shall I confess it?) grandmother! in Christendom.

A DREAM.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

Musing on thee, my Country! yesternight,
I dreamed a dream: — A lady, wondrous fair,
With voice all music, and blue eyes star-bright,
A crown that well became her parted hair,
Sat on a throne that graced a flowery mound
O'erlooking many a forest, vale, and hill,
Hamlet and city scattered far around
Where rivers flowed through meadows green and still.
A tear of love stood in that maiden's eye,
While gazing on the multitude below;—
A million hearts ready for her to die
By holy book bowed down, and vowed the vow:
Wise statesmen also round that lady stood,
Or knelt by those with whom they had been foes;
Burying all quarrels for their country's good,
Their Queen, their holy altar, and their laws.
Malice and Envy seemed uprooted there,
Place, power, ambition, sunk into the grave;
How changed their looks, when they became sincere!
The crowd exclaimed "These will our country save."
Loud was the shout the assembled throng did raise;
Hill, wood, and stream, and Heaven's high vaulted blue,
Caught up and echoed back the mighty praise. —
Then I awoke, and prayed it might prove true.

A SCENE IN ITALY.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER AND THE JUDGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE REFORMER."

It was the land of poetry and song,—the land peopled with the memories of the mighty past,—the land over which the shadows of a long renown rested more glowingly than a present glory. It was beautiful Italy; the air like a sweet odour, was to the senses as soft thoughts are to the mind, or tender feelings to the heart, breathing serenity and peace. That sweet air swept balmily over the worn brow of an invalid, giving to the pallid hue of his countenance the first faint dawn of returning health.

The eye of the invalid was fixed on the dark characters of a book in cumbrous binding and massive clasps, which the Roxburgh Club would now consider an invaluable black-letter; and so absorbed was he in its perusal, that he heard not the approaching steps of visitors, until the sound of their greetings roused him from his meditations.

"The saints have you in their keeping!" said his elder visitor, a man whose brow bore traces of age, though time had dealt leniently with him.

"The dear Madonna bless you!" ejaculated his other visitor, a young girl with the large flashing eye, the pure oval face, and the classic contour of Italy.

The invalid bowed his head to each of these salutations.

"And now," said the merchant, for such was the elder visitor, "that your wounds are healing, and your strength returning, may we not inquire of your kin and country?"

A slight flush passed over the pale face of the sick man; he was silent for a moment, as if communing with himself, and then replied, "I am of England, and a soldier, albeit of the lowest rank."

"Of England!" hastily responded the merchant, "of England! of heretic England!" He crossed himself devoutly, and started back as if afraid of contamination.

"I may not deny home and country," replied the soldier, mildly, but firmly.

"But I shall incur the church's censure for harbouring thee!" exclaimed the merchant; "thou knowest not what pains and penalties may be mine for doing thee this service!"

"Then let me forth," replied the soldier; "you have been to me the good Samaritan, and I would not requite you evil; let me go on my way, and may the blessing of Heaven be upon you in the hour of your own need!"

"Nay, nay, I said not so. Thou hast not yet strength for the travel, and, besides, England was once the

brightest jewel in our holy father's crown, and she might reconcile herself again; but I fear me she will not, for your master, Henry, is a violent, hot-blooded man, and he hath torn away the kingdom from apostolic care. Know you not that your land is under interdict, and that I, as a true son of holy mother church, ought not now to be changing words with thee?"

"Even so," replied the soldier; "but there are many that think the king's grace hardly dealt by."

"The shepherd knoweth best how to keep his fold," replied the merchant, hastily; "but you are the king's soldier; you take his pay, you eat his bread, and doubtless ought to hope the best for him, and even so do I. I would that he might repent and humble himself, and then our holy father would again receive him into the fold; but, now I bethink me, thou wert reading: What were thy studies?"

The brow of the soldier clouded, he hesitated a moment; but then gathering up his resolution, replied, "In the din of the battle this book was my breastplate, in the hour of sickness my best balm," and he laid the open volume before the merchant.

"Holy Saint!" exclaimed the merchant, crossing himself, and drawing back as he beheld the volume which his church had closed against the layman. "Thou then art among the heretics who bring down a curse upon thy land! Nay, thy sojourn here may bring down maledictions upon me and mine! upon my house and home! But thou shalt forth! I will not harbour thee! I will deliver thee over to the church,

that she may chasten thee! Away from him, my child! away from him!"

The soldier sat sad and solitary, watching the dying light of the sun, as he passed majestically on to shine in other lands. One ray rested on the thoughtful brow of the lonely man as he sat bracing up his courage to meet the perilous future. As he thus mused, a soft voice broke upon his reverie.

"You are thinking of your own far off home," said the Italian girl: "how I wish that all I love had but one home,—it is a grief to have so many homes!"

"There is such a home," replied the soldier.

"Ah!" replied Emilia; "but they say that heretics come not there! Promise me that you will not be a heretic any longer."

The soldier smiled, and sighed.

"You guess why I am here to-night," resumed the Italian girl. "I know it by that smile and sigh. You think that I am come to tell you to seek your own land and home, and, therefore, you smile, and you just breathe one little sigh because you leave this bright sun — and me."

"Am I then to leave you, perhaps, to be delivered over to the power of your implacable church?"

Emilia crossed herself. "No, no, go to your own land, and be happy. Here is money; my father could not deny me when I begged it of him with kisses and tears. Go and be happy, and forget us."

"Never!" exclaimed the soldier, earnestly,—"never!

and you, my kind and gentle nurse, my good angel,—you who have brought hope to my pillow, and beguiled the sad hours of sickness in a foreign land,—words are but poor things to thank thee with."

"I shall see you no more!" said the young Italian, "and what shall make me happy when you are gone? Who will tell me tales of flood and field? I have been happy while you were here, and yet we met very sadly. My heart stood still when we first found you covered with blood, on our way back to Milan after the battle. You had crept under a hedge, as we thought, to die. But I took courage to lay my hand upon your heart, and it still beat; so we brought you home; and never has a morning passed, but I have gathered the sweetest flower to freshen your sick pillow; and while you were insensible in that terrible fever, I used to steal into your chamber and kneel at your bed-foot, and pray for the Madonna's care. And when you revived you smiled at my flower, and, when you had voice to speak, thanked me."

Emilia's voice was lost in sobs; and what wonder if one from man's sterner nature mingled with them?

The morrow came. The Italian girl gathered a last flower, and gave it in tearful silence to the soldier. He kissed the fragrant gift, and then, with a momentary boldness, the fair hand that gave it, and departed. The young girl watched his footsteps till they were lost to sight, listened to them till they were lost to sound, and then abandoned herself to weeping.

"Thou art sad, dear daughter," said a venerable father to his child, as they traversed that once countrified expanse through which we now jostle our way from the City to Westminster, "Thou art sad, dear daughter."

"Nay, my father," replied the maiden, "I would not be so; but it is hard always to wear a cheerful countenance when —"

"The heart is sad, thou wouldst say —"

"Nay, I meant it not."

"I have scarcely seen thee smile since we entered this England,—I may not say this heretic England."

"Hush! dear father, hush! the winds may whisper it: see you not that we are surrounded by a multitude?"

"They are running madly to some revelry."

"Let us leave their path then," said the girl; "it suits not our fallen fortunes, or our dishonoured faith, to seem to mingle in this stream of folly. Doubtless the king hath some new pageantry."

"Well, and if it be so," replied the father, "haply the gewgaw and the show might bring back the truant smile to thy lip, and the lost lustre to thine eye. Thou art too young to be thus moodily sad. See how anxious, how eager, how happy seem this multitude! not one care-worn brow!—thou mayst catch their cheerfulness. We will go with the stream."

The girl offered no further resistance. They were strangers in the land; poor, almost penniless. They had come from their own country to reclaim a debt which one of the nobles of the court had incurred in

more prosperous days, when the merchant was rich in silver and gold, and merchandize.

The vast throng poured on, swelling until it became a mighty tide; the bells pealed out, the cannon bellowed, human voices augmented the din. The Thames was lined on either bank; every building on its margin crowded, and its surface peopled. Every sort of aquatic vessel covered its bosom, so that the flowing river seemed rather some broad road teeming with life. Galley after galley, glittering with the gold and the purple, came on laden with the wealth, and the pride, and the beauty of the land, and presently the acclamation of a thousand voices rent the skies, "The king! the king! long live the king!" He came—Henry the Eighth came, in all that regal dignity, and gorgeous splendour, in which he so much delighted.

And then began the pageant, contrived to throw odium on Rome, and to degrade the pretensions of the pope. Two galleys, one bearing the arms of England, the other marked by the papal insignia, advanced towards each other, and the fictitious contest commenced.

Borne on by the crowd, our merchant and his daughter had been forced into a conspicuous situation. The peculiar dress, the braided hair, the beauty and the foreign aspect of the girl had marked her out to the rude gallantry of the crowd; so that, to a limited sphere, the father and daughter were themselves objects of interest and curiosity.

The two vessels joined, and the mimic contest was begun. Of course the English colours triumphed over the

papal. Up to this point, the merchant bore his pangs in silence; but when the English galley had assumed the victory, then came the trial of patience. Effigies of the cardinals were hurled into the stream amidst the shouts and derisions of the mob. At each plunge groans issued from his tortured breast. It was in vain that Emilia clung to his arm, and implored him, by every fear, to restrain himself. His religious zeal overcame his prudence; and when, at last, the figure of the pope, dressed in his pontifical robes, was hurled into the tide, the loud exclamation of agony and horror burst from his lips, "Oh monstrous impiety of an accursed and sacrilegious king!" sounded loudly above the din of the mob.

It was enough; the unhappy merchant was immediately consigned over to the secular arm.

Oh, sad were those prison hours! The girl told her beads—the father prayed to all the saints—and then came the vain consolations by which each endeavoured to cheat the other. They thought of their own sunny land, its balmy air, its living beauty, and that thought was home.

November came with all its gloom—the month that should have been the grave of the year, coming as it does with shroud and cerecloth, foggy, dark, and dreary; the father's brow numbered more wrinkles, the once black hair was more nearly bleached, the features more attenuated.

And the daughter—ah! youth is the transparent lamp of hope—but in her the light was dim.

In fear and trembling the unhappy foreigners waited the day of doom. The merchant's offence was one little likely to meet with mercy. Henry was jealous of his title of head of the church. He had drawn up a code of articles of belief, which his subjects were desired to subscribe to, and he had instituted a court, of which he had made lord Cromwell vicar-general, for the express trial of those whose orthodoxy in the king's creed was called in question. Neither could the unhappy merchant hope to find favour with his judge, for it was known that Cromwell was strongly attached to the growing reformation; and from the acts of severity with which he had lately visited some of the adherents of the Romish creed, in his new character of vicar-general, it was scarcely probable that he would show mercy to one attached, by lineage, and love, to papal Rome. Strangers as they were, poor, unknowing and unknown, what had they not to fear, and what was left for hope?

The morning of trial came. The fogs of that dismal month spread like a dark veil over our earth. There was no beauty in the landscape, no light in the heavens, and no hope in the heart.

The judges took their places: a crowd of wretched delinquents came to receive their doom. We suppose it to be a refinement of modern days, that men are not punished for their crimes, but only to deter others from committing them. This court of Henry's seemed to think otherwise; there was all the array of human passions in the judges as well as in the judged. On one

hand, recreant fear abjured his creed; on another, heroism braved all contingencies, courting the pile and the stake, with even passionate desire; and the pile and the stake were given with stern and unrelenting cruelty.

At length there stood at the bar an aged man and a youthful girl; the long white hair of the one fell loosely over the shoulders, and left unshaded a face wrinkled as much by care as by age: the dark locks of the other were braided over a countenance clouded by sorrow, and wet with tears.

The mockery of trial went on. It was easy to prove what even the criminal did not attempt to gainsay. The aged merchant avowed his fidelity to the pope as a true son of the church, denied the supremacy of Henry over any part of the fold, and thus sealed his own doom.

There was an awful stillness through the court—stillness the precursor of doom—broken only by the sobs of the weeping girl, as she clung to her father's arm. Howbeit the expected sentence was interrupted; there came a sudden rush, fresh attendants thronged the court. "Room for lord Cromwell! Room for lord Cromwell!" and the vicar-general came in his pomp and his state, with all the insignia of office, to assume his place of pre-eminence at that tribunal. Notes of the proceedings were laid before lord Cromwell. He was told of the intended sentence, and he made a gesture of approbation. A gleam of hope had dawned upon the mind of the Italian girl as lord Cromwell entered. She watched his countenance while he read; it was

stern, indicative of calm determination; but there were lines in it that spoke more of mistaken duty than innate cruelty. Yet, when the vicar-general gave his token of assent, the steel entered Emilia's soul, and a sob, the veriest accent of despair, rang through that court, and where it met with a human heart, pierced through all the cruelty and oppression that armed it, and struck upon some of the natural feelings that divide men from monsters. That sound struck upon lord Cromwell's ear, his eye sought the place whence it proceeded; it rested on Emilia and her father. A strange emotion passed over the face of the stern judge—a perfect stillness followed.

Lord Cromwell broke the silence. He glanced over the notes that had been handed to him, speaking in a low voice, apparently to himself—"From Italy—a merchant—Milan—ruined by the wars—ay, those Milan wars were owing to Clement's ambition, and Charles's knavery—the loss of substance— to England to reclaim an old indebtment."

Lord Cromwell's eye rested once more upon the merchant and his daughter.—"Ye are of Italy—from Milan; is that your birthplace?"

"We are Tuscans," replied the merchant, "of Lucca; and oh! noble lord, if there is mercy in this land, show it now to this unhappy girl."

"To both, or to neither!" exclaimed the girl; "we will live; or we will die, together!"

The vicar-general made answer to neither. He rose abruptly: at a sign from him, the proper officer declared

the court adjourned—the sufferers were hurried back to their cells—some went whither they would—others, whither they would not; but all dispersed.

A faint and solitary light glanced from a chink of the prison-walls—it came from the narrow cell of the Italian merchant and his daughter.

The girl slept—ay slept. Sleep does not always leave the wretched, to light on lids unsullied with a tear. Reader, hast thou known intense misery, and canst thou not remember how thou hast felt and wept, and agonized, until the very excitement of thy misery wore out the body's power of endurance, and sleep, like a torpor, a stupor, a lethargy, bound thee in its chains? Into such a sleep had Emilia fallen; she was lying on that prison floor, her face pale as if ready for the grave, the large tears yet resting on her cheeks, and over her sat the merchant leaning, asking himself whether, treasure that she was, and had ever been to him, he could wish that sleep to be the sleep of death.

The clanking of a key caught the merchant's ear; a gentle step entered their prison. The father's first thought was for his child. He made a motion to enjoin silence; it was obeyed; his visitor advanced with a quiet tread; the merchant looked upon him with wonder. Surely—no—and yet could it be? that his judge,—lord Cromwell, the vicar-general, stood before him,—and stood, not with threatening in his eye

—not with denunciations on his lip, but took his stand on the other side of poor Emilia, gazing on her with an eye in which tenderness and compassion were conspicuous.

Amazement bound up the faculties of the merchant. He seemed to himself as one that dreameth.

"Awake, gentle girl, awake," said lord Cromwell, as he stooped over Emilia. "Let me hear thy voice once more as it sounded in mine ear in other days."

The gentle accents fell too lightly to break the spell of that heavy slumber; and the merchant, whose fears, feelings, and confusion formed a perfect chaos, stooping over his child, suddenly awoke her with the cry of "Emilia! Emilia! awake, and behold our judge!"

"Nay, nay, not thus roughly," said lord Cromwell, but the sound had already recalled Emilia to a sense of wretchedness. She half raised herself from her recumbent posture into a kneeling one, shadowing her dazzled eyes with her hand, her streaming hair falling in wild disorder over her shoulders, and thus resting at the feet of her judge.

"Look on me, Emilia!" said lord Cromwell. And, encouraged by the gentle accents, she raised her tear-swollen eyes to his face. As she did so, the vicar-general lifted from his brow his plumed cap, and revealed the perfect outline of his features. And Emilia gazed as if spell-bound, until gradually shades of doubt, of wonder, of recognition, came struggling over her countenance, and finally in a voice of passionate amaze-

ment she exclaimed; "It is the same! It is our sick soldier guest!"

"Even so," said lord Cromwell, "even so, my dear and gentle nurse. He who was then the poor dependent on your bounty, receiving from your charity his daily bread as an alms, hath this day presided over the issues of life and death, as your judge; but fear not, Emilia; the sight of thee, gentle girl, comes like the memory of youth and kindly thoughts across the sterner mood that hath lately darkened over me. They whose voice may influence the destiny of a nation, gradually lose the memory of gentler thoughts. It may be, Providence hath sent thee to melt me back again into a softer nature. Many a heart shall be gladdened, that, but for my sight of thee, had been sad unto death. I bethink me, gentle girl, of the flowers, laden with dew and rich in fragrance, which thou usedst to lay upon my pillow, while this head throbbed with agony of pain upon it, fondly thinking that their sweetness would be a balm; and how thou wert used to steal into my chamber and listen to tales of this, the land of my home! Thou art here; and how hast thou been welcomed?—to a prison, and well nigh to death. But the poor soldier hath a home; come thou and thy father, and share it."

An hour!—who dare prophesy its events? At the beginning of that hour, the merchant and his daughter had been the sorrowful captives of a prison: at its close, they were the treasured guests of a palace.

A WINTER PICTURE.

From the Life.

BY CORNELIUS WEBBE.

In awful state, that tyrant, Winter,
  Sat, sternest Sovereign of the World,
'Mid ruins wild of ice-built islands,
  By driving winds and waters hurled.
Where'er he rode, th' imprisoned rivers
  Broke up and splintered, with a sound
As when the stony rocks are shivered
  With the thunderbolt's rebound!

Strong gusts the doors and windows battered,
  As they would burst our homesteads in;
And old indwellers, shrinking, trembled
  At the powerful tempest's din.
The streets were silent as at midnight,
  Save when the wind, with sea-like roar,
Dashed past the rocking walls, and vanished;
  Then Silence kept them as before.

Black clouds, with watery burdens laden,
Drove—darkening noonday as they went;
And then the daylight shone a moment
From out the cold, grey firmament.
Never did WINTER look more sternly,
Speak more sternly, through his storms!
"Ah, Man," cried I, "in this drear season
"Should have a heart that shines and warms!"

I sat me by my fire, bright-burning,
And thought, with pity, of the Poor,
Down cowering from the cold in corners,
Perishing at the rich man's door.
I heard men beg, and men deny them,
With hearts by selfish prudence churled:
"Oh God! there's too much of th' inhuman
"Still working in this human world!"

Like waves of air, the gusts rolled onward,
And fell like sea-waves on the shore;
And then a hushed and solemn silence
The streets and houses slumbered o'er.
No shouts were heard of children playing;
The wandering dogs lay shivering down;
And WINTER, like that vengeful Angel
That strikes unseen, swept through the Town!

I thought upon the wastes of Ocean;
The cry of brave men in despair
Came in the blast, so sadly moaning,
And shuddering crept the chilling air.

" Oh God!" I cried, " let not the quicksands
" And rocks that lie round England's door
" Wreck them at their loved Country's threshold,
" But lift them safely on the shore!"

A human cry, the sole sound human—
A feeble, faltering, fluttering cry—
Filled the wild pauses in the mad wind's raving,
How shrilly, sadly, fearfully!
A pauper Man, old, paralytic,
Dragged his dead limb o'er the stones!
" Oh hear him, Heaven! Man will not hear him,—
" And answer to his piteous groans!

" Lift up thy rod, thou God of mercy,
" And do thy Patriarch Prophet's part!
" Strike out the waters of sweet pity
" From that dry Horeb, Man's hard heart!
" The Poor in this rich land are crying;
" No clouds rain manna now, nor quails;
" And who should feed them mete their mercies,
" Weigh their deep miseries in scales!

" When wild sea-mews, or wilder ravens,
" Long starving on the stony ground,
" Or hungering by the ice-bound rivers,
" Call up *their* flock, if they have found
" Some foul-rotting, carrion morsel,
" To their ravening maws a meal,
" Shall human natures be inhuman,
" Nor for poor human natures feel?

" Is this a time to meanly measure
" Man's mercy to the wretch that calls,
" In human tones for human pity,
" From naked cellars — windy walls,
" Where brave men, in misery moping,
" Sternly starve and proudly pine,
" While the sumptuous DIVES wallow,
" Sensual as the selfish swine?

" Melt down, oh God! the frozen currents
" That *should* warm the rich man's heart!
" Break up the Winter in his bosom,
" Till pity flows through every part! —
" Oh disabuse this generous People
" Of the stern charities of men
" Who make an average of misery,
" Light weigh its wants, and sleep agen!

" Oh Charity, thou Northern Virtue!
" Oh love and pity of the Poor!
" Benevolence, thou grateful giver,
" With ever-open hand and door!
" Ye Household Virtues, born of Heaven
" And HIM who taught the Christian plan,
" Awake, ye charities of Christians,
" And love and cherish all that's Man!"

January 24, 1838.

THE FOUNDING OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

A Turkish Legend.

BY W. C. TAYLOR, LL. D.

HELPLESS, hopeless cries for mercy rent the air, the flames of burning cottages illumined the sky, shedding a lurid light over a band of Moguls who had surprised the village of Inœni. The inhabitants, believing themselves protected by the Phrygian mountains, had taken no precautions against the marauding hordes who, in the thirteenth century, devastated Western Asia; the Moguls, who never incumbered themselves with prisoners, and who spared neither women nor children, lest their enemies might obtain information of their march, came upon the unfortunate villagers like the Simoom of the Desert, unforeseen, irresistible, and fatal. The work of massacre went on; "the reapers of death," as the barbarians loved to call themselves, wearied not in gathering their fearful harvest, cutting down alike the green blade and the ripe ear. A mother lay in the midst of her slaughtered babes; the sword by which she fell had been blunted by frequent use; life was not ex-

tinct, and her only surviving child, a fine boy of fourteen, was striving to cherish the signs of returning animation. A savage soldier saw him thus engaged, and ran to make the work of destruction sure. The gallant boy, though armed only with his staff, threw himself before the ferocious Tartar and averted the fatal blow. Savage as he was, the Tartar paused for a moment in involuntary admiration; but, soon recovering, he rushed upon the boy as a new victim, and the unequal combat was not declined. Its issue would not have been for a moment doubtful, but that the sound of steeds advancing at their utmost speed alarmed the Moguls, and shewed that the avengers were at hand. They abandoned the slaughter of the helpless to meet more fitting foes; the boy remained alone with his mother.

Ertogrul, to whom the guardianship of the sanjak or province of Sultan-Œni had been entrusted by Sultan Aladdin, had tracked the Moguls by their devastations, and, eager to repair the negligence which had allowed them to pass the frontiers, he vowed that he would neither eat nor drink until he had taken vengeance on the invaders. His companions repeated the vow, and now, after a toilsome search which had lasted more than forty hours, weakened by hunger, and with steeds jaded by a long and rapid journey, they met their enemies flushed with success and intoxicated with slaughter. A fierce combat ensued between foes who would neither give nor take quarter. While the strife was at the highest, Ertogrul fell from his horse; his foeman's blade

was already uplifted to strike, when a boy, rushing in through the crush, struck the Mogul in the back with a knife, and drove the blade deep to a vital part. Ertogrul rose and struck his reeling adversary to the earth; he appeared to have been the chief of the horde, for, after his fall, the Moguls broke their ranks and attempted to save themselves by flight. Their efforts were vain, for the whole country was now alarmed; they were cut down singly or in groups, and the sun that rose on the ruins of Inœni had not declined in the west before the destroyers were swept from the face of the earth.

The first care of Ertogrul was to seek his youthful preserver; he found him attending his dying mother, over whom he had constructed a rude shed. The voice of Ertogrul sounded familiar to the ear of the hapless woman; she feebly raised her head and asked; "Zúrúd, my child, is not that the son of Soleiman, who speaks?" "It is even so," replied Ertogrul, "who art thou, that namest the unfortunate son of an unfortunate race?"

"Death is coming fast; Azrael, hovering over my pillow, allows but few words: I was the wife of Syed-e-Shuzi, thy spiritual guide and director; that boy is his son. When the cry of the spoilers came, Syed vowed, that whichever of his children should escape should become a dervish, and dedicate the rest of his life to Allah. Syed is departed; every scion of his house has been cut off but one; I must follow. Son of Soleiman, search yonder ruins; you will find a koran stained with Syed's blood; take it to the village of Itbúrúni and

present it, together with Zúrúd, to the sheikh Edebali, as the bequest of his dying sister."

Fainting fits, produced by the exertion of speaking, stopped her voice; Ertogrul and Zúrúd vainly tendered their aid; she, who the day before was celebrated in the neighbourhood as the "Fortunate Mother," was within a few hours, a widow, all but childless, and a corpse.

Ertogrul having found the koran, and refreshed his followers, directed his march to Itbúrúni, accompanied by Zúrúd. A great change had come over the boy's spirit; he had been the pride of the youngsters of Inœni, foremost in every feat of agility and strength; he had on the preceding night displayed the courage of a soldier, and given high promise of a future warlike career; but now a settled gloom was on his countenance; he had already acquired the melancholy taciturnity of the dervish, that stoical apathy so vaunted in the East, which seems to have taken an everlasting farewell both of laughter and of tears. To Ertogrul's rude attempts at consolation he made no reply, yet he more than once seized the chieftain's hand and kissed it with affectionate gratitude; but, seemingly ashamed of evincing so much emotion, he instantly relapsed into his moody indifference.

When Ertogrul reached the house of Edebali, he presented Zúrúd and the koran to the sheikh, at the same time relating the request of his sister. Edebali, though young in years, was old in piety and wisdom; he invited Ertogrul to share his hospitality, and prepared the best chamber for his reception. In this chamber

the sheikh deposited the koran, placing it aloft on the highest piece of furniture in the room, to shew his reverence for the word which God had spoken to his prophet.

While all in the house slept, Ertogrul reverently took the koran, and spent the greater part of the night in the study of the sacred volume. Towards morning, he extended himself on the couch to take a few moments of repose. A heavenly vision descended upon him; the glorious light which has encircled the heads of all the prophets, from Adam to Mohammed, surrounded his bed, and a Divine voice spoke as within his soul, saying, "Since thou hast thus reverenced my holy word, thy children, and thy children's children shall be honoured throughout all generations; the token of my beneficence is even now in thy house."

A vision also appeared to the youthful Zúrúd; his father Syed-e-Ghazi stood by his bed, girt with celestial radiance. "Zúrúd," said the form, "thy vows are heard in heaven, thy sacrifice of the world's vanities is accepted; thou shalt preach the true creed of Islam to many nations, and thy words shall destroy the vain idols of the unbelievers. Nor are thy prayers for thy benefactor unheard; a son is born to him this day, —his name shall be Othman; under him and his successors, the creed of Mohammed shall spread over all the nations of the earth. Thou shalt be a spiritual father to the boy, and the memory of thy instructions shall be preserved while there lives a descendant of the House of Othman."

In the morning Edebali and his household resumed their customary occupations. Ertogrul, at the earnest solicitation of his host, consented to remain another day; but before the shades of evening began to close, an express arrived from his castle at Eskishehr, announcing that a son had been born to him at the very hour that his couch had been visited by the beatific vision.

"Ertogrul's misfortunes," say the Turkish historian, "began when his father Soleiman was drowned in the Euphrates, and ended when his son Othman was born." They pass very briefly over the events of the next eighteen years, merely stating that Othman, from the age of fourteen, took an active part in the wars between the Turks and the Moguls, and that he greatly profited by the religious instructions of the dervish Zúrúd. Nor were the lessons of Zúrúd confined to the koran; he taught his pupil the mysteries of that inner faith revealed to the contemplative ascetics, and made him appreciate the beauties of those hymns, which, under the outward guise of mere human passion, express the longings of the soul for the absorption of its powers in the Divine essence. Thus educated, Othman became equally distinguished as a poet and a warrior; at the age of sixteen he wrote a hymn which the Muezzins still recite from the minarets in various parts of the East, after the first proclamation of morning prayer.

Glory be to God alone!
Glory be to God alone!
The shades of night are fled away,
The ruddy dawn leads in the day,

And light once more to mortal eyes is shewn.
Bow before the Eternal King,
To his praise loud anthems sing,
For all the benefits bestowed
By him the One, the only God.
Glory be to God alone!

In the meantime a daughter was born to Edebali: she was named Malkhatim *(the female treasure)* from her extraordinary beauty, and as she grew up the graces of her mind surpassed those of her person. The poets and historians of Turkey have exhausted the luxuriance even of oriental imaginations in describing the loveliness of Malkhatim: her shape, they tell us, was like that of the cyprus,—her eyes those of the gazelle,—her face the moon when it sheds its mildest radiance,—her cheek, the rose when the nightingale sings to his sultana flower his sweetest song of love,—her locks the mantle of night,—and her mouth a string of pearls enclosed in a ruby casket. Some of the historians indeed seem to have become enamoured of their own descriptions, for they pause in the midst of their recitals of wars and revolutions, to insert one or two of the ghazels or sonnets which were written in honour of the daughter of Edebali. Malkhatim was, like Othman, a pupil of the dervish Zúrúd; she learned the mysteries of the faith in his company; but when youth began to take the place of childhood, it sometimes happened that the lad and the maid forgot the mystic significance of the amatory verses they read, and derived from them a more immediate and pleasing application. As Nazami says, describing a similar pair,—

Science for them had now no charms to boast;
Learning for them had all its virtue lost;
Their only taste was love and love's sweet ties,
And writing ghazels to each other's eyes.

Othman's ghazels, like those of most Turkish poets, are more like epigrams than sonnets; each contains a single thought or image, applied sometimes very ingeniously and sometimes very absurdly; one specimen will suffice,—

Thou art graceful my love, as yon branch of palm,
Which waves in the sky though the air is calm;
But thou wilt not bend like the palm branch free,
It is I: It is I, who must bend to thee.

Zúrúd departed from Itbúrúni to fulfil the duty imposed upon every pious Moslem, of once in his life making a pilgrimage to Mecca. His absence was protracted longer than had been expected; for having been called upon in his turn to perform the religious services for the caravan, he pronounced a discourse so replete with heavenly eloquence, that its fame was diffused abroad, and the princes of the East invited him to their courts that he might aid in checking the countless heresies by which the pure faith of Islamism was beginning to be sullied and corrupted. While Zúrúd was away, Othman offered himself as a son-in-law to Edebali. The sheikh, proud of his high birth, for he was a Syed or descendant of Mohammed, refused an alliance with a person whom he regarded as little better than the chief of a band of adventurers. "I would have refused," he said, "the sultans of the house of

Seljúk, and can the house of Soleiman compare with them?"

"I will claim my bride when I win an empire," replied Othman, and quitting Itbúrúni, he joined his companions in arms.

Ertogrul appears about this time to have resigned the chieftaincy of the tribe to Othman, for we find the young prince at the head of the principal expeditions undertaken against the Moguls, who still held the districts between the north of Anatolia and the Caspian Sea. Although Othman did not, like Abdenahman of Spain, send metrical gazettes of his various adventures to his mistress, many of his ghazels are manifestly derived from the circumstances of his position. In one expedition, having defeated the Tartars near Erzerúm, he pursued the vanquished horde to the foot of the Caucasian chain. Every one knows the countless superstitions attached to Mount Káf or Caucasus, its eternal snows, its fountains of living fire, its forming the circle of the habitable world. Othman, like all Turks, had heard these Arabian traditions in his childhood, and given them implicit credit. He probably gazed with awe on those majestic peaks of which such wondrous tales were told, and it is no slight proof of the strength of his love, that he found it illustrated by so stupendous a spectacle. The ghazel which he wrote, deserves to be quoted.

Knowest thou the wondrous mountain
Covered with eternal snow,
Pouring forth a fiery fountain
In a never-ceasing flow?

Knowest thou Káf's dread dominions,
Where the boldest spirits quail?
Even the eagle's mighty pinions
As he soars by, flag and fail.

'Tis an emblem of the blending
Powers in thee, my soul's desire;
See, the snowy white extending,
Lighted by those eyes of fire,

O'er a face, where both united
Ever join in mystic power.
Soaring spirit! thou art blighted,
Like the eagle, forced to cower.

And as Káf the world is holding
Firm within its granite mound,
So thy charms, my soul enfolding,
All its hopes and wishes bound.

Othman confided the secret of his love to several of his comrades, and thus spread abroad the fame of Malkhatim's beauty. The report reached the ears of the Seljukian sultan of Œni, and he resolved to become the possessor of such charms. Forgetful of the services which the valour of Othman had rendered to his dominions, he treacherously arrested the young prince as he was returning from a successful expedition, and confined him in the castle of Akbík. In the solitude of his prison Othman still sung his love for the daughter of Edebali; unfortunately for his poetic fame, he was too fond of ringing the changes on that hackneyed theme, — the loves of the Nightingale and the Rose; but as in one ghazel he gives something of novelty to the legend, we may venture on quoting a specimen of his prison strains.

In plaintive notes I utter the woes
That are rending my heart for my absent rose;
'Tis growing in beauty, 'tis growing in pride,
'Tis shedding its fragrance on every side;
'Tis glorious and bright as the evening star;
But, alas! from its Bulbul 'tis distant far.

For others 'tis shewing its brightness and bloom;
To others 'tis yielding its sweets and perfume;
From others receiving the homage that's due;
With others enjoying delights ever new:
Though others around her may hover and shine,
These others can never feel love such as mine.

My dear distant rose, it never can be
That my soul should part with the image of thee—
With thee I am ever; with thee in mind,
Though here in a rugged prison confined:
Unless I break loose, I shall die with rage,
And beat out my life 'gainst the bars of my cage.

The sultan of Œni entrusted the guardianship of his captive to a Greek refugee named Mikhal Koezé, that is, "Michael with the pointed beard." Over this personage, subsequently so celebrated in Turkish history, a veil of impenetrable mystery is spread. Several Christian writers of the fifteenth century gravely assert that he was the Wandering Jew, whose fate they connect with all the great revolutions which have occurred since the Christian era. According to them, this being, cursed with immortality, is the secret contriver of all the great changes in the condition of humanity; he is the bard who urged Alaric, the priest who stimulated Attila, the Monk Sergius who taught Mohammed, the prophet who found Jenghiz Khan in the desert, the Scald who guided Rollo, and the renegade who liberated Othman, and pointed out

to him the paths that led to empire. It is certain that he became fondly attached to his prisoner, and soon contrived to inform Ertogrul of the place of his son's confinement.

Enraged at the treachery practised on his son, Ertogrul renounced his allegiance to the sultan of Œni, and raised the standard of revolt. The Turkish tribes had long been weary of the tyranny exercised over them by this unworthy descendant of the house of Seljúk, and readily joined in the insurrection. Akbík was betrayed to Ertogrul by the renegade Mikhal; and Othman, thus restored to freedom, prepared to take ample vengeance on the author of his imprisonment.

While Anatolia was thus harassed by civil war, Zúrúd returned from his pilgrimage, and once more took up his abode in the house of Edebali. He soon learned the circumstances that had occurred during his absence, and urged his uncle to consent to the union of the lovers.

"It is not meet," replied the sheikh, "that the pure blood of the Koreish, ennobled by its having flowed through the veins of the prophet, should mingle with the stream that runs in the savage sons of the distant desert. The Turks were the slaves of the house of Abbas; fate, indeed, made them for a season masters of the Khaliphate, but strip the butterfly of its gilded wings, and you will find the crawling caterpillar beneath."

"And is it thus," replied Zúrúd, "that you interpret the ways of Providence? Remember you not

that Abraham was before Mohammed? yet are his posterity a mockery, a bye-word, and a scorn among nations. Descent from the prophet is an idle boast, unless you have his heritage of resignation and implicit obedience to the Divine Will. Oh! my father, remember, pride was not made for created beings;—think of the words of the Persian moralist,* which you often recited for my instruction in youth:

Though in life's gardens thou art now a rose
Whose opening buds unnumbered sweets disclose;
Yet from thy grave shall weeds pernicious spring,—
The thistle wound there, and the nettle sting.

"I fear, my son," replied Edebali, "that you are dazzled by the increasing greatness of your former pupil, and that, like the vulgar herd, you believe his power will be permanent, because he has conquered castles and subdued cities; but, as the poet you have quoted says:

You who in towers and castles place your trust,
Learn that your strength and you shall sink in dust;
A voice angelic ever cries aloud
In awful warnings to the great and proud,
"Have sons that graves with tenants might be filled,
"And mighty palaces for ruin build."

"It is you, not I, who have to learn the lesson from those awful lines," replied Zúrúd; "it is you who place your trust in a fancied supremacy of birth, forgetting that were it Allah's will, the Syeds would become degraded out-casts like the Jews. Even thus, Iblis, when summoned to pay homage to Adam, refused,

* Sadi.

in the pride of his angelic descent, to perform obeisance to a creature of clay. I tell you, Othman is the chosen of Allah; it hath been revealed to me in the visions of the night. Beware lest you fight against the Divine decree. I have spoken."

Edebali was greatly moved; he continued for several moments to ponder over Zúrúd's words in silence. When he spoke, it was in a calm, moderate tone, such as a man uses when he begins to suspect that he has been greatly in the wrong. "If it be the will of Allah," said the sheikh, "blessed be his name, I am resigned. But pray for me, my son—pray that Heaven may mercifully solve my doubts, and guide me into the right way."

Some time after this conversation, Othman, who had now become sultan of Œni, came to demand the hospitality of Edebali, and was invited to spend the night in the very room, which, on a similar occasion, had been occupied by his father Ertogrul. Though deeply enamoured of Malkhatim, he did not press his suit with unbecoming vehemence, but resigned himself to the Divine will, persuaded that whatever is written on the Eternal Table of Destiny which stands in the presence of the Most Highest, must happen in spite of human opposition. Before he lay down, he repeated the memorable words of Mohammed—"He who truly loves, who endures his pangs patiently, who is resigned even to the death, deserves to gather the palm-branch of the martyrs."

During the night Othman had a vision, which is

recorded in every Turkish history, as an event second only in importance to Mohammed's journey to heaven, when Gabriel brought him the miraculous steed, Al Borak, on the night of power. He dreamed that he was reposing by the side of his host; suddenly he beheld the moon emerge from Edebali's bosom, and after rapidly increasing in size and lustre, enter into his own. He then beheld a tree spring from his loins, which grew to wondrous size, and at every moment became more verdant and more beautiful. The shadow of its branches was spread over the earth and the seas, until it reached the extreme horizon of three parts of the globe. Underneath it arose the immense pinnacles of the Caucasus, the Taurus and the Hæmus, which seemed to be the four mighty pillars which supported this vast tent of foliage. From the roots of this tree issued the Tigris, the Euphrates, the Nile and the Danube, covered with fleets of richly-laden ships, as if they were seas. The plains were yellow with harvests of ripened grain; the hills were covered with thick forests, while crystal rivulets, issuing from their sides, meandered through bowers of roses and of cypresses. In the distant valleys were seen cities adorned with domes, cupolas, pyramids, obelisks and minarets, on the top of each of which the holy crescent gleamed; the voices of the muezzins summoning the faithful to prayer were heard from the galleries of the towers, commingled with the sweet notes of countless nightingales, and the merry chattering of myriads of parrots, whose plumage displayed hues as bright and

varied as those of the rainbow. All the feathered choristers fluttered sportively through the mass of foliage, and seemed to feel no fear, though the leaves had all the shape of sabres. Suddenly a wind arose and directed the points of all those sabres towards the principal cities of the universe, but chiefly towards Constantinople, which, situated between two continents and two seas, resembled a diamond set between two sapphires and two emeralds, forming the precious jewel of a ring, which portended universal dominion over the sons of men. Othman was about to put this ring on his finger, when he awoke.

Edebali had a different vision; he dreamed that he saw that wondrous bird the Humai, or royal vulture, descend over his house, and raising up his guest and his daughter in its talons, place them on a pinnacle of emerald. The Humai then extended its pinions over the pair; one wing touched Europe, the other Asia, and beneath the shadow, mosques crowned with minarets arose, while churches and temples crumbled into dust. While he yet gazed, the muezzins proclaimed the hour of prayer, and mingled with the summons praises of the pious sheikh Edebali. The voices appeared so loud and so near, that he awoke.

In the morning Edebali summoned his friends and his household; in their presence he solemnly betrothed Othman to Malkhatim, and the marriage ceremony was soon after performed without pomp, but with all the ordinances enjoined by the law of Mohammed. The rest of Othman's career belongs to history; after

the capture of Prusa he became lord of an empire, which under the administration of Mikhal, his vizier, rapidly increased in power and prosperity. The posterity of Mikhal, called Mikhal-ogli, or the sons of Michael, long continued to fill the principal offices of state in the Turkish empire, and we believe that one of the family is high in the confidence of the reigning sultan. A monastery was erected for Zúrúd, richly endowed with villages and estates; within its precincts both he and Edebali were interred after they had spent a life of unusual duration in the practice of piety, and their tombs are still a favourite place of pilgrimage to all pious Moslems.

The vision of Othman is always cited by the Turkish historians as the true foundation of their empire; they connect it also with their invasion of Europe by a second tradition equally romantic. Soleiman, the grandson of Othman, was invited into Europe, as an ally, by one of the hostile parties which devastated the Byzantine empire. He hesitated to comply with the request, but frequently walked along the sea-coast of the province he governed, meditating on Destiny, and supplicating Providence to guide his judgment. In such a mood he loved to ramble through the ruins of the ancient city of Cyzicus; its majestic remains filled him with wonder; the broken columns, the precious marbles scattered over the sands, called to his mind the legends respecting the palace, which the Gins and Afrites erected for Balhis, queen of Sheba, at the command of Solomon, and the stupendous frag-

ments of Istakhar and Tadmor. One evening he saw by the light of the crescent-moon, the reflections of the columns and obelisks in the waves assume more definite and palpable forms. He seemed to perceive perfect palaces and temples emerging from the depths of the sea, and fleets sailing beneath the waters. Mysterious voices were heard around him, whose sound mingled with the murmur of the waves; while the moon, which suddenly shone out in the East, spread a long line of light over the sea of Marmora, as if Europe were united to Asia by a band of silver. Soleiman knew it to be the same moon which his grandsire had seen emerging from the bosom of Edebali; he felt, therefore, that the time decreed by Destiny for the fulfilment of Othman's vision was arrived, and passing the Hellespont with a chosen band of warriors, he established the first permanent settlement of the Turks in Europe.

INSCRIPTION

On a chair, once belonging to Charles I., and now in the possession of a friend.

UNLIKE the living Charles, 'tis like him dead:
Arms, legs and back are here, but where's the head?

H.

THE ROYAL PRISONER.

FRANCIS OF VALOIS;

OR, THE LADIES' PEACE.

A Tale of the French Chronicles.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

The beams of the setting sun stole beneath the heavy velvet curtains, that partially shaded the barred and grated windows of the apartment occupied by Francis I. of France, during his long and weary imprisonment in the gloomy fortress of the Alcazar, at Madrid, and tinged with deceitful brightness the sunken temples and faded cheek of the illustrious tenant of this lugubrious abode, as he reclined in a state of listless languor on his embroidered couch.

Francis had pined away many months since his disastrous overthrow at Pavia, in that restless fever of hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick. One day excited by the deceitful professions of his imperial rival, Charles V., and another, plunged into utter despondency, by the vexatious delays and disappointments to which he was doomed, till the mental travail which

he endured, produced bodily illness of an alarming character.

It was at this critical period that his accomplished and amiable sister, the celebrated Marguerite of Valois, the widowed Duchess of Alençon, with a degree of generous self-devotion, which, even in those days of chivalrous romance, was regarded by the princes of Europe with admiration and surprise, demanded and obtained from the Emperor Charles permission to visit her royal brother in prison.

An indefinite hint of the possibility of such an event as her arrival had been conveyed to Francis; but the more eagerly the presence of this beloved sister was desired by him, the more was he disposed to regard the idea of her coming as an improbable chimera, which was held out to amuse and cheer his drooping spirits by his faithful attendants.

On the present evening he was roused from his feverish languor to a state of intense excitement, by hearing his inexorable jailor, Don Ferdinand Alarçon, summoned by the centinel who had been parleying with a lady, at the door of the anti-room.

"How now!" cried Don Ferdinand, stepping to the portal.

"It is a lady and her page, who are desirous of an interview with the King of France," was the reply.

"My duty to the emperor will not permit me to accede to their request," said Alarçon.

"We bring an order from the emperor," said the page, presenting a paper to Alarçon.

"This order," observed Alarçon, after he had carefully perused the pass, "empowers me to admit the Duchess of Alençon and her attendant, into the presence of my illustrious prisoner; but I must first be convinced of the identity of the persons specified. Will you condescend to let me see you without your veil, madam?" continued he, addressing the lady.

She removed the enveloping screen for a moment, with a look which caused Alarçon to recede three paces backward in surprise, as she significantly observed, "The emperor's order is not then sufficient warrant for my admittance?"

"Pardon me, madam; but you can scarcely expect one, who has the honour to be so well acquainted with your voice and features, to mistake you for the sister of the King of France."

"Have you then the audacity to dispute the written words of your imperial master?" inquired she.

"If there be any little underplot among the ladies," muttered Alarçon, "I trust the reckoning will be settled by the parties concerned."

"I will exonerate you from all blame," replied the lady, "except that of disputing the pass of which I am the bearer."

"Then, madam, I am to announce you, I suppose, as her grace the Duchess of Alençon," said the sullen official, flinging open the jealously guarded door of the inner room.

The sick monarch started from his couch, at the sound of that dearly loved name, and extending his

arms with passionate emotion, as Alarçon ushered the lady into his chamber, exclaimed,

"I am not then wholly abandoned of Heaven! God only knoweth how I have panted to embrace thee, my sweet sister. What, not a single word, or look, or kiss to bestow on thy unfortunate brother, Marguerite?"

"I fear I am the cause of disappointment to your majesty," said the lady, seating herself beside the couch; "I am not the lady of Alençon, but I come to cheer you with the tidings of her approach. Your royal sister greeteth you lovingly by me, and will be with you this present evening, God and the emperor willing."

"Blessings on the sweet voice that whispers such joyful news in the sick ear of a woeful captive," said Francis; "but I must be permitted to look on the face of my gentle visitor," pursued he, removing the mantilla in which the lady's face and figure had hitherto been enveloped. The features on which he gazed were unknown, and yet appeared familiar to the royal scrutinizer; they were noble, beautiful, and expressive both of dignity and goodness. Her age, which is a difficult point to ascertain in a fine woman, did not appear to exceed two-and-twenty; but the self-possession and easy grace of her manner might have belonged to a more advanced period of life.

"Your name, fair lady?" said the king.

"I am called Mademoiselle de Heilley," replied the lady, looking down, while a suffusing blush mantled her delicate cheek.

"You are then my subject, my charming friend," rejoined the king, with great animation, taking her hand.

"Is it your custom, sire, to make so free with the ladies of your court?" asked the lady, with a smile.

"I am always proud to offer my homage to beauty," replied Francis, gallantly raising the hand which he held to his lips.

"Are you quite sure," pursued he, looking into the lady's eyes, "that my sister did not make you the bearer of some tender token of her love to me?"

"This ruby heart," replied the lady, taking the richly wrought gold chain to which the gem was suspended from her neck.

"I shall wear it for the sake of her from whose lovely hands I receive the precious pledge," exclaimed Francis, bending one knee before his fair visitor. "Come, invest me with the order of which I perceive you are the grand mistress."

"What order does your majesty mean?"

"That of St. Cupid," returned the king.

"Your majesty has, I fear, been long a practised votary of that mischief-loving little traitor," said the lady, throwing the chain about his neck.

"You hold me now your lawful captive," said the king, kissing the glittering links of the chain.

"For how long?" asked the lady.

"For ever."

"Or till you see a fairer face than mine."

"It is impossible."

"You are a perilous wooer, sire, and for my own peace, I have resolved never to see you again, till you are the husband of the Queen Dowager of Portugal."

"I will marry her to-morrow, then."

"Donna Eleanora will have cause to be flattered, when she understands the reason of your haste; but are you ready to perform the conditions on which your marriage with that lady depends?"

"My fair friend, we will not waste the sweet moments by discussing so painful a subject."

"Donna Eleanora has said that she would be prouder of being your wife, if you were only a landless knight, than of sharing any other crown in Christendom."

"And who empowered you to make this communication to me, sweet-heart?" inquired Francis, taking Mademoiselle de Heilley by both hands, and bending a searching scrutiny upon her face. "Oh! my sister, the Duchess of Alençon was it? Mighty fine! I guessed as much when you began to talk of the Austrian; but I am not to be tricked by female *diplomatistes;* I am of full age and understanding to judge for myself, and, therefore, when you next favour me with a visit, my fair plenipotentiary, I hope it will be to make love to me on your own account, in which case I will endeavour to make you a more grateful return than I at present feel disposed to do."

"It is said that your majesty's heart is in the possession of the beautiful Française de Foix, your own subject."

"I have had leisure to repent me of the guilt and

folly of my conduct in that instance, during my weary hours of sorrowful captivity and sickness," returned Francis; "and this broken heart has now centered all its affections upon France, and my fair young sons, and that dear sister, who will, perhaps, only arrive to close these eyes in their last repose." He bowed his face upon his pillow as he spoke, and sobbed with deep and passionate emotion, unrestrained by the presence of a stranger. It was, however, no stranger's voice, but accents that had been sweetly associated with all the best and purest pleasures of his life, from childhood upwards, that now, with tenderest words of comfort, interrupted this pause of agony, while dear familiar arms enfolded his wasted form in the fond embrace of a sister's holy love.

Francis uttered an exclamation of surprise, for the mysterious *avant courier* of his royal sister had disappeared, and Marguerite of Valois herself was hanging over his sick couch, and mingling her tears with his. He tried to welcome her, but could only falter out,

"Marguerite, mine own true-hearted sister!"

"Rouse yourself, my prisoned eagle!" she replied; "your imperial jailor is at hand, and I would not for the honour of Valois, that the proud Spaniard should see that the victor-plumes that soared so triumphantly at Marignan, could droop in hopeless despondency under any reverse of fortune."

"It is the body, not the mind, that hath succumbed," said Francis, pressing his sister's hand to his throbbing temples.

"Let the etherial and immortal principle, then, wrestle with the earthly load that cumbereth and oppresseth its energies," returned his sister. "Charles of Spain, alarmed by the account of your indisposition, comes this evening to visit you, and his foot is even now on the threshold."

"I will defy the cold-blooded fox to his teeth," exclaimed Francis, starting from his couch.

"Not so, my brother; fight him with his own weapons, diplomatic coolness and reserve."

It was not in the nature of Francis to follow this prudent counsel, and when his imperial rival, attended by his chancellor Gattinara, and his own physician, whom he had brought to visit his illustrious captive, entered, he reproachfully addressed him in these words:

"Your majesty has then come at last to see your unfortunate prisoner die!"

"Not so, my brother, and my friend," replied Charles, advancing to the foot of the couch; "but to speak of hope and speedy restoration to health and to liberty. I have also brought an old friend and faithful vassal to visit you, who will be only too happy to renew his homage."

"If your majesty means my traitor constable, Bourbon, I will not consent to be insulted with his presence. I trust there is none other subject or vassal peer of mine, over whom your majesty possesses the slightest influence," exclaimed Francis, passionately.

A smile of intelligence was exchanged between the

emperor and the Duchess of Alençon at these words. "Be calm, my brother," whispered she, laying her hand on his arm; "no insult is intended." At the same moment, on a signal from the emperor, Pepin, the dauphin's foster-brother, advanced from the anti-room, leading by the collar his royal master's favourite dog Clovis. Instead of bounding joyfully to greet his captive lord, the sagacious animal, with that mysterious tact which is instinctive to his race, paused, and looking wistfully in the monarch's face, uttered a low piteous note of recognition and sympathy.

"No traitor in sooth, but the most faithful and devoted of friends art thou, my poor Clovis!" cried Francis; "but how came he at Madrid?"

"My sister, Donna Eleanora, understanding your majesty was suffering from indisposition, despatched an especial messenger to your royal sister the Duchess of Alençon, requesting her to make your favourite dog and his little attendant the companions of her journey, and I petitioned my fair and illustrious guest to permit me to have the pleasure of presenting Clovis to your majesty."

"You had a fairer companion on your journey than these, my sister," whispered Francis, to the Duchess of Alençon, as soon as the emperor and his followers had withdrawn.

"Whom does my royal brother mean?"

"Your charming attendant, Mademoiselle de Heilley. When shall I see her again?"

The countenance of Marguerite of Valois assumed

an expression of uneasiness at these words. "If I had been aware that any previous acquaintance had existed between yourself and Mademoiselle de Heilley, I would have selected some other attendant," said she.

"My good sister," replied Francis, "I never saw your fair *suivante* till this evening, when you obligingly sent her to announce your kind visit."

"My brother, you are dreaming," said the duchess; "Mademoiselle de Heilley has never quitted me for a moment, till I left her in the anti-room just now."

"You did not then make her the bearer of this jewel?" demanded Francis, producing the ruby heart and chain.

"Certainly not. But it is plain that some fair lady has been your visitor, since the heart and chain are rather of too substantial a nature to be the creations of a feverish delusion. I will, however, summon my lady in waiting, that you may be convinced that you were mistaken with regard to its being Mademoiselle de Heilley."

"When Mademoiselle de Heilley entered, Francis was compelled to acknowledge that she was not the lady who had used her name. He was evidently chagrined at the discovery, complained of fatigue, and permitted the ladies to withdraw.

When the Duchess of Alençon came to visit her royal brother the next day, she was pale and sad, and her countenance bore the traces of mortification.

"The object of my journey to Madrid has been frustrated," said she. "Donna Eleanora, your pro-

mised bride, has left Madrid, and undertaken a pilgrimage to Guadaloupe, as an excuse to avoid seeing me, or it may be that she has taken umbrage at something you have said of her to your mysterious visitor, who was doubtless some practised syren whom that wily dissembler, Charles of Spain, sent hither to bewitch you, calculating on the great defect in your moral character."

"I will stake the fairest province in France, that she with whom I discoursed last night was not less chaste than beautiful," exclaimed Francis; "though with regard to my own conduct, I believe I *was* foolish enough to make love to her."

"Oh! doubtless you acted with your usual want of discretion; but upbraidings are unavailing. It is enough that you have mortally offended your affianced bride, and frustrated all my plans for your deliverance."

"Have you tried your influence with Bourbon, Marguerite?" asked Francis, eagerly.

A deadly paleness chased the lively bloom from the cheek and lip of the royal widow, as she replied mournfully:

"Even to that degradation have I stooped for the sake of my king and brother."

"And — and the traitor?" —

"Is willing to renounce his treasons, to sue for pardon on his bended knee, to his captive liege lord, and to place his sword, his fortunes, his life, his honour even, at my disposal; but, Francis, he is powerless. Like yourself, he has been the dupe of Charles of

Spain, and he has not the means of repairing the mischief he has wrought.

"Not if I reward him with my pardon, and your hand, Marguerite?"

"The terms on which you would purchase his good offices have been made known to him," replied she, mournfully; "had they been offered previously to the battle of Pavia, you had been now on the throne of France, and master of the Milanese."

"Impossible; you were not then a widow, Marguerite, and from the moment that our mother plighted your reluctant hand to Alençon, Bourbon became my deadliest foe."

"Such, indeed, has been the result of my mother's cruel policy, and your unkind acquiescence in the sacrifice of one who deserved better things at your hands, Francis of Valois. But I spare reproaches; you are reaping the bitter harvest of your own sowing."

"But, my sweet Marguerite, you are now released from your weary bondage to the poltroon Alençon, and are free to wed with the object of your earliest affections, Bourbon."

"No, Francis; Bourbon cannot now repair the wounds he has inflicted on his country. He has explained to me, in the bitterness of his vain repentance, the impossibility of his rendering you any assistance. He is neither trusted nor respected by his new allies the foes of France. Would that he had died on the blood-stained field of Pavia, when his rebellious sword severed the last link that bound him to the heart of Marguerite of Valois!"

"You have, then, told him this?"

"No: *he* told me that thus he read my feelings,—that he was unworthy of me, and being unable to repair his crimes, he dared not sue for reconciliation. We have parted to meet no more on this side the grave, and all I now live for is my country. I still hope to be the means of restoring to France her king, if he will be true to himself."

The Duchess of Alençon then unfolded to her royal brother a project for his escape from prison, into which Francis eagerly entered. The plan failed through the treachery of one of his attendants, who, having quarrelled with his colleague, La Rochepot, who was more fully trusted than himself, he, out of revenge, denounced the plot to the Spanish authorities. Francis was, in consequence, subjected to a more rigorous confinement than before, and the Emperor Charles, understanding the share which the Duchess of Alençon had taken in arranging the matter, took measures for arresting her person as soon as the date of her safe conduct had expired; and Marguerite, while bending all the energies of her ardent character to the great object for which she had entered Spain, the deliverance of her royal brother, had been so insensible to the lapse of time, as to have arrived within two days of the limits of this period.

She received a hasty warning of the emperor's design from Bourbon, and having taken a hurried farewell of Francis, and received from his hands an instrument whereby he abdicated the throne of France in

favour of his son the dauphin, she left Madrid privately, and travelled with such expedition, that before Charles had received certain intelligence of her flight, she was beyond the reach of his power.

After her departure, Francis sunk once more into a state of listless melancholy. His appetite failed; he refused to take air, exercise, or recreation; sleep forsook his pillow, and a dangerous relapse of fever, brought on by agitation and anguish of mind, succeeded. Gattinara, the honest chancellor of the Emperor Charles, to whom the state of the royal captive was reported by the physicians, thought proper to announce it to his imperial majesty in the following blunt terms:—

"Will it please your majesty, that the last consolations of the church be administered to the King of France?"

"The last consolations of the church to Francis of Valois!" repeated the emperor, in surprise; "what next will he require?"

"Embalming and interment, if it be your imperial pleasure to grant him the favour of royal exequies," replied Gattinara. "The fact is, my lord, you have delayed the fulfilment of your promises so long, that in all probability Francis of Valois will get his release to-night from a higher power than yours, and you will be regarded by Europe in the light of his murderer."

"Nay, then," cried the emperor, "he shall be espoused to our royal sister, Donna Eleanora, to-morrow."

"It is the opinion of six physicians, that Francis of Valois will be wedded to another spouse before morning."

"In that case no time is to be lost," cried the emperor, "or we shall not be able to claim any benefit from the treaty he has signed, not even a dowry for my sister. Lannoy," pursued he, turning to the viceroy of Naples, with whom he was engaged in a game of chess; "go to the Queen of Portugal, and tell her to repair, with her ladies, to the Alcazar."

"Your majesty forgets that Donna Eleanora is still absent on the pilgrimage which you compelled her to undertake."

"That is an unlucky circumstance, but not without remedy: the parties must be espoused by proxy."

"Where shall we find a lady who can prepare herself for so important a ceremony on so short a notice?" asked Gattinara, coolly: "Your majesty's imperial consort, and the ladies of her court, are not at Toledo, consequently you cannot select a noble maiden for the purpose of representing your illustrious sister, without great difficulty and loss of time, to say nothing of the pride and importance of the Spanish nobles in their family arrangements. And this is so extraordinary a business."

"What is to be done, Lannoy?" said the emperor.

"Something, or nothing, it is plain," replied the viceroy, with a sarcastic smile; "and if I did not fear giving offence to her Majesty Donna Eleanora, I would

ride off to Madrid, and receive the nuptial ring from King Francis, in her name."

"And as her proxy?" asked Gattinara, drily.

"Why not? a proxy only means a representative who expresses the consent of an absent person, which, as we all know Donna Eleanora has no objection to this alliance, I will venture to do, with regard to her marriage with Francis of Valois."

"Ride, then, with all the speed you may, Lannoy, that we may claim a dowry for my sister as his widow," cried the emperor.

In an incredibly short period after this conversation, the feverish slumbers of the royal captive were interrupted by the entrance of a priest, who, approaching the bed, with his breviary in his hand, asked, "if his Majesty of France were disposed to enter into the holy state?"

"Not much, I confess," replied Francis; "however, God's will be done. — Are you about to administer the last sacrament, Father?"

"There are two others which, in your majesty's case, must precede that consoling ordinance, namely, matrimony, and penance; and for the first of these I am come to prepare your majesty."

"Matrimony!" cried Francis, in a feeble voice; "will you be pleased to produce the bride?"

"Don Ferdinand Alarçon," said the priest, "I charge you, in the name of the emperor, to introduce the proxy of that illustrious lady, Donna Eleanora, the Queen Dowager of Portugal, into this chamber, and to

arrange every thing for the immediate celebration of her majesty's nuptials with the King of France."

"How now, Lannoy!" exclaimed Francis, as the viceroy, booted and spurred, defiled with dust, and breathless with hard riding, entered the chamber; "Is it from your hands that I am to have the honour of receiving my Spanish bride?"

"No: it is Alarçon who is to act as the deputy of our imperial lord, on this occasion, and I am to have the honour of representing the illustrious bride," replied Lannoy; "your majesty will be graciously pleased to excuse my whiskers and spurs, I hope."

"*C'est egal,*" muttered the astonished bridegroom, with an expressive shrug. The bearded representative of the bride gave an authoritative nod to the priest to commence the spousal rite, and Francis, supported in his bed with pillows, allowed his trembling hand to be guided, by his page Pepin, to place the nuptial ring on the huge finger which Lannoy thrust forth to receive the symbol of union between the imprisoned monarch of France, and the sister of his imperial master. At the conclusion of this farcical solemnity, Francis sunk back on his pillow in a state of exhaustion, so nearly resembling death, that the proxy of his future queen rode back to Toledo, with fiery speed, to announce to Charles V. that the prediction of the physicians would assuredly be verified.

Contrary, however, to their opinions, the crisis of the fever terminated favourably, and Francis slowly, but surely, recovered from his perilous sickness.

The Emperor Charles paid him friendly visits during his convalescence, and the arrangements for his restoration to liberty were soon after completed. Hostages were, however, demanded by the emperor, for the fulfilment of the hard conditions of his release, and the payment of his enormous ransom. These hostages were to be either the heirs of twelve of the noblest families in France, or his two sons, the dauphin, and his brother Prince Henri.

Tears rushed to the eyes of the royal victor of Marignan, when the bitter alternative was submitted to his consideration; but he replied, without hesitation, "Mine own fair sons must be the victims, then; I cannot ask any of my peers to resign a father's fondest hopes to break my chains." The young princes were accordingly conducted to the frontier town of Andaye by Marshal Lantre, and on the 18th of March, 1526, the memorable scene of the exchange of these royal children for their father, took place. Francis, guarded by Alarçon and Lannoy, and fifty horsemen, appeared on one bank at the moment that Marshal Lantre, with the dauphin and his brother, reached the other.

A barge had been moored in the mid-stream of the Bidassoa, which formed the bound of demarcation between the hostile realms of France and Spain. On the deck of this vessel, the long separated father, and his sons met, and exchanged a hasty embrace, as a prelude to a yet longer parting. "It is not meet that the foes of France should behold me in my hour of weakness!" exclaimed Francis, dashing the rebel moisture

from his eyes; and straining his children once more passionately to his throbbing breast, he tore himself from their caresses, leaped into the boat which had brought them to the barge, and springing to the shore, mounted his royal charger, which was in waiting for him there, waved his hand, and shouting, "Once more a king!" rode off at head-long speed, not trusting himself to cast a backward glance towards the Bidassoa, where the boat, containing the precious pledges whom he had given for the fulfilment of the hard conditions of his release, was rapidly gliding towards the hated shores of Spain.

The first use which the enfranchised monarch made of his freedom, was to protest against the whole tenor of the treaty to which he had been induced to affix his signature, while labouring under an access of feverish excitement; and regardless both of the matrimonial engagements into which he had entered with Donna Eleanora of Austria, and the perilous position in which his children were placed, he allied himself with his former enemy, Henry VIII. of England, and took an early opportunity of declaring war against Charles. Three years of harassing campaigns, equally ruinous in their effects to the prosperity of France and Spain, succeeded; and during this period the sons of Francis were confided to the custody of Donna Eleanora, the affianced bride of their father, and by her they were cherished with not less than maternal tenderness. She superintended their education with the same care which she bestowed on that of her young daughter the

infanta of Portugal, and fully succeeded in winning the affection of the youthful hostages; while she gently, but unweariedly, exerted the influence which her virtues and talents had acquired for her in her own family, in endeavouring to compose the differences between her imperial brother, and her affianced husband.

The destiny of Francis was, from the cradle to the tomb, peculiarly affected by the power of female influence. Left an orphan at the early age of three years, he was educated by his widowed mother, Louise of Savoy, whose ascendancy over his affections was at times perniciously enough exercised after he came to the throne; but, on the other hand, the bright genius and energetic spirit of his high-minded and accomplished sister, Marguerite of Valois, which were ever exerted for his good, were productive of the happiest effects, both on his fortunes and his character. It was from the clear head, and brilliant imagination of this amiable princess, that the felicitous idea first emanated, of referring the differences between those irreconcilable foes, Charles and Francis, to a female congress, composed of the emperor's aunt, that veteran stateswoman, the Lady Marguerite, regent of the Low Countries, Louise of Savoy, the mother of Francis, Eleanora of Austria, and herself. It was to the mildness, patience, and good feeling, exhibited by these royal *diplomatistes* extraordinary, that the exhausted realms of Austria, France, and Spain, were indebted for that happy termination of their hostilities which is emphatically styled, in history, "THE LADIES' PEACE."

It was on the 5th of August, 1529, nearly three years and a half from the day when Francis I. regained his liberty at the price of resigning his sons into the hands of his ungenerous rival, that a scene not less interesting than that which we have previously described, took place on the bosom of the watery boundary between France and Spain, where the constable Montmorenci gave the sealed cases containing the money stipulated for the ransom of Francis I. in exchange for the betrothed bride of Francis and his sons. The illustrious party landed at Bourdeaux, and Eleanora, still wearing the dress of a royal widow, entered, with a fluttering heart, the presence of her long wedded, but as yet unknown lord, leading, in either hand, the princely heir of France and his brother, who, but for her gentle, but powerful mediation, would in all probability have been doomed to life-long captivity in a Spanish fortress.

Francis rose from his chair of state, and advanced to pay his first compliments to his Spanish bride rather with the formal courtesy of a royal act of ceremony, than the alacrity of a lover.

"I bring your majesty a dowry more precious than both the Indies," said Donna Eleanora, presenting his two sons to Francis; "and all I ask of you in return for the three years of maternal care which I have bestowed upon them, is, that you should regard me, not as the sister of your foe, but as the happy instrument of restoring your children to your arms."

"If that sweet voice deceive not my ear, I have

long regarded you with tenderer feelings still," exclaimed Francis, with sudden animation.

"Come, my fair sister, it is time to elucidate the mystery," said the Duchess of Alençon, removing the veil which had hitherto enveloped the person of the royal bride, and revealing to the eager gaze of her king and brother the well-remembered features of the lady who had visited him in the Alcazar; and Francis, bending his knee before his blushing consort, exclaimed: "My wife, and my queen, behold how faithfully I have worn thy chains!" He opened his embroidered pourpoint as he spoke, and pointed to the glittering links that she had thrown about his neck on the eventful evening when she availed herself of the Duchess of Alençon's pass to obtain an interview with the captive monarch, who had been a suitor to her brother for her hand.

The scheme had been devised between Donna Eleanora, and Marguerite of Valois, but the circumstance having been betrayed by Alarçon to the Emperor Charles, had exposed the fair Dowager of Portugal to a severe reproof, and to the sentence of a pilgrimage to Guadaloupe, as a punishment for the bold step she had ventured, and also as a prevention to any future meetings between her and her affianced lord. On the following day, the marriage of Francis and Eleanora was celebrated at Bourdeaux with great pomp, and was hailed by the war-worn people of France as the last auspicious seal of "The Ladies' Peace."

TO * * *

BY WILLIAM KENNEDY.

Behind me lies the changing wood,—
  Below me rolls the sea;
The waves are high, the winds are rude,
And, to sere autumn's solitude,
  They chant complainingly:
But, to my thought, it seemeth not
  A strain too full of sadness;
In mood of care, it irks to hear
  The ill-timed note of gladness:
And I am all alone, my love,
  A watcher by the sea,
With nought to cheer my vigils drear,
  Save bootless dreams of thee.

Yet why of loneliness like this
  Should world-sick wight complain?
I've fled from scenes that make it bliss
  To consort with the main;

I've left behind men more unkind
  Than is the fitful blast,
Which frequent grieves above the leaves
  It scatters thick and fast.
I'd rather keep a mournful watch,
  At midnight, by the sea,
Than con the rules of heartless fools,
  Or 'bide where earth-worms be.

For oh! it is a weary thing
  To suffer, day by day,
The bondage of the chain and ring
To bear the inward festering
  Of spirit crushed by clay!
To herd with knaves, and false-lipped slaves,
  As master or as mate, —
Whate'er the guise to vulgar eyes, —
  Is to be desolate;
Then, though the storm-blast rend the wood,
  And ocean shake the shore,
The wind and wave I'd choose to brave,
  And yoke with man no more.

The night-cloud spreads a dismal pall
  Between me and the heaven, —
Earth, sea, and sky, are blended, all,
Save when, at measured interval,
  The beacon's glare is given;

But, from afar, a pensive star
Arises on my sight,
To re-illume the bosom's gloom
With pure affection's light:
Though severed many a mile, my girl,
I seem to feel, even now,
The lustre of thy loving looks
Soft breaking on my brow!

Thou kindest, and most faithful heart, —
The trusting, the beloved!
How wedded to my soul thou art,
My absent truth hath proved.
Thy last embrace, thy drooping face,
Thy broken, faint farewell, —
Their power again I own, as when
The tears of parting fell;
As when upon thy cheek I hung, —
Thy young cheek, lily-pale, —
Those eyes of thine then moistened mine; —
But what can grief avail?

Ambition's castellated hill,
And turrets tipped with gold—
The niche that Fame delights to fill,
The spoils of Avarice old—
I'd seek to gain, but that in vain
Such gauds for me would shine, —
A dying man will coldly scan
The banquet and the wine!

My soul a pilgrim in the wilds,
And way-worn, longs for rest;
Life's troubled day doth need the stay
Of an abiding breast.

Then come, mine own devoted one, —
Speed thither, o'er the deep, —
Would thou couldst reach me ere the sun
Shall rise again from sleep!
Would thou wert near thy exile, here,
Where pining Fancy lingers,
To chase the pain that fires his brain,
With light and dewy fingers;
When sorrow weighs the spirit down,
What blessedness to feel
A gentle palm, with touch like balm,
Across the temples steal!

That's over, now, with me! — 'tis o'er! —
And I, poor wanderer, driven
By perverse winds, from the sweet shore
Where love hath made its haven,
Can only pray that Fortune may,
In a relenting mood,
Restore thee, dear, to minister
To my heart's solitude; —
For I am all alone, my girl,
Nor boots it where I be;
I do but press the wilderness
When I am far from thee!

THE LOST HALF-CROWN.

BY C. A. HALSTED, AUTHOR OF "INVESTIGATION," ETC.

The tear, down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dew-drop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry;—
But summer months bring wilding shoot
From bud to bloom, from bloom to fruit;
And years draw on our human span,
From child to boy, from boy to man.

Rokeby, Canto IV. St. 11, 12.

"WHAT! Ellen in tears! This is something quite new;" exclaimed a gentle and sweet-toned voice, to a lovely little girl, who, kneeling before a rustic seat, with her head resting on her arms, was crying bitterly. "Why do you weep so, my child? What can have occurred to make you so very unhappy?"

"I have lost my half-crown, my own, my very own half-crown," said Ellen Campbell; "just too as I was going to be quite happy, and spend it with Mamma at the fancy-fair. I have been so very careful, that I scarcely ever took it out of my crystal box,—except, sometimes for a minute, just to look at it, and consider

what I should buy; only, this morning I thought, as I was going to spend it, and when it would not be much longer mine, I would play with it a little while for the last time. But, as I was running to the arbour with old Rover (here Ellen's sobs almost impeded her utterance) my foot slipped, I fell down, and my half-crown rolled out of my hand! Where it went, I cannot tell; but it is gone; and now the pleasure I have longed for, for such a great, great while is all over! Oh! how I wish I had never taken my half-crown to play with—for I cannot even buy you a keepsake now, as you know I meant to do!" and poor Ellen again covered her face with her hands, and burst into a fresh flood of tears.

"You will gain wisdom by this mischance, my little girl," said the same soft and soothing voice. "You will hereafter, believe me, find that your half-crown is but an emblem of those sudden and severe disappointments, which, in future years, will often check your fairest anticipations of happiness. And it will also teach you caution, in the abuse, or even too free use, of treasures which seem unalterably your own. Had you left the half-crown in your bonbon box, and played with your hoop or ball, your enjoyment at the fancy-fair would still have been in store for you, even had you lost your ball, or broken the hoop, by your unlucky fall. But—do not cry so very piteously," continued her kind friend, lifting the sobbing Ellen from the ground, and kissing affectionately away the large tears which, in quick succession, chased each other down her swollen cheeks: "I know that the recollection of this

adventure will frequently be of service to you; so we will not, at present, talk any more on the subject,—and here is another half-crown,—so that you may still go to the fancy-fair, and still buy me a present!"

Ellen smiled through her tears, but it was a smile rather of gratitude than of pleasure. The same sum was there, but it was not the same half-crown which had been hoarded for so many months by its juvenile possessor, who had, with child-like impatience, watched the growth of her accumulating store, from a silver fourpence on her birthday—to sixpence—one shilling—two shillings—until it had reached, what to her imagination was great riches, a substantial half-crown! No! the sympathy and kindness of Gertrude Neville had checked her sobs, and called up a momentary smile; but vain were Ellen's efforts to speak; for though her countenance beamed with grateful affection, her little heart was much too full for utterance. Like the effect of a summer shower on the fairy rose, which so bends the fragile stem, and overwhelms the blossom, that even the genial warmth of the quickly returning sun fails to raise its drooping head, or restore the delicate plant to its wonted beauty.

Ellen Campbell was a child of acute sensibility, and of reflection beyond her tender years. Young as she was, she felt that she could only blame herself for her loss; and consequently, her new half-crown was destitute of the interest attached to that which was gone.

And these feelings which so subdued little Ellen were but the first germs of similar sentiments, which after

having been corrected by experience, had gradually ripened into salutary habits of self-discipline, in her who had so affectionately and judiciously reasoned with the weeping-child.

Gertrude Neville had passed that first spring of life, when the world appears one verdant meadow;—where eye-bright, and scented thyme,—golden cups, and native heart's-ease—are alone beheld; and where the hidden nettle has not attained sufficient height to sting the fingers, which so eagerly and incautiously grasp those bright blossoms that are spread by Nature in such rich luxuriance before the vivid imagination of youth. Gertrude had passed that spring; nay, she had lingered long enough amidst the roses of summer, to learn,—as all on earth one day learn,—that thorns mingle with the sweetest flowers! Well, therefore, did she know, that Ellen's adventure with her half-crown, was but a varied form of the same check-string, which, in some shape or other, is continually arresting our career, bringing home to us the conviction of the uncertainty of all earthly possessions; and abating the ardour of that overflowing joy which beams so beauteously on the face of happy infancy; but which would be productive of continual disappointment in after years, unless thus early moderated by warnings, conveyed by incidents as apparently trivial, as the loss of poor Ellen's half-crown.

And who amongst us has not felt these salutary warnings? Who has not tossed his ball too far—or suffered his kite to fly too high? Who has not mourned

the disappointment of seeds which have never sprung up, and plants that have withered and died? Seeds and plants bought with such pride for the first garden, and with silver out of the first purse, but which childish impatience caused the rake to scatter, or the spade to demolish — thus rendering futile the gardener's judicious instructions! Our entrance into life bears indeed a close analogy to our infant gardens; for the mortifications we early experience may ofttimes be traced to that impetuosity which scatters the seeds, and to those headstrong passions, which injure the roots, of flowers with whose blossoms we might eventually have been rewarded, had patience, perseverance, and self-control been early inculcated, and steadily practised.

And if the lesson learned has not always been as dearly purchased, as was little Ellen's with her half-crown, have we not all our warnings—in all ages—and in all stations?—warnings which continually teach us to control that exaggerated expectation of perfect joy which is not allotted to mortality. Ask the school-boy, if any day in the vacation equals the unrepressed and irrepressible joy of the day that ushers it in—the day of "breaking up;" or whether the actual delight of his holidays ever approaches to the gay colouring with which anticipation had decked them. Ask the fair-haired girl, the youthful debutante of seventeen, if her first ball—her "coming out" was in itself as delightful as the bright visions which heralded that much-wished-for and all important period. With some few gladsome

hearts, indeed, the sunshine of life may remain for a longer time unclouded; but many an ingenuous mind will acknowledge, that the result of their anticipated joys was as chilling, and the illusion as brief, as would be the effect of first contemplating, through amber-coloured glass, a tame prospect, on a gloomy day: the beholder of which, on lifting up the window, and surveying nature in its true light, seeks in vain for the sunny spot, and bright scenes on which a few minutes before he had dwelt with such unalloyed pleasure and delight.

Gertrude was an orphan. She had loved, and been beloved by the tenderest of parents. She was their pride, their hope, their treasure—the object of their fondest solicitude,—their most fervent prayers; and she repaid their anxious affection by a devotion which proved they were "all the world" to her. And when these loved beings were taken from her, Gertrude felt, as did Ellen with her infant riches, that she had not sufficiently appreciated her blessings, while they were hers—and that she had trifled with her felicity.

Gertrude too, had again loved. The fountain of her affection, which seemed to have been closed up when her parents died, had subsequently welled forth at the voice of one whom she had first learned to regard from her parents' estimation of his character, and then to love with enthusiasm, because he had been the comforter and soother of the orphan's grief. He had revived the joys which death had blighted. The parents she had wept for—the home she had lost—all

seemed about to be restored to her; and, in contemplating an union with the idol of her affections—the object for whom her heart beat with new love, new hopes, new joys—Gertrude almost forgot the past, and lived only in the happiness of the present. But alas! a sadder lesson awaited her, and which Ellen's misfortune now recalled in full poignancy to her recollection. The being to whom she was on the eve of being united, led away by the ignis-fatuus of golden dreams, and making too sure of hereditary wealth, which, like Ellen's silver piece in the crystal box, had hitherto remained in quiet security, gradually increasing for many years, had, in an evil hour, been induced to remove his treasure—and to traffic in the fancy-fair of life. He embarked his all in a vast, but hazardous speculation, which ended, like poor little Ellen's fall, in the loss of all his worldly possessions. The blow to Gertrude was a heavy one; for, she had not thought of the future. She had loved with woman's first love—the love which never can be equalled—and she had mourned over her blighted prospects, and withered hopes, as woman only can mourn! In the depths of her aching heart, were her sorrows hidden from the observation of those around her; but in the retirement of solitude, she yielded to the anguish of her soul, whilst dwelling on the dangers, difficulties, and deprivations, which the object of her attachment was possibly enduring in the voluntary exile which he had imposed on himself, with the hope of retrieving some part of his shattered fortune. But Gertrude, although fond and confiding,

and gifted by nature with the warmest feelings, was no worldling. She was often a mourner, but never a murmurer. She had been early tutored to feel, that the severest trials may be blessings in disguise; and that worse calamities may be averted from us, even by means of those very afflictions which seem to deprive us of all our hopes and happiness in this world.

In the long-proved attachment of an estimable friend of her parents, to whose tender care, on their death-bed, they had especially confided the almost heart-broken object of their earthly affection, did Gertrude Neville again experience sympathy, comfort, and support,—whilst cherishing in tranquil endurance, and patient submission, the hope of brighter and happier days. This excellent friend was Ellen's mother; and on the child of her affectionate guardian did this amiable and gentle being avail herself of every incident and occasion to enforce those habits of reflection and self-denial, which had formed her own staying support in many a trying hour—had enabled her to view the chequered events of life in their true light,—and neither to over-rate prosperity by a too eager anticipation of fancied joys, nor to sink beneath the weight of despair in that adversity which she knew to be, at all times, the possible lot of the most highly favoured. Her love for her little favourite, and commiseration for her sorrow, checked Gertrude's reproof in the arbour, when, trying to smile amidst her fast-falling tears, the weeping child showed, by her intelligent look, that she had derived a salutary lesson from

the loss of her half-crown. In silence did her judicious monitress lead her back into the house. Farther reproof would, at that time, have been misplaced, nay, almost unkind; for she felt her little hand tremble, as she endeavoured to check her tears—tears which nevertheless sprang unbidden to her eyes, and hung on her long eyelashes, glistening like the early dew on the moss-rose bud.

But the sorrows of happy childhood are brief:—when therefore the sunshine of joy again lighted up Ellen's lovely face, amidst the enchantments of the fancy-fair, then did Gertrude conclude her admonition.

"Here, my sweet love, is another crystal box, which I have bought as a keepsake for you—and which I give you on one condition; that you never spend the new, and bright half-crown, which I have placed as a monitor within it. Keep both, my Ellen, in remembrance of to-day: and whenever you are tempted to be careless of your treasures, or to yield to inclinations which your better judgment would condemn, let the sight of the crystal box remind you how soon those treasures may be lost to you for ever, and how one idle moment may render nugatory years of steady perseverance and caution: and let the recollection of the *Lost Half-crown* teach you, also, that losses and disappointments are felt with a tenfold bitterness, when they are the result of our own folly."

Ellen assented to the proposal;—and Ellen has since passed from childhood to girlhood—and from girlhood to maturer years; but she still preserves the crystal

box, from within which the important silver token has never been removed;—for amidst various trials and disappointments, of which her infantine grief was indeed but too truly a type, she has ever felt the value of the lesson it inculcated—and thankfully acknowledges the benefit she has derived from Gertrude's keepsake, and her own mischance of THE LOST HALF-CROWN.

SONNET.

To Melancholy.

Oh Melancholy! author of these tears—
These downcast eyes — this dark, delightless face—
This bending body, and deliberate pace—
These waking dreams of dread, amazing fears,
Imagined wrongs, rude taunts, sardonic sneers,
Suspected scorn, and innocent disgrace—
These sullen thoughts that gloom the sunniest place,—
And all the pangs and agonies of years;—
Oh faithful Foe! when all things that belong
To sanguine hope and pride of mind are fled;
When all the flowers of life's sweet spring are dead,
And Fame sits silent at my lowly song;
Why, when all fly, dost thou alone remain?
Gaunt wolf, that tears my heart, and battens on my brain!

W.

THE AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

JENNY TAMSON'S SURPRISE.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THERE are sayings which become proverbial, and form what I may call the floating wisdom of mankind: and there are sayings of a limited nature, which, like the voice of the stream, are heard but in the district whence they arose. From one of these latter my little story comes.

Some years ago—but in matters of truth it is well to be particular—on the eleventh of July 1831, I wandered into a valley on the Scottish side of the Tweed, with which some of my school-boy feelings were connected. I had been a round score of years away, and all seemed altered: the hills, and the streams were all that remained to me, and I set down the changes which man or time had wrought on what I loved, as personal injuries. "See," I said to myself, "the old family of Drumcoltrum is gone, and the new proprietor has cast down their tower, where the wild-hawk built for a century beyond the reach of the most venturous school-boy: and here too — the little stream which once made its way southward through a fra-

grant wilderness of hawthorn and hazel, and beneath whose overhanging banks of turf I used to grope for trouts—is now confined between too straight walls of stone, and lifts up its imprisoned voice, with a tone in which there is something of lament: And what is this? Why the Trysting-tree, hung in summer with garlands of honeysuckle, and beneath whose shade I first committed the double folly of love and rhyme,—is stubbed out by the merciless hoe of this bone-manuring lord, and here lies its venerable trunk withering in the sun, with the names of a hundred lovers, and the rhymes of ten district bards, obliterated for ever." I could look on this no longer; so turned my steps into a little wild rocky ravine, on whose flinty sides I was sure improvement would break its teeth if it tried them.

Here matters went more to my mind: I took off my hat, and kneeling, drank heartily from a clear cool spring, at which a thousand school-boys, as well as wild-deer, had drunk in their day; and when I looked up, the old cottage stood before me, where I now and then supped curds and cream: the same thin blue smoke seemed ascending from its wattled and rope-bound chimney: the hedge of wild plum which hemmed in the kale-yard and afforded shelter for some hives of bees, was not a hand-breadth higher than when I was last in the land: nay, I imagined the very birr of the spinning-wheel of its thrifty inmate sitting at the door in the sunshine, was the same, and the same, certainly, the air which she was crooning. I was at the old woman's elbow before she saw me. She started so as

almost to overset the wheel, and exclaimed, "Hegh, sirs! this is Jenny Tamson's surprise owre again."

"Jenny Tamson's surprise," I said, "and what sort of surprise was that, dame?"

"Eh! and wha are ye that comes sae far to ask so little?" she answered, tartly. "Ye'll be one of thae travellers who come and clink down an auld wife's words and looks with pencils and keelvines, into a book of travels, and come owre us a' wi' a Jenny Tamson's surprise.—Awa' wi' ye."

"No, no, Elspith," I said, holding out my hand, "ye are far mista'en in me, as the ballad says, which ye used to sing, and to which I listened, when I should have been learning the Proof Catechism. Know ye not the cheep of the bird that grew up under your own wing?"

"God guide me!" she exclaimed, "and have I ta'en ane of my ain burn-bank bairns for a stranger frae the Trent or the Thames? Ye meikle gowk! ye hae gi'en me a waur surprise than Jenny Tamson gat."

"Jenny Tamson's surprise again," I said; "why Elspith, this saying has grown up in the land since I left it!"

"A'tweel has it," replied the old dame, "and meikle beside that: were a' things to stand still, think ye, because ye were awa? But yere grown up, and I am grown down, and Jenny Tamson has waured us baith, for she's grown a lady."

"What!" I inquired, "is she one of the Thomsons of the Butterhole-brae, and cousin to the Thomsons of Nether-bar-feggan?"

"The same, lad, the same," said Elspith; "but ye mauna ca' her Jenny Tamson ony mair: she's my lady now, and carries her head aboon us a': and Butterhole-brae has changed its name; they call it Bellevue, nae less; and for a reeky hovel wi' a sour hole at the door, there's a braw structure wi' pillars and tirlie-whirlies at the head, and a grand flight of polished steps, wi' an approach through the policies. As I gade by the other day, instead of the cheep of the sparrow under the thatch, there was the music of lute and dulcimer; but, wad ye believe it, the poor fowk, wha hate to see ane step at ae stride into a lady, ca' the place Bonnie Bellvue when they ask for an amous; but nae sooner is my lady's back turned, than they cry, 'Jenny Tamson's surprise—Jenny Tamson's surprise!' and so the word goes round the land."

"Well, Elspith," I said, "this is all new to me, and, I see, not very pleasing to you: what! did you expect to become a lady through the love of some young lord, like those you loved to sing about in ballads?"

"Me!" exclaimed she, "nae sic notion ever came into my pow: no but what I think the Howiesons are as worthy of the name of lady as ony Tamson that ever sauld butter light o' weight in Dumfries market. But wherefore should I desire to change my lot? Do I not sit as saft and live as bein and snug — thanks be to you — and sleep as sound — thanks be to God and a good conscience — as if I were Lady Howieson, of Howlet-glen, and had a dozen fowls' feathers in my tappin, and a half dozen idle sluts to wait on me?

Na, na; I hope fortune winna come Jenny Tamson's surprise owre me."

"I trust, Elspith," I said, "that fortune will not be so spiteful; but you forget I am fasting; you owe me a bowl of curds and cream. I never get such curds and cream as yours any where."

"If I were sixty years younger, my lad," she answered, "ye might hope to come owre me with a blaw i' my lug like that. But, God forgie me, why should I say such things? Is not this house and all that is in it your ain sax times told, and why should a bondwoman who owes life and all that makes life sweet, to your own kind heart, not hasten to do her best to please one that she prays for duly night and morning?"

"It is owing to your prayers, Elspith," I said, taking her old and withered hand in mine, "that I prosper — but these are excellent curds: I think your skill increases with your age; but sit down beside me now, and tell me about Jenny Tamson's surprise. I long to hear by what strange road she walked into distinction."

"By a road not strange, but straight and beautiful," said Elspith; "her ain loveliness and her ain merits; but ye shall judge for yourself. Ye see when douce John Tamson of the Butterhole-brae died, he left but ae child, this Jenny,—my lady now I maun ca' her,—to heir his property; for he had beside the land, which is gravelly and stony enough to justify the saying, that it was the riddlings of Nithsdale, some sheep on the

hills, some cows in the byre, and some bonds in the bank. Now the lassie was fair to look upon, and mild and gentle to all, rich and poor; at the school she was up wi' the best at the lessons: in the dance ye wad hae thought her feet and the fiddle were sisters twin; and in the kirk her voice was sae sweet and melodious, that Tam Wilson, the precentor, said they might brag in the episcopal kirk how well they worshipped God, by means of that machine called the organ; but in ae note o' Jenny Tamson's voice there was mair real rapture than in a whole St. Paul's Cathedral of pipes and whistles. Ye mauna think now that the lassie was a demure creature wi' a solemn psalm-singing look: she could be serious and thoughtful enough; but in truth she was equal to ony thing, and whatever mood she was in, she tempered all with such discretion and propriety, that the whole dale said, 'Jenny Tamson will make a capital market if her mother will let her.'

"Her mother, however, was na sic a fool as folk took her to be: she kend a light pound of butter frae a heavy one, and hawse-lock wool from hiplock; what they meant was, that she wad drive the poor lassie into some bargain, where the whole question was of bonds and not of hearts, and the quantity of land more carefully measured than the amount of affection. Weel, ye see, the lassie grew up as I said, fair to look upon, and when she was eighteen ye wadna hae seen the like o' her in a simmer-day's riding: she gaed to the kirk and was one of the doucest there: she went to the fair, and she was aye the handsomest

and she went to the harvest-dance, and seemed to trip it over men's hearts; and yet she cared for nobody, when a' fowk cared for her. It would look liesome like, were I to tell the names and numbers of those who pined for her: there was sic riding and rinning as een never saw. Butterhole-brae was like a cried fair; young men thought she would like health and strength, and the rapture of youth; old men imagined she would prefer the wisdom of years; while harum-scarum Tam Frizell cried, 'Stand all aside, Jenny prefers a half-and-half man, ane that's neither auld nor young, like me.'

"But not one of them was Jenny's choice; her refusal drove Jamie Corson to the sea, where a tempest rose and swallowed him up: had she raised the storm, there might have been reason in her sorrow; but she had a tender heart, owre tender, for she cried when wee Andrew Dobie died in a delirium of drink with toasting her health in brandy. 'Another half-mutchkin,' he cried, 'the thoughts of Jenny Tamson's beauty mak me mair drouthy than ordinar.'

"Her cruelty, as a rhymer called it in song, was the talk of the country side, and more than ane said, her pride would get a downcome: but no downcome came: her mither took her to task; it was an awful thing to hear them at it, as my ain niece, Peg Paterson, then ane of her servants, tauld me; for if ever a mither sought to sell her daughter to the deevil, auld Luckie tried it that day; and this brings me to Jenny Tamson's surprise.

"'Jenny,' she said, 'the crop is profitable; the butter and cheese have risen in the market; black-cattle, as well as sheep, have done us a good turn; and we are richer since your father's death by a full thousand pounds. Now all this is for Jenny Tamson, yet she gangs maiden both to kirk and market, and forgets that men of substance sigh for her, and that her mither was a wedded wife and mair at her years.'

"'My dear mother,' said Jenny, 'you had the choice of your own heart: there is not a man in all the vale that I wish to call mine.'

"'The choice of my heart!' exclaimed the other, 'when had woman ony sic choice? She is a slave to her parents or to custom; she cannot go up to a young fellow, and say, Lad, I love you;—she maun wait for those that fortune may send her; and when did fortune take a young thing's part, and send her the lad she loved? Na, na, Jenny, I had no choice of my own; your father was warmer with liquor than with love, when he came and wooed me: my father was by the side of the punchbowl when he gave his consent, and more was thought about the luck-penny and the exchange of commodities, than about your poor trembling-hearted mother.'

"'Oh, mother, you make me sad to hear you!' said Jenny, shuddering at this dark page in the chapter of domestic history.

"'Weel, but ye mauna be sad, my bonnie woman,' said her mother in a soothing voice; 'for here comes the Laird of Tulzieknowe; no so young as he was ten

years since, but descended from a renowned house: they had fame in border story, the lairds of Tulzieknowe—Jenny, he will make a husband of the best.'

"Before Jenny could say a word by way of answer, the laird had sprung from his horse, and, booted and spurred, with a water-proof great-coat on, an oil-skin covered hat on his head, and a heavy brass-headed whip in his hand, came stamping into the chamber, and seated himself in an arm-chair, with a soss which made the floor quiver.

"'Jenny,' said he, 'I have been at Lockerbie Lamb-fair, and there was not one of all the fighting Bells of Gotterbie; nor the wild Irvings of the Scroggs, durst say 'peese-mum' to the Laird of Tulzieknowe: Jenny, I'll make you queen of the border; you shall be a crowned princess among all who sell lambs by the score and deal in tarred fleeces or unlaid wool.'

"'But, laird,' said Jenny, with a look and voice of great simplicity, 'you have not come off, I fear, so well with the lads of Lockerbie as you imagine: one eye is not the same colour as the other, and there's something wrong with your brow, as if it had received what men call the Lockerbie Lick.'

"'Aha, lass,' said he, 'you have an ee in your head; that touch on the eye was a gift from Jamie Carlyle of the Skipmire; he was led hame blind for't; and this welt on the brow was a wipe from left-handed Will Halliday; he got better than he brought—casualties, Jenny woman, casualties; but that's nought; when ye are the lady of Tulzieknowe, ye'll have some

practice in the art of repairing cloured crowns and bruized banes; this hand of yours is a saft one, and will be useful in our dale during a fair-time.' As the laird said this, he gallantly seized the hand of the heiress, and all but bit it, striving to imprint a kiss on what he called its "lamb's-wool side," namely, the palm.

"It is not known how far this fighting gallant would have carried his homage; for he was interrupted by the coming of a second wooer; one equally boisterous and far tipsier than himself,—an Armstrong by name, —who had just succeeded to a small estate, called Howeholme, contiguous to Butterhole-brae, the careful acquisition of an uncle, who had over-reached others and pinched and pined himself to gather gains which were soon to be scattered by his heir.

"'Heiress!' exclaimed this second wooer, 'just rise up and use your ain een, and they are bright anes, and of a similar colour,—which is mair than I can say of Tulzie's een there—and they'll convince ye that to marry me is the most profitable speculation ye ever made.' She rose as he desired, and with a demure air walked towards the window, and looked out in the direction which the new wooer pointed: 'There!' said he, 'd'ye see where the sun is shining on that fine green holm, sax hundred acres and odd; all ploughed and cultivated, and bringing clear three guineas an acre? And then, Jenny, d'ye see, that new onstead of houses; sklate roofs; stane-stairs; with corn in the barn, cows in the byre, and horses in the stable?

Now, thae acres and thae houses are mine, and they shall all be thine if ye will consent to have our names called on Sunday thrice, that we may be married on Monday; for my great bet of drinking three dozen of bottled porter in three hours and a half, comes off with Will Swan, the English rider, on Tuesday, and marriage, like other follies, should be done suddenly.' She was about to answer, when he clapt his hand on her mouth, and said, 'Another word, Jenny, another word! Only look how bonnily my land lies into the Butterhole-brae; the one takes the other in its arms, and cries, Oh, to be married!'

"What answer she would have returned to this offer can only be guessed. A third wooer, a hoarder, and laird of a small pendicle called Misercraft, appeared on the field, and his coming was announced by a fit of coughing, which seemed about to separate soul and body. He recovered from this, however, and came tottering into the room, looking first at Jenny, then at her two wooers, and finally at himself; for there he was as large as life, in a looking-glass; and it was evident that he saw his whole length for the first time; he went close to the mirror, took a front view, a side view, and finally rose on tip-toe, and as he rose he smiled and muttered, 'No sae far amiss; I see mysel' to mair purpose here than in a bowie of spring-water.'

"Tulzieknowe looked at Howeholme, and Jenny looked at all three, while her mother, not at all perplexed by this surplus of woosters, began to weigh the merits — that is to say, the wealth — of each in a

balance; and it was plain, from her looks, that she inclined to the last-come candidate.

"'Jenny,' said Misercraft in a whisper, 'I have been lang in coming, and I see there are folks before me, wha, I dare say, hae tried for your hand; but they are friends, hinny, real friends; I have a wadset on the lands of Tulzieknowe, which will make ye lady of them without the fash of marrying the laird; and as for Howeholme there, I haud him by the cravat; he is coming quietly into my plaid-neuk—as quietly as I hope ye'll come, my bonnie lady. Yere mither there will tell ye what a gowden down-sitting ye will get; we have talked the matter owre, and made things sure and sicker, sae here's a bridal ring for ye,—it's pure gowd.'

"'Pure gold,' replied Jenny with a glance of which he did not see the archness, 'and would you wear and waste precious gold in a matter where bare hands can do the work?'

"The old man turned round to her mother, and said, 'O, but this is a precious lassie; I never heard such a sentiment out of ony head before; I'll tak' her in her sark; she's an inheritance of herself.'

"'Take him, Jenny; take him,' whispered her mother; 'he has ten thousand pounds of gude set siller, and bonds and bands innumerable—never mind his looks, and as for his cough, there's music in't; his auld brass will buy you a new pan.'

"It was evident that neither Tulzieknowe nor Howeholme were easy on the appearance of this third can-

didate: but they resolved to put on a bold face, and uniting their forces, give him battle, in the presence of the heiress. Tulzieknowe took the field first: while the other wet his throat with a bumper of brandy, took his station a little in the rear, wiped his lips, and tried to stand steady. Tulzie cracked his whip thrice, making the knotted thong come each time within an inch of Misercraft's foot, and said, 'Weel, old grip-the-gowd, we're glad to see you: od! I thought that cough of yours was serving ye heir to an inheritance in the bedral's croft: but ye have gi'en auld bare-bones the slip, and are come to woo. But a lass of warm flesh and blood canna take your iron-banded box to her bosom; and as ye have nothing warmer to offer, I would advise ye to slip hame and content yourself with your twa Dalilas, pounds and pence.'

"As he said this, he turned half round on his heel, cracked his great whip close to the miser's face, and gave room to Howeholme, who, cheered on by brandy and a belief in his own good looks, spoke with freedom.

"'I wad hae ye, Jenny woman,' said he, 'to buy your bridal dress of a kirkyard colour, and put on a widow's cap beneath ye're feathers; for Misercraft there canna lang survive the toil, and what's warse, the outlay of bridal and bridal-dinners; ye will be a rosie young widow with a great jointure, and no a jisp the waur for having been married.'

"Loud laughed old Misercraft at this, and his laughter was mingled with a fit of coughing, in which the water

of good humour ran fast from his eyes; he clapt his expanded palms, one on his own knee, and the other on that of the heiress, and cried 'That's good! that's capital! I never take offence at the nettlish words of real gude fallows, whose whole life is spent in driving fish into my net; I look on them as my best friends; as men, Jenny, made for thy behoof and mine: let us be kind, therefore, to these lads; they are twa bright spokes in the wheel of our fortune—I bid them baith to our bridal.'

"These words were addressed to inattentive ears, for all eyes were turned on a splendid chariot, which, preceded by two outriders, in liveries, now entered the narrow road that led to the house, and struggled up the steep ascent, showing at every jolt, on the rough and stony way, the form of a handsome young man, attired in the style approved in the circles of the south, and who, unlike some of the visitors in those magic circles, seemed as much at his ease as a peacock when it lifts its train in the sun, amid the children of the dunghill.

"'Mair grist for my mill, mair grist for my mill, Jenny, my woman,' exclaimed Misercraft. 'This is a pigeon prepared for the plucking,—a pig ready for my spit. Jenny, ye are just as good to me as ten thousand pounds laid out at ten per cent.; ae laird drinks, anither laird fights, and a third, better than baith, puts his estate on his back, and all for my advantage: ye are a jewel of a lassie—a real jewel.'

"A message was now delivered by one of the ser-

vants: it was fast followed by the stranger himself. In he came, handsome, good-looking, and self-possessed, and with a look of demure simplicity.

"'I have seen this chap before,' muttered old Misercraft—'seen him before, that's certain; but he's no for my mill,—he's no for my mill; a cut aboon me, a cut aboon me.'

"Tulzieknowe resolved to puzzle him out.

"'He's a Rabson!' he said, and of 'a rough-riding race! Ye'll be the family of Foulflosh now; or, aiblins, ane of the Rabsons of Whackawa? I'm connected with them by my mother's side.'

"'It may be as you say, sir,' replied the stranger; 'but I come not here to settle descents or matters of pedigree: I am but a passer-by, as it were; an admirer of hill and stream, and not insensible to the beauties of Butterhole—what do you call it?—brae. The situation is really fine, and the prospect beautiful.'

"As he said this he put his glass to his eye, which Misercraft remarked was of pure gold, and stepping up to the window, surveyed the scene, which is really a fine one, with a nodding and approving look—

"'A place,' he exclaimed, 'of great capability: fine sweep of the stream; noble ascent of the hill—but nature wants man's hand here.'—He then turned to the old dame, and inquired, 'Your sister, madam, I presume?' indicating by a nod that he meant her daughter.

"'No, sir,' replied the dame; 'she's my ae daughter, as we of this land word it, and heiress, I may

say, of a bonnie bit o' land, and a fair penny of siller. Ye'll no be o' thae parts yersel' now, I jalouse.'

"He looked full in her face, and said, 'I should think so; but I have no remembrance of the hour of my birth. A correspondent of mine desires me to inquire about one Wattie,—no, that's not it—let me look at his letter — one 'Willie Leslie,' whose mother was a Robson, who lived hereabouts while a boy; but you do not remember him, I see.'

"'What gude will it do me, think ye, to remember him?' said she, bitterly: 'A perfect deevil, that I should say sae! as fu' o' mischief as an egg's fu' o' meat: if he evades hanging, he'll no get his full reward.'

"The stranger, on this, walked towards the door, and seemed uncertain what to do: a whelp came to him, and began to snarl. He gave it a touch with his foot, when out sallied the mother with her bristles on end, and her white teeth shown; but when about to fly at him, she stopped, regarded him for a moment, then set up a low howl of recognition, and ran to communicate the discovery to her whelps, who all yelped in chorus. The stranger hurried to his chariot, and drove away.

"There was one, however, who made the discovery earlier than the poor collie, and this was the heiress herself. The voice, the look, and the air of the stranger, reminded her of other days, and of a youth, the orphan son of a poor and honest pair, who, swept away by a disease, which scourged the country like a

plague, left him, when some seven years old, to the cold charity of the world. Yet he found friends: one put him to school, another clothed him, and a third purchased books, while from all he got a bed and a mouthful of food; though the care of no one, he took care of himself, and became a good scholar, and before he was fifteen years old, his handsome form, and manly looks were remarked by all; and as Nature took the task of superintending his manners upon herself, he was perfectly well-bred. His company was acceptable to even the wise; and those who saw far into the future began to prophesy his fate. One affirmed that he was a kindly good-hearted boy; marvellous at his book, knew more of history than ony elder of the parish, and would make a figure yet. A second, and this was the good wife of the Butterhole-brae herself, declared that he was an 'ill-deeing deevil; ever for evil and never for good, and wad come to an end that wad hae vexed his poor mother, had she been permitted to see it.'

"'Hout-tout, good wife, ye shouldna prejudge poor Willie,' exclaimed a third; 'mair betoken that yere ain Jenny, there where she sits, and reddening like a rose—was beholden to him for mickle of the lear that makes her haud her noddle sae high now. They aften looked into ae book thegither at school, and I have seen them wi' my ain een wandering hand in hand like twa babes in the wood down the wild-cat glen ——'

"'If it is of William Leslie ye speak,' said a gipsy lass, inserting her tawny cheek and bright eyes be-

tween two of the crones, 'I'll tell ye for saxpence, what will become of him. He'll rin off to a far foreign land, and then come hame, and—but, dame, this is a bad saxpence: I canna withdraw the curtain of truth farther on a bit of watered copper like this.'

"'Gae away, wi' ye, insolent cuttie, as well as cheat,' cried the good wife of Butterhole-brae. 'My hen-bawks will no be the better of your visit.'

"The gipsy laughed and sang, as she tripped away, after her asses and panniers.

"All this, and much more, was present to the mind and heart of Jenny Tamson, as her eye followed the departing stranger.

"'It's Willie himself,' she said in her thought, 'come back after his seven years weird; and how manly and noble he looks. It is but as yesterday that our cheeks lay together over the lesson at school, long after we had learned it; and it seems but an hour since we gathered blaeberries together on the Fairy-Knowe, and pulled nuts in the wild-cat linn: and the ripest and sweetest were aye for 'my wee Jenny,' as he loved to call me. Ay, and dearer than a', on the morning when he was missed, his last footsteps were seen under my window, and around the flowers which he planted and watered in my little garden—I have watered them frae my een since; and auld Marion the nurse told me that she saw him wandering at midnight like a spirit by the Trysting-tree, and down the walk where I have since set so many flowers; and looking around our house, and up at my

window. The very dumb creature knew him, and forbore to bite; and how could I see the lad I have aye loved sae weel, pass and re-pass over my own threshold, and refrain from leaping into his arms? and yet he must have caught a glance of my ee too, and I'm sure he would see it was wet. But I deserve to lose him, were it only for listening to these three miserable apologies for manhood.'

"She rose, and her three wooers stood and looked at her, and at one another, and seemed sensible that fortune was on the turn against them.

"'What,' she said sorrowfully, 'has the drunkard, the bully, and the miser seen in me, that they should hope for my hand, and come here with their contemptible offers, as if a woman's heart were a matter for the market? Begone!'

"As she said this, she hurried out of the house into a little neighbouring arbour, where she had planted the flowers which her lover delighted in, now so wondrously returned, and taking up an instrument of music, sought to soothe her mind with one of the airs which, when a boy, he loved. Her mother followed, and seating herself near, continued to gaze on her daughter, awed by the vehemence of her feelings. While this was passing, one of her cousins came and put a letter into her hands: she allowed the instrument to escape from her grasp, and her fingers trembled so, that she could scarcely break the seal.

"'Your heart's owre full for ought, my love,' said her mother; 'let me see this epistle;' and she

snatched the letter from her daughter's hand, glanced on it, and exclaimed, 'Hegh, what a surprise! Jenny Tamson, ye'll be a lady.'

"'Yes, madam,' said Sir William Leslie, stepping forward; 'but you will be surprised yourself to find that I am the ill deeing geet, as fu' o' mischief as an egg is fu' o' meat; but yet to whom you gave more kisses than cuffs when he was an orphan child.'

"'Is the heaven aboon me and the earth below me?' cried the old lady, in vast surprise; 'and are ye the wee wicked ne'er-do-weel that used to pull my gooseberries, steal my apples, and wad sooner hae put the kye into the corn than turned them out on't?'

"'But, madam,' said Sir William, 'you have not bid me welcome yet; nor said that I am to be preferred as a son, to the drunkard, the bully, and the miser.'

"'Welcome, ay welcome,' she said, 'as the flower to May, as the sun to simmer; and prefer ye as a son! I could never sunder ye when ye were bairns, and needna' try, I see, to do't now. This day shall be ane of rejoicing to me yearly as it comes round, and its name shall be Jenny Tamson's Surprise.'

"The old good-wife kept her word, and the day is still one of gladness annually to the whole country side. And sae I have tauld the tale," concluded Elspith, "of Jenny Tamson's Surprise, and how the owre word rose in the land."

"THE MYSTIC HABITATION OF THE SOUL!"

BY RICHARD JOHNS.

The mystic habitation of the Soul!
The mortal home of Immortality!
The doubt of ages! Ages still may roll
And man still question thy locality.
Philosophy its highest flight may soar,
Nor reach the knowledge of thy viewless rest;
Presumption, proud in metaphysic lore,
Still doubt and draw conclusions most unblest;
Research lead on to Infidelity;
The spirit of the Soul, the Soul deny.

Yes, thus is man disquieted for naught;
Thus comes destruction as Presumption's meed;
Thought cannot solve the mystery of thought,
Nor man the secret of man's essence read.

What, if the Soul inhabits heart or brain,
Or circles 'mid the vivifying stream,
Pouring its influence through every vein?
It is enough that e'en by Reason's gleam
We read its Immortality and know
Eternity its goal for weal or woe.

And shall not Revelation's holy flame,
Lit on the sacred pyre of ages past,
Beaconing our hopes to heavenly mansions, claim
Our veneration? Say! have we not cast
Philosophy's deep sea-line but to find
Truth's ocean fathomless? Then why depend
The Soul's high destiny on powers of mind?
Woe to the hand whose finite grasp would rend
The veil that shrouds Infinity, or war
Till Faith expires, condemned at Reason's bar!

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING